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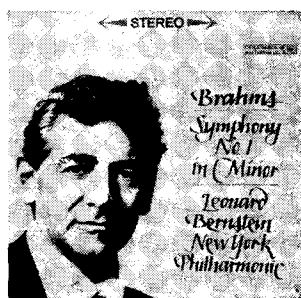
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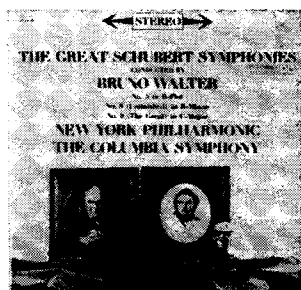
NEW



BRAHMS AND BERNSTEIN

Bernstein's first Brahms recording—the Symphony No. 1—is majestic and muscular, incisive and invigorating. Bernstein also bestows his characteristic grace and affection on Handel's joyous "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," a choral tribute (with verses by Dryden) to the patron saint of music.

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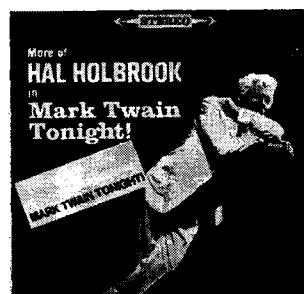
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GARLAND AND GUITAR

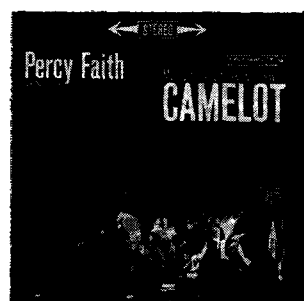
Guitarist Hank Garland joins the ranks of great jazz improvisers with a new collection including, among others, "All the Things You Are," "Always" and a high-powered original titled "Riot-Chous."

JAZZ WINDS FROM A NEW DIRECTION / HANK GARLAND / CS 8372 / CL 1572*

FAIR "CAMELOT"

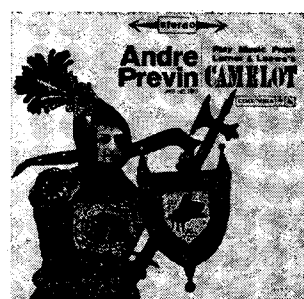
Lerner and Loewe, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "Camelot." It's a happy mixture of old English legend and enchanted new melodies, presented by Richard Burton, Julie Andrews and the entire Broadway Original Cast.

CAMELOT / ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING / KOS 2031 / KOL 5620*
 Tape: TOB 100 (2-track) / OQ 344 (4-track)



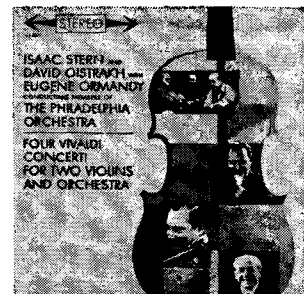
There are other splendid sounds of "Camelot" too. Percy Faith arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score.

MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT / PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8370 / CL 1570* /



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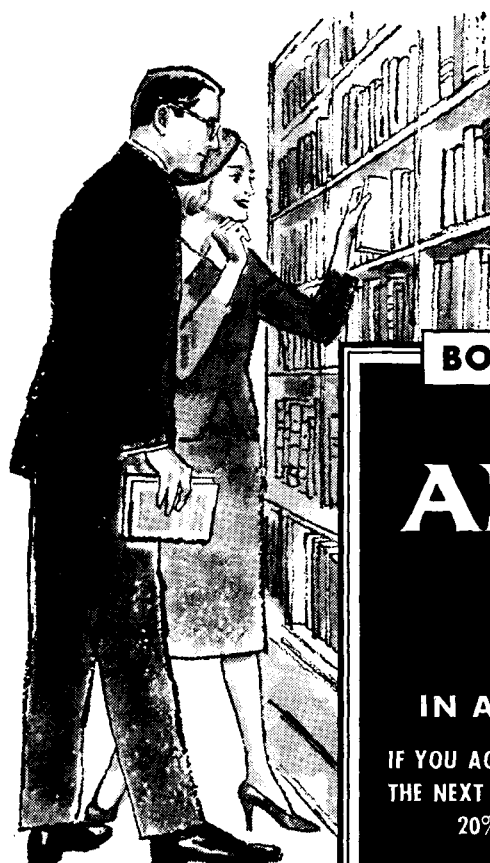
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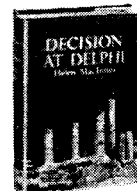
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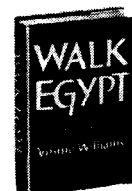
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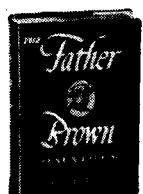
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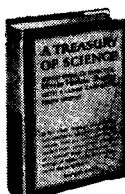
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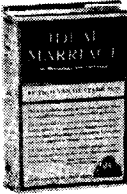
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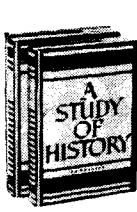
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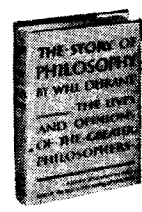
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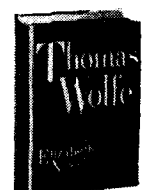
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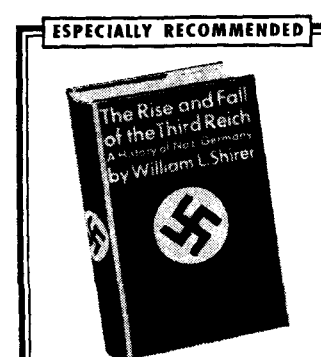
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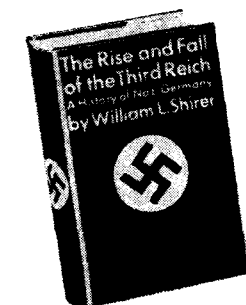
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

THE day that President-elect John F. Kennedy announced the appointment of Dean Rusk as his Secretary of State, the new chief executive expressed the hope that from now on American foreign policy "will be identified in the minds of the people of the world as a policy that is not merely anti-Communist but is rather for freedom, that seeks not merely to build strength in a power struggle but is concerned with the struggle against hunger, disease, and illiteracy that looms so large in the minds and the lives of the people in the southern half of the globe."

The very next day the United States abstained in the United Nations General Assembly vote on an Afro-Asian sponsored resolution calling for "immediate steps" to transfer power to the peoples of the remaining "colonial" territories. The resolution passed, 89 to zero, with nine abstentions — the United States, Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, South Africa, Australia, and the Dominican Republic.

When the vote on passage was announced, the only Negro on the American UN delegation stood and joined in the applause. Later she said, "I thought about crawling under the table, but instead, when the time came I just stood up and applauded." Mrs. George was in fact expressing the dismay of the entire U.S. delegation, for, as she also said, "There is no one on the entire delegation who would have supported the abstention." The United States had indeed intended to vote for the resolution but abstained on orders from President Eisenhower after he had received an urgent plea from Prime Minister Macmillan.

No two incidents could better illustrate the difference in intentions between the outgoing Eisenhower Administration and the incoming Kennedy Administration. The UN vote in that

instance, as in many others, reflected a dominant concern about holding together the North Atlantic alliance, a worthy objective in itself. But the visible effect was that it was the Soviet Union and its Communist allies which were voting with the new nations of the world and it was the United States which was in the public position of supporting those who still cling to their colonial empires or the fragments which remain.

Works, not rhetoric

It will not be easy for President Kennedy and Secretary Rusk to reverse the image of the United States as a status quo power, an image compounded of such incidents as that at the United Nations and constant Communist propaganda about the "reactionary" nature of American policy. It obviously will take more than the President's well-expressed words.

No one is more aware of this latter point than Kennedy himself. In a book review which he wrote last fall (it was not ghosted, but his own product), for the *Saturday Review*, of B. H. Liddell Hart's *Deterrent or Defense*, Kennedy noted that "in the 1960s it is our works, not our rhetoric, which constitute the real test of our survival." And he offered this advice:

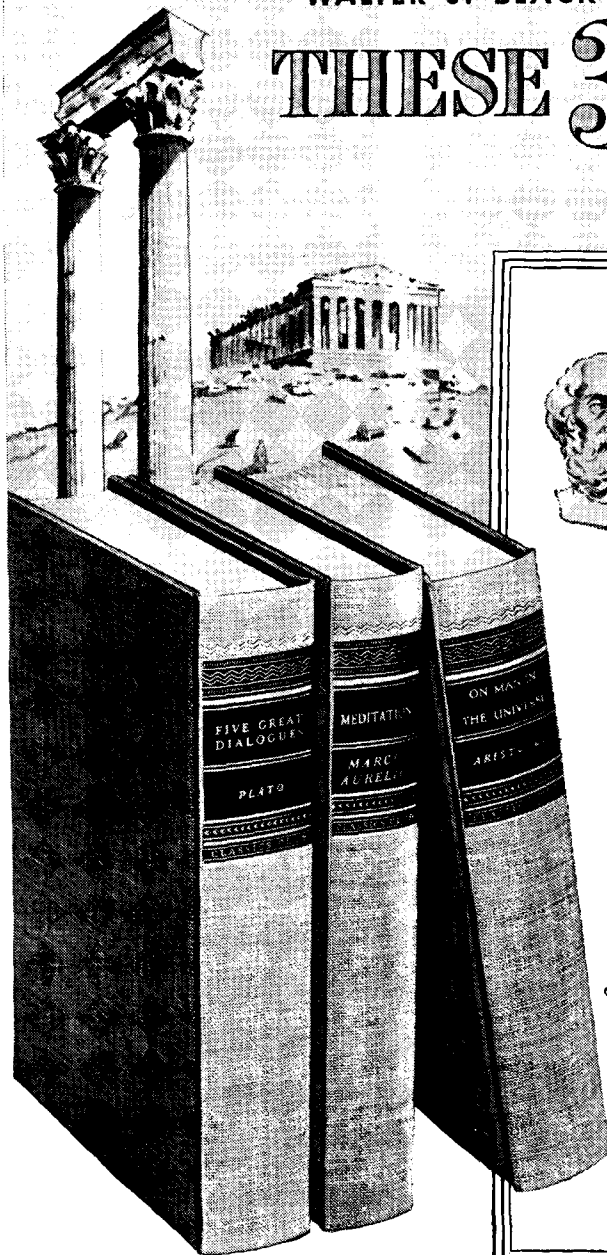
"The Russian leaders must understand that we are men who are committed in every fiber of our being not merely to protect our nation but also to struggle for the cause of freedom on the world scene; that we are not men who can be pressed, by blackmail or by force, to accept the transfer of territories and peoples to Communist rule."

There has been some uneasiness among some of the nations allied to us in NATO that the Kennedy Administration is so anxious to improve American relations with Asia, Africa, and Latin

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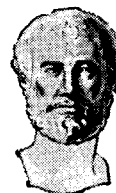
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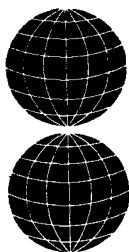
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Report on Washington



America that it is going to neglect Western Europe. There are, however, no grounds for such a belief. Indeed, in the book review cited here, Kennedy said: "We must think through afresh the military mission of NATO."

New hope for disarmament

There is some evidence, and it has reached Kennedy through private but very authoritative channels, that the Soviet leaders may have decided to give the new American Administration an opportunity, as seen from the Kremlin's point of view, to demonstrate whether it is indeed serious about disarmament. The Soviets long have loudly complained, and they appear, in fact, to believe, that the Eisenhower Administration has been interested only in arms control, with "control" equated with intelligence operations.

Unfortunately, there is an element of truth, though not the whole truth, in that charge. President Eisenhower certainly hoped for some agreement on disarmament, but he never forced his official family to carry out that policy from the American side.

The strong indications are that President Kennedy is going to make a much harder effort. If, as is widely believed, the December meeting of the world's Communist leaders in Moscow produced a Red Chinese agreement to permit Nikita Khrushchev for six months or so to try to come to terms with the Kennedy Administration, the first half of 1960 may be a fateful period for the world.

There doubtless will be loud outcries from the Communist propaganda mills about Kennedy's effort to increase America's armed might. But if the Kremlin can remove its Marxist blinders sufficiently to analyze that Kennedy effort, it should understand that the effort is a deterrent, not an aggressive, move. For, as Kennedy has put it, the Soviets "are not going to take arms control negotiations seriously unless they know they face a Free World which has the unity, the will, and the resources to deal with limited aggression and with nuclear blackmail."

At some point, perhaps earlier in the new Administration than may now appear likely, there very probably will be a Kennedy-Khrushchev

meeting. In the judgment of knowledgeable Washington observers, the two men should have an opportunity to meet and talk without any intention of negotiating. One possibility is that they could meet privately under the cover of appearances at a United Nations gathering in New York.

The pressure of time

Kennedy's problem is one of time. As he comes to office he faces serious domestic economic problems, and he has made commitments to act boldly to meet them, a sizable matter in itself. To build the military strength, and its economic counterpart, about which he has so often spoken, will take far longer, for here much more than appropriations by Congress or Pentagon reorganization measures are involved.

While he is attempting to do these things, the Communists can be expected to be pressing him for action, especially in the arms control field. And it will take time for the new Administration to work out its own policies, for Kennedy has said that "the design of an arms control system is as complex a task as the design of a military system." Nor will the Administration expect the Communist pressures throughout the free world, especially in the uncommitted nations, to be lessened. More likely, they will be increased.

The new Cabinet

To meet this string of foreign and domestic problems, President Kennedy has assembled a remarkable group of men in his official family. The youngest-elected President in American history has chosen the youngest Cabinet in this century and probably the youngest since the youthful men who composed the Founding Fathers first guided the American democracy. But the point is not their individual or collective age, nor the number of Phi Beta Kappa keys, nor even how many went to Harvard. The point is the common thread which marks the selections of both Cabinet and sub-Cabinet members. The selection process was lengthy, because Kennedy was not easy to satisfy.

The new President sought not merely men with the same economic or political or foreign policy ideas. He sought men who could compose a team, men who were on the same mental wave length, men who would find it easy to communicate with one another. Kennedy confessed to one whose advice he asked that he was hampered in his search by two facts: despite his fourteen years in the Congress, he knew remarkably few who served in the executive branch of the government, and despite his father's business background, he knew few of the top men in industry, the category from which he picked Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara.

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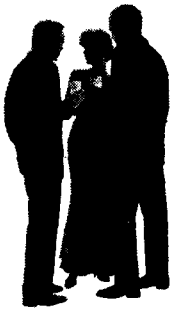
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Report on Washington



Fortunately for newcomer McNamara, he will be backstopped by Roswell L. Gilpatric, a Pentagon veteran, as Deputy Defense Secretary. The brilliant Gilpatric was Air Force Undersecretary under Thomas Finletter, served on the Rockefeller Report group and on Senator Stuart Symington's recent Pentagon reorganization committee, as well as on the companion Paul Nitze National Security Committee. An outspoken critic of Pentagon organization and strategic concepts, he will be a highly knowledgeable addition to Kennedy's team.

In meeting for the first time with Rusk and McNamara, for example, Kennedy was far less interested in hearing their ideas (he had already read extensive dossiers about them, including their own writing or statements) than in finding out whether they could easily communicate. One prospective Cabinet appointee was ruled out partly because he failed to give concise answers and tended to make encyclopedic replies; another because he was not easy to talk to, despite evidence of great ability at staff work. Both ended up in the Administration, where their undoubted abilities will be used, but they did not make the first team.

Perhaps the incident which tells most about the quality Kennedy sought involves his brother, Robert, the new Attorney General. During the closing days of the presidential campaign, the Reverend Martin Luther King was jailed in Atlanta. Both Senator Kennedy and his brother, without consulting each other, reached for the telephone: Robert to call the judge and the Senator to phone Mrs. King. Call it instinct or any other name; it is a priceless quality in a team.

Kennedy's appointment of Adlai Stevenson as Ambassador to the United Nations fits into this picture with utmost precision. Kennedy knew that he would deeply wound an important segment of Democratic opinion if he did not honor Stevenson with high office; he knew, too, that

Stevenson has a vast reservoir of good will in all the free world, an asset not to be lightly dismissed at this time of peril for the nation.

Kennedy did not disagree with Stevenson on policy, nor was there any element of personal pique in passing over for Secretary of State the two-time presidential nominee. Rather, it was Kennedy's feeling that he and Stevenson do not adequately communicate with one another, that they lack sympathy, which brought the decision. Be that as it may, Kennedy has given Stevenson the maximum support in his UN role, a seat in the Cabinet, and a public promise of a part in policy decision-making.

Fortunately, Rusk, Stevenson, and Undersecretary Chester Bowles are all personally close, and they should form a smooth-working team. Stevenson's style at the United Nations will be considerably different from that of Henry Cabot Lodge, and Kennedy believes it will be far more effective. When Lodge took the post, he was dealing, as the diplomats say, from a position of strength, but Stevenson will be in a far less secure position, and his task will be more difficult.

Mood of the Capital

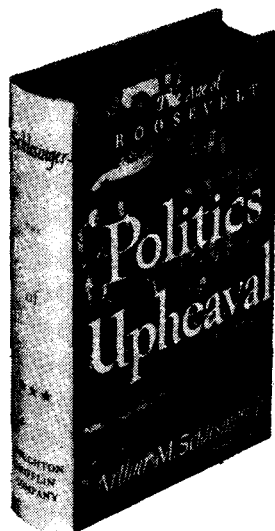
Looked at as a whole, the nature of the Kennedy appointments makes it possible to say that the American government once again is in the hands of intellectuals, for the first time since the early days of the Roosevelt New Deal. The opprobrium of the term "egghead" ought now to be ended, and only in the nick of time. Intelligence, energy, enthusiasm are the key qualities with which the new Administration begins.

Free government cannot exist and prosper on these qualities alone, but they are indispensable. In the months and years ahead, there doubtless will be times when not enough intelligence, not enough energy, not enough enthusiasm are applied to this problem or that, foreign or domestic. But as the new year begins, the new President and his choice of advisers have lifted the gloom which has enveloped an increasing area of the national capital over the years since the rude shock of Sputnik I.

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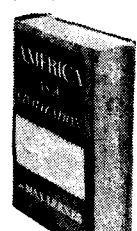
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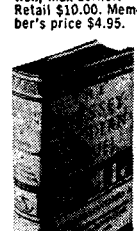
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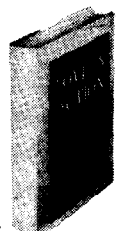
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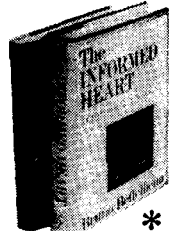
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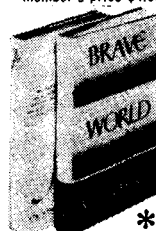
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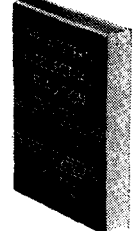
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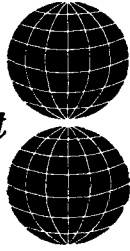
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THE Soviet Union, in its current plans for economic expansion and competitive coexistence, is determined to establish itself as a primary distributor in the international oil market. Comrade Evgenii B. Gurov, a director of Soyuzneftexport, the Soviet state agency charged with handling the sale of oil and oil products to foreign countries, made this fact clear to the second Arab Petroleum Congress at Beirut, Lebanon, last October.

Simultaneously Comrade Gurov sought to allay the anxieties of principal producing countries, notably those in the Arab East, that the projected Soviet sales expansion would take place at their expense. "We are confident," he told the seven hundred delegates to the congress, "that the Arab countries need have no fear regarding their exports, not only to Western Europe but to other countries as well, particularly as world consumption of crude oil is continually increasing."

The recent Russian initiatives in the international oil market reflect not only the aggressive foreign economic policies of the present Soviet leadership but also the steady expansion since 1953 of their petroleum industry.

The hinterland of Baku in the Azerbaidzhan Republic at the southwest corner of the Caspian Sea continued under the commissars in the inter-war years to serve as the primary source of Russian oil, as it had under the czars, and accounted, as late as 1940, for over 70 per cent of Russia's output. In the post-war years, Azerbaidzhan progressively receded in importance as the center of crude production shifted to the region stretching some eight hundred miles northward from the Caspian Sea between the Volga River and the Ural Mountains. The Volga-Ural zone, dubbed the "Second Baku" by Soviet oilmen, brought three fourths of Soviet crude to the surface in 1959. The Russians, moreover, have been pushing ahead with petroleum exploration in other parts of the U.S.S.R. and have already reported significant discoveries in Turkmenistan and Uzbekistan, which promise to become active crude lifters in the 1960s.

The Soviet government does not disclose the size of its proved petroleum reserves — that is, those recoverable by existing techniques. Informed estimates by non-Soviet experts range from four to eight billion tons. If the lower figure is correct, Soviet reserves nearly equal those of the United States. At the 1959 crude-lifting rate, the Soviet supplies, even as most conservatively calculated, would suffice for over thirty years, and ours for little more than twelve. If the higher Soviet figure is accepted, and this may not be entirely ruled out, Russia's proved reserves are approaching those of the Persian Gulf desert principality of Kuwait, which boasts the world's richest oil deposits.

The search for customers

Soviet export oil found its way, in the early post-war years, primarily to the satellites of Eastern Europe, and after 1949 to Communist China as well. The Soviet government, after Stalin's death, began deliberately to cultivate non-Communist oil purchasers, as part of the new economic policy. From two million tons in 1953, petroleum exports to countries outside the Soviet orbit rose to 9.5 million in 1958 (nearly two thirds going to Europe and the rest to Asia, Africa, and Latin America), 14.5 million in 1959 (almost four fifths to Europe), and an expected 20 million in 1960. Indeed, after 1957 the quantity sold to countries beyond the Soviet orbit started to surpass that reaching Russia's Communist allies.

Most of the petroleum crude and products destined for non-Communist lands have been funneled through Black Sea ports into chartered tankers. The Soviet government was not under pressure in 1960 to build its own fleet, in view of the approximately four million tons of idle tankers begging for customers in mid-1960.

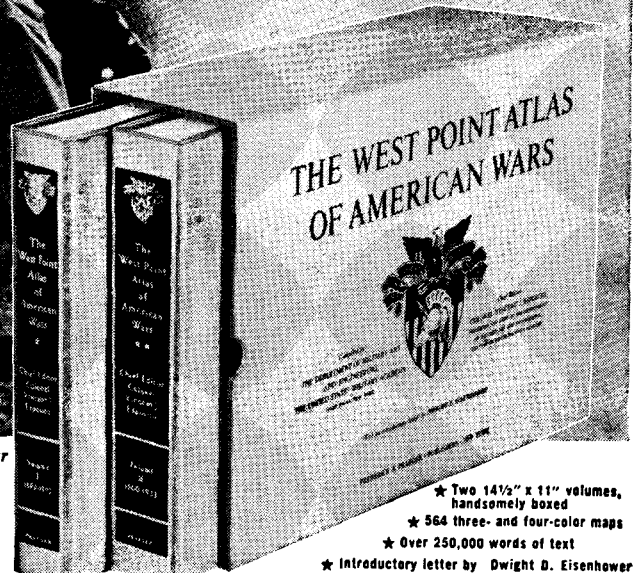
Far more serious was the need for internal transportation facilities to bridge the vast distances from the oil fields to Soviet and satellite refineries and to ports for shipments abroad. Now that plentiful sources of supply have been located and the outlook for future discoveries is bright, the growth of

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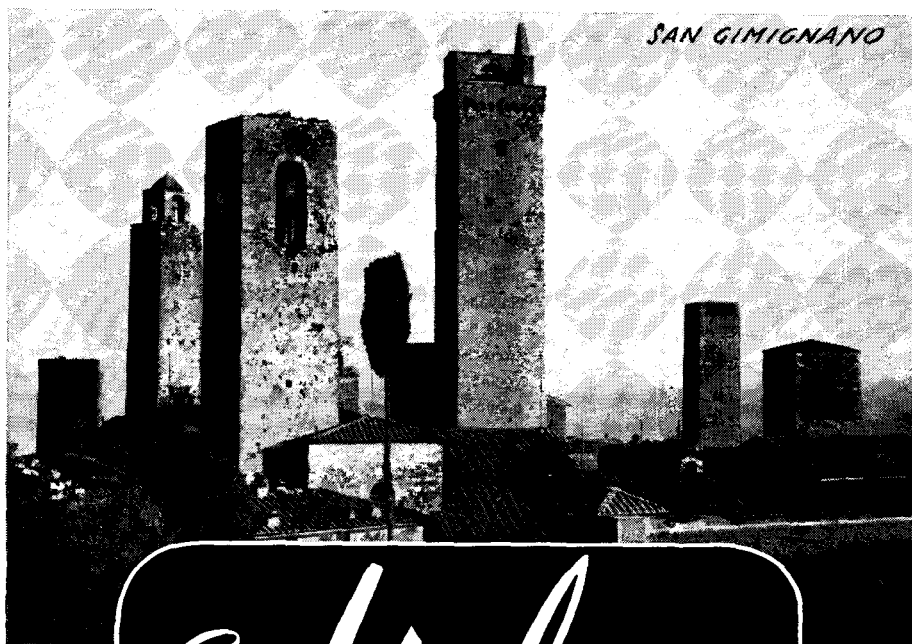
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Report on Soviet Oil

transportation facilities will control the rate of the oil industry's expansion.

Little wonder that crude oil pipelines, under construction or projected for the early 1960s, radiate in almost all directions out of the Second Baku. A 2300-mile, 28-inch system, now under construction, will link the Tuimazy fields with Irkutsk on Siberia's Lake Baikal. Another, more ambitious system, still largely in blueprint, will push into Western Europe, with one branch to feed Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and a second, Poland and East Germany, while a third will debouch at Klaipeda (Memel) on the Baltic Sea for exports to Scandinavia and Western Europe.

The Soviet Union will be capable of satisfying the needs of its oil-poor satellites and Chinese ally and of freeing mounting quantities for sale elsewhere. The choice clients are the industrialized countries of Western Europe and Japan, which have virtually no oil of their own.

The rival producers are the Middle East countries, which sit atop the most fabulous pools of liquid fossil fuel — no less than 50 per cent of the world's proved reserves — but which in the foreseeable future will remain marginal consumers. On a much smaller scale, Venezuela, too, falls into this class.

The "majors"

Access to the lion's share of the Middle East resources has been pre-empted by eight Western companies known in the trade as the "majors" — five American, one British, one Anglo-Dutch, and one French. The majors appeared on the scene first, took the initial risks, invested heavily in the search for oil, and made the discoveries. Three of the majors also own concessions embracing most of the producing areas in Venezuela.

The eight companies are integrated companies which engage in all phases of the industry from ex-

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Report on Soviet Oil



ploration and crude lifting to refining, distributing, and selling the finished products. In Western Europe the majors established a position of primacy, while in Asia and Africa, and to lesser degree in Latin America, they won protected markets by special arrangements entailing on their part the construction of refineries and of retail outlets, and the assurance to local consumers that the majors would deliver oil products in the requisite quantities and varieties.

The majors were thus able to adjust supply to demand and keep the price of crude relatively stable. That price was not determined by the cost at the wellhead in the Middle East, which ranged between ten and twenty-five cents a barrel, but was geared to that in the United States, which was many times higher. The handsome profits, shared equally, after 1950, with the Middle East host governments, attracted to the scene American, Italian, and Japanese "independents," as oil companies which are not members of the major league are called.

In 1953 eight American independents struck oil in the Kuwait neutral zone, and in 1955 three of these joined six others to purchase a 5 per cent interest in the Iranian consortium, which took over a well-established enterprise. The American independents, finding the United States market virtually closed to Middle East crude and the international market largely cornered by the majors, started selling at cut prices. The majors were prone, initially, to absorb most of the discounts themselves, by permitting the Middle East governments to continue enjoying the scale of revenues, if not the annual increment, to which they had become accustomed.

In the hope of making up in quantity what they were losing in price, the companies tended to produce more crude. Moreover, majors and independents alike took part in the new scramble for Africa. Saharan oil, already reaching French and

Franco-African outlets by 1960, poured more surplus into the international pool, as Libya was also bound to do as soon as its commercial production got under way.

Meanwhile, early in September, 1960, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Venezuela, later joined by Qatar, formed the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries for purposes of imposing a prorationing system of their own on the majors. At the second Arab Petroleum Congress in October, the companies turned a deaf ear to the governments' request for consultation on oil production and pricing. How little chance the O.P.E.C. scheme would have of bucking the realities becomes manifest after a closer look at the Soviet oil industry.

Soviet marketing practices

The oil industry in the U.S.S.R. must be seen for what it is—a government agency run as a state monopoly. This industry in 1960 hoisted from the subsoil 144 million metric tons of crude, of which it refined over 80 per cent and marketed the products. Clearly, then, the Soviet oil industry is already the largest integrated "company" of its kind in the world. More than that, it is operating quite independently of the other majors in competition for the same markets.

An economic enterprise of such magnitude, managed by a state so firmly committed to a fixed political doctrine and dealing in a commodity of such high political and strategic content, is bound to be influenced in its activities as much by political as by commercial considerations. Soviet oil politics dictates the closest vigilance by the non-Communist world, particularly by the United States and its transatlantic allies.

Not every Soviet petroleum transaction is necessarily politically motivated. Many deals may be concluded on purely commercial grounds. These must first be separated from those that may have varying degrees of political content before one can determine the character of the Russian threat to the Western oil industry, and even more to the Western strategic and political position in the underdeveloped countries of Latin America, Asia, and Africa.

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Linked to the sea-birth of Venus, the scallop came to symbolize the sea and those who go on a quest. Later, it was the badge of the medieval pilgrims who traveled to the shrine of St. James in Spain and of Crusaders who had gone on a quest to the Holy Land.

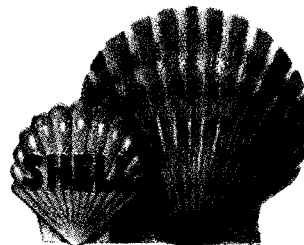
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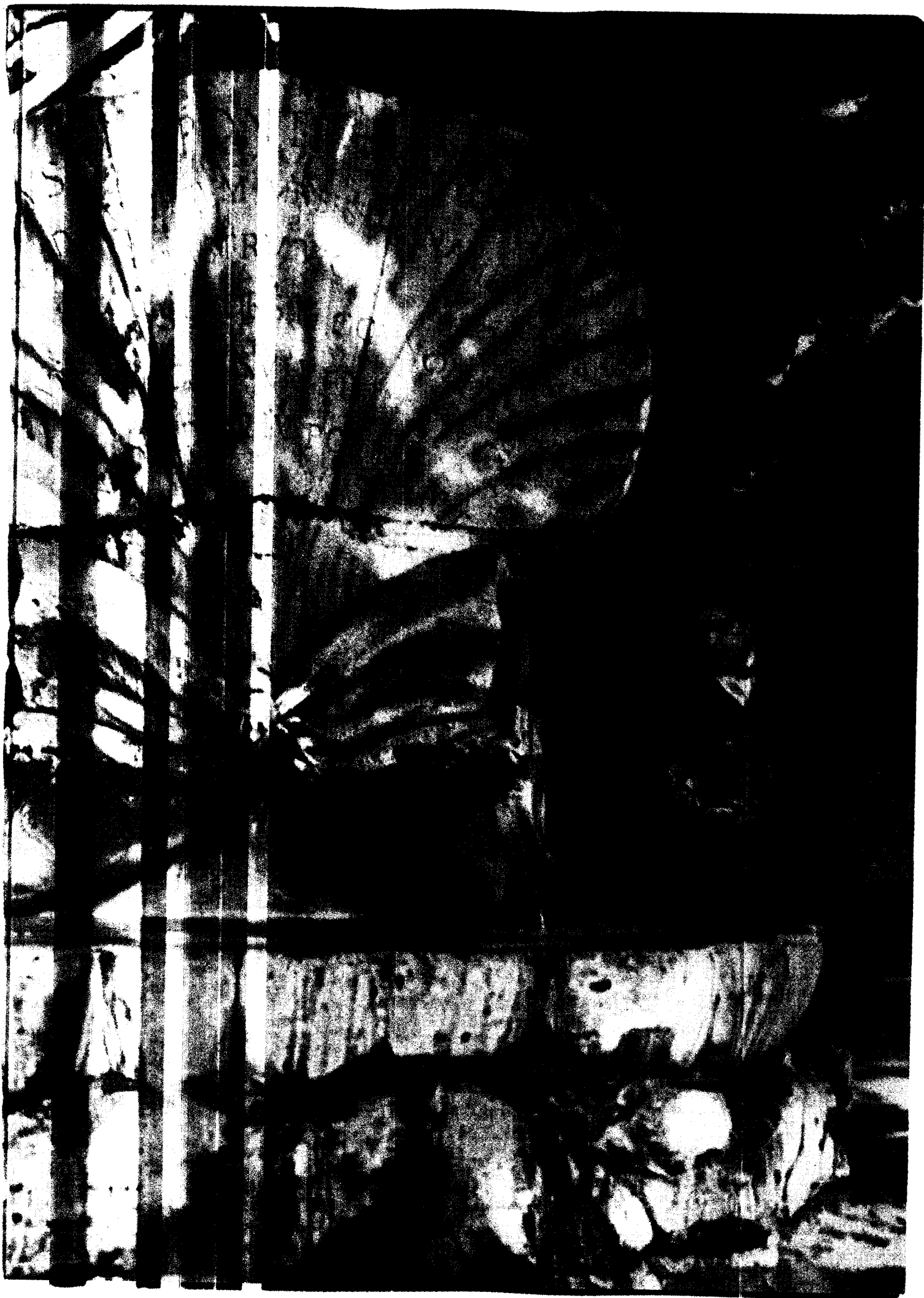
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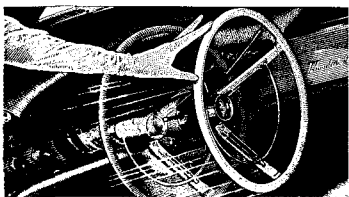


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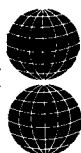
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Report on Soviet Oil



Soyuzneftexport spokesmen insist that the U.S.S.R. is interested solely in the commercial aspects of the petroleum business and, like all other oil companies, in making the largest profit possible. No one will deny that Gurov and Company always takes the highest price it can get. But given the soft condition of the international market, the U.S.S.R., to compete, must offer its wares at more attractive prices than those of companies with contractual rights and established outlets.

In political-commercial bargaining, the Russians may be expected to press their advantages. In the short run, at least, they stand to gain. Any Soviet initiative cannot help catching the entrenched companies with little or no maneuverability. Jersey Standard's attempt in July, 1960, to bring pressure to bear on tanker owners against using their fleets in the Soviet service boom-

eranged. The threat did not frighten the owners of idle tankers and merely enabled Soyuzneftexport to argue with its superiors even more persuasively the case for construction of a Russian tanker fleet.

Still, the re-entry of Soviet oil into Western European trade channels need not be viewed with undue alarm or suspicion where the primary motivation is commercial. Short of foreign exchange, the U.S.S.R. is nevertheless anxious to procure capital equipment and consumer goods. Soviet oil exports are usually arranged in negotiations with governments as part of larger trade agreements, which rest essentially on the principle of barter. Petroleum is thus a versatile substitute for hard currency in oil-dry Western Europe.

The Gurov organization reportedly has concluded a fresh barter agreement with Italy for 1961-1965 on extremely favorable terms for both parties. Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi, the state-owned oil and gas agency in Italy, is said to have been offered a minimum of five million tons of crude a year at half the posted Persian Gulf price. With excess re-

fining capacity, ENI will undoubtedly try to sell the products in the Common Market of Western Europe, to which Italy belongs.

In return, the Russians are allegedly to receive transportation equipment, including 40-inch pipe, pumps, and an unspecified number of oil tankers, which should enable Soyuzneftexport to step up its future petroleum shipments to Europe. Oil transportation equipment appears to have figured also in the agreements with Japan and Sweden.

Soviet aid

No less promising as clients are the underdeveloped countries, where disgruntled nationalists are addicted to accusing the oil companies of overpricing, which they regard as a survival of Western imperialism. Thus, Soyuzneftexport acquired the Egyptian account at the time of the Suez crisis. With imports averaging close to two million tons a year in 1958-1959, Egypt became the U.S.S.R.'s best petroleum client outside of Europe, until it was replaced by Cuba in the second half of 1960. Indeed, it was the offer of Russian oil which Western companies refused to refine that provided Fidel Castro with a pretext for nationalizing American oil companies' properties.

As part of the promotional effort, the U.S.S.R. has erected a state-owned refinery in Syria and is building another in India. By thus encouraging Asian governments to go into the oil business, the Russians simultaneously undermine the exclusive position of the majors and make it easier in the future for the U.S.S.R. to conduct government-to-government petroleum deals. Furthermore, in all underdeveloped countries, Soyuzneftexport is prepared to accept in payment raw materials and foods (such as coffee and cocoa beans in Brazil), or, where these are not available, local currencies. This is precisely the kind of thrust that cannot be parried by private oil companies, which must demand freely convertible payment.

The Russians' oil breakthrough presents an excellent case study of what they mean by competitive co-existence. The time has come for the United States and its transatlantic allies to devise a common scheme for dealing with the political threat.

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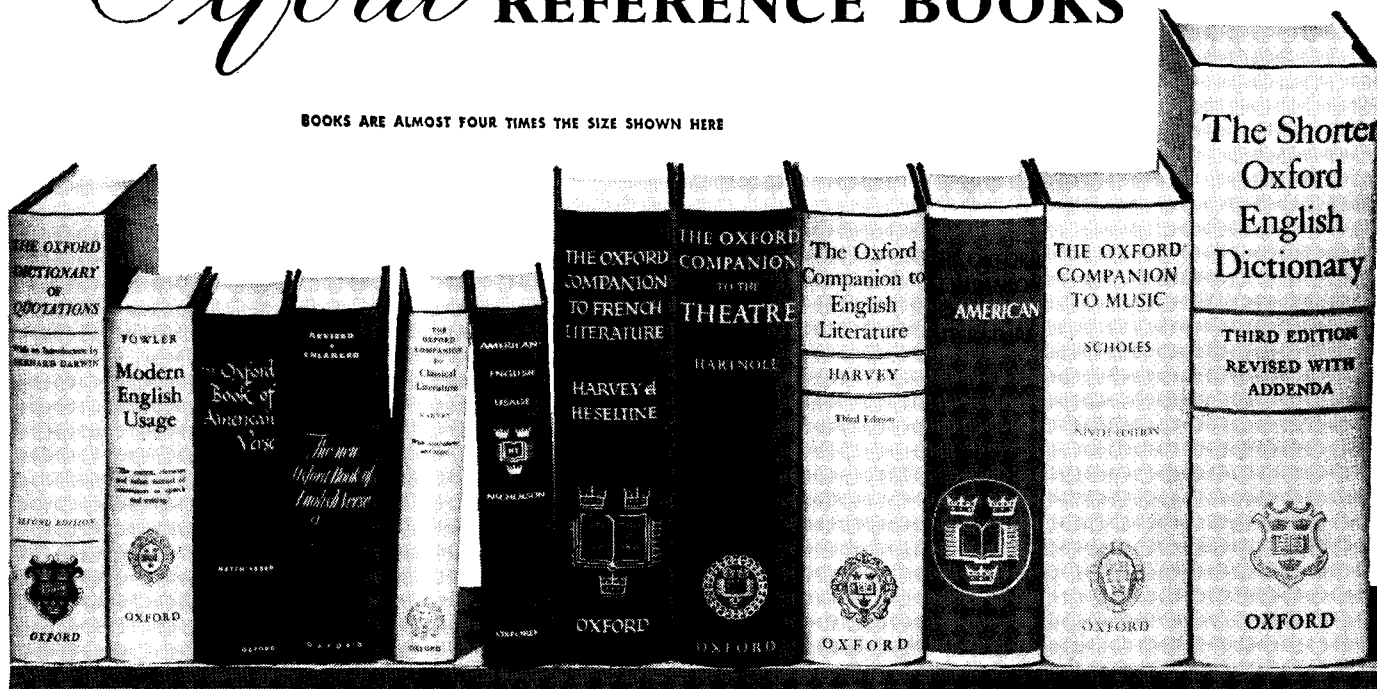


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The Atlantic Report LONDON



THE one political belief that shows signs of growth in London is an intuitive and still only barely represented liberalism. The official Liberal Party holds only six out of 630 parliamentary seats. Its platform is nebulous in the public mind. Yet in recent by-elections the Liberals have ousted Labor from second place at the polls four times out of six. And each time they have gained substantially in their share of the vote.

Both major parties are in some trouble: the Conservatives through too wholeheartedly believing their own propaganda; the Laborites from only half believing theirs. For the winter recession, coming after a short, sharp, happy burst of expansion that pushed production up 10 per cent in a year, has eroded the bases of the two classic concepts of economic control, uncovering some flaws. Those two classic methods were each designed to counter problems of poverty. But for Britain, even in recession, this is a time of plenty.

For example, it now seems to economists, and begins to appear to consumers, almost painfully obvious that "dear money," the traditional remedy of the Conservatives, does not overcome inflation; it overcomes expansion. Nor do the massive variations of government spending that were once the Labor specific seem likely to be effective in regulating the economy.

In the conditions of 1961, it has become essential for any type of economic control to be reasonably steady and expansive. The effort now is at least to get the rate of interest down, if that is possible without encouraging inflation, and to restrict government capital spending to its present level (1.75 billion pounds).

Between 1956 and 1958 the policy of high interest rates and complementary credit restriction, it could be claimed, produced stability. In 1960 the same policy produced fundamental instability. High interest rates, intended to reduce demand at home, drew in quantities of hot money from overseas, largely from America. The flow, partly in gold, has been as potentially dangerous to Brit-

ain as to the United States. Just as it has given America the illusion of a balance of payments deficit, it has given Britain the illusion of a surplus. In fact, the British trade gap has reopened.

With exports falling, the first effect of credit restrictions was to turn Britain into perhaps the world's only "fully underemployed society." Production fell, yet total "employment" remained high. Seven thousand people lost jobs in the car factories of the English midlands in a month. Most found other jobs. Seventy thousand went onto a three- or four-day week. With demand for labor still very strong, the natural tendency is for firms to keep their workers, even if they have to pay for the luxury in increased costs. To get skilled men back later would cost even more.

British cars

In the automobile industry these contradictory effects of orthodox monetary policy are at their most striking. This is now one of the largest single industries in Britain, employing more than 900,000 men, as many as agriculture and half as many again as coal. In terms of exports, revenue, and wages, it is quite the most productive British industry of all. There is a high natural demand for its products; even when British people lose their jobs, the last possession their families will part with now, whatever the cost, is the car. What is more, the government itself is heavily committed to this particular industry's further expansion.

Car output in the first half of 1960, before the recession, was running at an annual rate of 1.6 million. Expansion schemes costing 250 million pounds were announced to provide a potential in only three or four years' time of nearly 2.5 million cars annually. The government is committed to lending more than 10 million pounds toward this expansion as a means of persuasively directing new factories to Scotland, Lancashire, South Wales, and Northern Ireland, where unemployment at present is two or three times the national average (which was 1.7 per cent in December). But production has been allowed to slump to 1.2 million cars.

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Report on London



The immediate cause of trouble in the industry was a relatively small decline in exports, largely of those to the United States. Unsold cars filled thousands of acres of rented fields in the midlands, for meanwhile the credit squeeze and the 50 per cent sales tax made it impossible to increase sales at home.

The threefold need in this industry now is the same as the need in the country as a whole: a new monetary policy specifically directed at achieving steady growth; a new fiscal policy that can more quickly and generally affect consumer spending, but which leaves it to the consumer rather than the Treasury to choose between products; and a considerable expansion of the nation's exports.

Great Britain, like America, because of the amount of aid it gives, needs a large surplus of trade and payments. The aim, never yet quite attained, is a surplus of \$1.2 billion a year. Nineteen sixty produced a deficit instead. It seems now that the rate of industrial expansion at home will be closely geared to the rate of expansion of exports. In this context, the urgency of the immediate political decisions facing Britain can well be understood. The easy thesis, for instance, that it will make "only a marginal difference" to Britain whether there are six or seven or thirteen in any European common market, or whether there is an approach toward a North Atlantic union, has been exploded.

Britain's best single customer is the United States, until Europe is considered as a unit. Then Europe will come first, America a close second. They are the two prime movers of expansion. Meanwhile, Britain's own market is largely free to members of the Commonwealth, which have a total population of more than 700 million, mostly underprivileged. In return, the Commonwealth provides the solid basis of Britain's day-to-day living.

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Report on London



European Free Trade Association — never has made sense in isolation. Even joining the Seven to the Six would not make complete sense if either the Commonwealth or the United States was thereby excluded.

For these reasons, Mr. Macmillan's personal diplomacy has concentrated on "bridging the division in Europe" without giving up Commonwealth preferences or weakening Britain's trade links with America. Mr. Macmillan won support in 1960 in principle from both Chancellor Adenauer and Premier Fanfani for an open-ended merger of the two European trading blocs. But he received no encouragement from President de Gaulle. The Council of Europe, the Assembly of Western European Union, and the Assembly of the European Economic Community all have voted support for some kind of merger. But the United States government has not yet shown enthusiasm for the idea.

That is not true of American business, however. To take the car industry, again, as an example, Western Europe as a whole offers in the next ten, or even twenty, years the prospect of the only fast-growing large-scale automobile market in the world. It might possibly expand as much as 10 per cent per annum. Manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic are already planning on the assumption that it will become a single market. American car firms appear, indeed, to be preparing for an actual Atlantic union.

Gaitskell's troubles

Because these seem to practical men to be the practical needs now, the dialectical arguments that have split the Labor Party seem even colder and more sterile than before. The greatest blow to Mr. Gaitskell, as to the Labor Party as a whole, is the loss of Aneurin Bevan, the great Welsh Socialist, the supposed maverick. Now that he has gone, nobody can hold the party together.

Bevan's place as member for Ebbe Vale is filled by Michael Foot, a

Socialist as kindly and charming in private life as he is acid and implacable in public. Foot is fervently dedicated to either the reform or removal of Gaitskell.

Gaitskell himself is working for the renunciation at the next annual party conference of the neutralist resolutions that were so narrowly passed at Scarborough in the autumn, with the aid of the massive block votes of the big trade unions, notably the Transport and General Workers, led by Frank Cousins. He believes he can win. But if Gaitskell can refuse to accept the decision of the annual conference as mandatory for parliamentary policy, as he has, why cannot the left wing do so in its turn?

Three kinds of Socialists

The possibility of reuniting the party is lessened by the fact that there are actually three Labor parties. There are those Socialists who are so close to Communism in their ideal of a planned society that they can, and do, work with Communists.

There are other Socialists, also loosely classed with the left wing, who are simply isolationists, seeing Britain somehow peacefully maintained as the European neutral with the fullest employment, the highest wages, the most complete welfare service, and the most independent foreign policy.

There are, finally, Gaitskell's followers, still in a two-to-one majority in the Parliamentary Labor Party, who are sufficiently close to the prospect of government to recognize that Britain cannot possibly afford isolation, but who do not see why it should not have a greater degree of central planning and of economic equality than its allies.

Because recent events have underlined the lesson that the best-laid plans often can go astray, and since a new kind of planning clearly needs to be developed and it is agreed that the aim must be steady growth, the Liberals now see nothing inconsistent or unrealistic in their dream of drawing the planner Gaitskell in with them one day. If numbers alone are considered, it can be proved that Liberals united with Gaitskellites could get more votes than the Tories at an election. This



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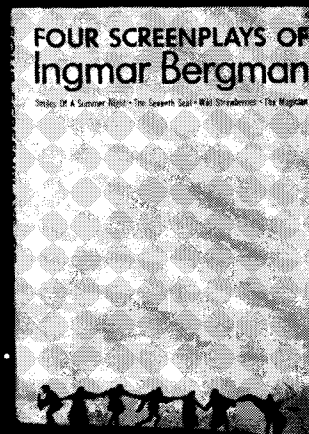
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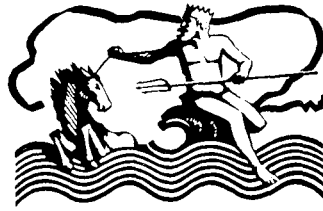
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is more than the divided Labor Party can hope to do, unless perhaps a recession were to get out of hand.

Is it really impossible? There was a significant moment at a private conference of industrialists, mostly traditional Tories, when Sir Hugh Beaver flatly contradicted the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Amory, who had said in his keynote speech that Britain's priorities must be, first, a surplus on the balance of payments; second, full employment; and third, a stable price level. Sir Hugh quickly put the new view. The first priority, he said, must be economic growth. The rest can come in any order you like.

The price of gold

Britain's dilemma today, then, is that while trade is in the red, growth cannot, as things stand, even be contemplated by the Conservatives. It is this that powers the quiet but determined British drive to get the United States to raise the price of gold. For if gold had a higher price, things would certainly be different.

Sir Roy Harrod, Keynes's pupil and chief open protagonist of revaluation, points out that since 1938 the dollar value of world trade has multiplied five times, while the dollar value of monetary gold stocks has increased only 50 per cent. Too little gold, therefore, has been chasing too much trade. If no change is made, Sir Roy forecasts, the system of multilateral trade established since the war will come to an abrupt end.

Britain needs above all a breathing space while it readjusts to new realities. It may have the lowest rate of growth of all Western industrial countries in the last decade (29 per cent in ten years against a European average of 64 per cent), but it has sustained up to now the highest overseas investment of all, next to America. But if no such luck as revaluation turns up, Britain will have to take a long, hard look at its costs, prices, wages, and politics. They may have been outmoded by prosperity, even in recession.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Thompson on Lewis

SIR:

I was very impressed by the way Dorothy Thompson caught in print the ephemeral, lonely, wonderful soul that was Sinclair Lewis ("The Boy and Man from Sauk Centre," November *Atlantic*). I was also deeply moved.

I was his secretary for six months in 1947 in Williamstown, Massachusetts, so I can fill in a couple of gaps which Miss Thompson was not sure about. Toward the end of his life he was not "indifferent to pictures." He had several Childe Hassam oils which he was inordinately fond of; being young and ignorant I had not heard of the painter, and I was severely and repeatedly upbraided for my stupidity. (I had the distinct impression that Mr. Lewis himself knew very little about Hassam until shortly before his acquisition of the paintings.)

Those are the only decorations I remember at "Thorvale," except for the seemingly thousands of bookshelves, which even ran up the stairs, and, curiously, a crucifix in his bedroom, a gift, I believe, from the actress Mady Christians. I did several portraits while I was there — including one of Mr. Lewis, which he hated to pose for — but he really didn't seem very interested in the process. I remember the only artist I heard him mention repeatedly with admiration was the illustrator Lynd Ward. Also, Norman Rockwell spent a pleasant day with us once, and Mr. Lewis was quite stimulated by him.

As for Italian, Mr. Lewis and I had a weekly lesson, and he really was quite fluent in it, though he

used to drive our teacher to distraction by his flights of fancy about one of the characters in those dreary little exercises grammar books have. This one was named Poverina Caterina, and he would make up stories, some hilarious, some heart-rending, about underdog Poor Little Caterina.

About his professing to "despise poetry," I have been told by a reliable source that he was writing poetry almost exclusively in his last years. Whether the poetry was good or not, I do not know.

BARNABY CONRAD
Belvedere, Calif.

SIR:

The following statements about the Sauk Centre area made by Dorothy Thompson in the November *Atlantic* are so replete with errors that they are actually ludicrous: "The Indians, because of the lakes, had been fishermen and loggers, and logging first attracted the small number of white settlers, who lived in stockades. The loggers cut down the trees, so that the earliest picture of Sauk Centre is of a village bleak and treeless. Yet it must earlier have been heavily wooded."

It takes something more than a vivid imagination to make loggers of the Minnesota Chippewa, and one would hardly expect to find anyone, red or white, engaged in logging in the vicinity of a prairie settlement established at a mill site.

BERTHA L. HEILBRON
*Minnesota Historical Society
St. Paul, Minn.*

SIR:

For considerably more light than Dorothy Thompson sheds on the

question of why Sinclair Lewis chose to be planted in Sauk Centre in her otherwise extremely interesting article, I direct your attention to the following:

"... there is more of the primordial and persistently essential Sinclair Lewis in . . . [a] little piece tossed off some time ago for the Sauk Centre, Minnesota, High School Annual than between many of his book covers: 'It is extraordinary how deep is the impression made by the place of one's birth and rearing, and how lasting are its memories. It is twenty-nine years now since I left Sauk Centre to go East to college. Yet it is as vivid to my mind as though I had left there yesterday. To me, forever, ten miles will not be a distance in the mathematical tables, but slightly more than the distance from Sauk Centre to Melrose. To me, forever, the direction west will have nothing to do with California or the Rockies; it will be the direction towards Hoboken Hill. If I seem to have criticized prairie villages, I have certainly criticized them no more than I have New York or Paris, or the great universities. Indeed, as I look at the sons of rich men in New England with their motor cars and their travel, it seems to me that they are not having one-tenth the fun which I had as a kid, swimming and fishing in Sauk Lake, or cruising its perilous depths on a raft (probably made of stolen logs), tramping out to Fair Lake for a picnic, tramping ten miles on end with a shotgun in October, sliding on Hoboken Hill, stealing melons, or listening to the wonder of an elocutionist at the G. A. R. Hall.'"

Miss Thompson and the *Atlantic*

research department can find the foregoing on pages 67 and 68 of *The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan* (Knopf, New York, 1932) in a sketch by Nathan entitled "Jim Tully." You might also enjoy the sketch entitled "Sinclair Lewis" on page 8 of the same book.

ALLISON L. SCAFURI
Detroit, Mich.

"I, personally..."

SIR:

The letter from Mrs. J. G. Clark in your December Repartee enraged me, and I have framed it in black next to a news photo of four Southern mothers jeering and sneering at Negro children entering a school. This is also draped in black.

The racial situation obviously bothers Mrs. Clark. She doesn't want to read about it, hear about it, think about it. Something might be done about it. Then where would she and her friends be?

PRISCILLA COMEN
Malibu, Calif.

SIR:

I was most interested to read in the December Repartee the epistolary comments on John Kenneth Galbraith's recent article, "The Age of the Wordfact" (September *Atlantic*). I would not have seen fit to comment further were it not for my observation that, seemingly, most of the negative comments were directed from the side of the political fence opposite to that of Mr. Galbraith.

Let it therefore be known that a loyal Democrat agrees wholeheartedly that the controversial article was not only politically inspired but also poorly conceived. It did, indeed, contribute little, in my opinion, to the general body of knowledge and was merely a rehash of well-known facts about political phraseology.

MATTHEW CUSHING, JR., M.D.
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

The other evening, when reading Charles Morton's Accent on Living article in the December *Atlantic*, I was chuckling so much I had to reread it to my wife. Her comment on marching bands — the men for whom there is no future — was: "Why, that's not correct. They simply grow up and become Shriners."

J. M. ANGUISH
London, Ont.

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SOME PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"Fidelio"

A repeat performance of Beethoven's only opera; Irene Jordan as Leonore, John Alexander as Floristan. In English. Sunday, February 5 (3-5 PM)

"Ireland: The Tear and the Smile"

The literary and artistic side of the Emerald Isle. Guests include Siobhan McKenna and Sean O'Faolain. Sunday, February 5 (6:30-7 PM)

"Story of the X-15"

A documentary study of America's hypersonic rocket plane. Monday, February 6 (10:30-11 PM)

"Time Remembered"

Anouilh's romantic comedy, with Dame Edith Evans in her U.S. television debut, Christopher Plummer, and Janet Munro. Tuesday, February 7 (7:30-9 PM)

"A String of Beads"

Somerset Maugham's story with Chester Morris, Glenda Farrell, and Jane Fonda. Tuesday, February 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Single Woman"

A study of the problems facing the unmarried woman in today's society. Thursday, February 9 (4-5 PM)

"Aaron Copland Music"

A concert for young people with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Composer Aaron Copland is the special guest. Sunday, February 12 (4-5 PM)

"Saga of the Triton"

The National Geographic Society's actuality film report of the three-month underwater circumnavigation of the globe by USS Triton, world's largest submarine. Tuesday, February 14 (7-7:30 PM)

"Holding of the Panama Canal"

A study of our Latin-American relations. Tuesday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

"A Louisiana Story"

Documentary report on the school desegregation situation in New Orleans. Thursday, February 16 (10:30-11 PM)

"Minuteman!"

Documentary story of the land-based missile on wheels, which can be fired from any point in the United States. Sunday, February 19 (6:30-7 PM)

"First Winter at South Pole"

Historic account of the U.S. IGY team that built and manned a station during six months of total darkness. Tuesday, February 21 (7-7:30 PM)

"Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"

Sunday, February 26 (4-5:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays: Meet the Professor
Issues and Answers
Roundup USA
Meet the Press
The Twentieth Century
Winston Churchill—
The Valiant Years
Tuesdays: Expedition!
Thursdays: Face the Nation/Reports
Fridays: Eyewitness to History
Saturdays: The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri: Continental Classroom
Road to Reality

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THE THREAT TO THE DOLLAR

BY ROBERT TRIFFIN

Born in Belgium in 1911, educated at Louvain University and at Harvard, ROBERT TRIFFIN became an American citizen in 1942 and since then has played a major role in numerous monetary and banking reorganizations in Latin America and in the planning and negotiation of the European Payments Union. He is professor of economics at Yale University and the author of several books, the most recent being GOLD AND THE DOLLAR CRISIS, published last year by the Yale University Press.

THERE are two ways to go broke: a slow one and a fast one. The slow way is to go on, year after year, spending more money than you earn. But if you are rich to begin with, you won't go broke very fast that way. You will pay for your overspending by depleting your bank balance and other assets and by getting loans from people who trust your capacity to repay them later.

A much faster way to go broke is to finance too much of your overspending by short-term borrowing. Even if you stop overspending, you may then still run into serious trouble if your IOU's are suddenly presented to you for repayment at a time when your bank balance has fallen too low to cover them. If you still have other, longer-term assets in sufficient amount, you will remain perfectly solvent, but you will be confronted, nevertheless, with what is called a liquidity crisis.

This, in a nutshell, is the United States's problem today and the reason why our dollar is facing a serious threat in the international exchange markets. We have, over the past decade, spent, lent, and given away about \$20 billion more than we earned and covered the difference by cash payments in gold (\$6 billion) and also by short-term IOU's (\$14 billion), which foreign central banks, private banks, and individuals were, until recently, quite glad to invest in, since the dollar was regarded as safer than any other currency, and even, for the time being, as safe as gold itself.

The Eisenhower Administration woke up belatedly to the problem when gold prices suddenly flared up on the London free market last October and when U.S. gold losses shot up in the following weeks to a rate of between \$400 million and \$500 million per month. A wind of panic blew over Washington officialdom, and hurried steps were taken or planned "to restore overall balance in our foreign transactions."

Although the exact measures adopted may not have been the wisest ones, their objective was highly laudable. We should, of course, steer away from the slow road to bankruptcy. The trouble is that we have not given much evidence so far of any clear understanding of the liquidity, as opposed to solvency, crisis that constitutes the real and most urgent threat to the dollar and of the measures needed to combat this far greater danger.

We might well regain full equilibrium in our overall balance of payments — we are indeed far closer to that goal already than the Eisenhower Administration seemed to suspect — and yet be faced by massive demands for conversion into gold of the short-term debts inherited from our former deficits. Such massive liquidation by foreigners of their present dollar holdings would certainly become less likely as we gave evidence of our determination and ability to put a stop to our persistent deficits of the last decade. It would still exist, however, and might be triggered at any time by

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speculative rumors — justified or unjustified — or, more simply, by interest-rate differentials between New York and other financial centers, primarily in Western Europe. As long as such a threat is allowed to persist, we may find ourselves unable to manage our own credit and interest-rate policies, in the best interests of our economy, without running the risks of large gold outflows from our shores and, ultimately, of a totally unnecessary devaluation of the dollar, disastrous to us and to the rest of the world as well.

Even if we chose to close our eyes to this danger, another major crisis would in time develop from the very success of our efforts to redress our own balance-of-payments position. The elimination of our deficits would indeed dry up at the source two thirds of the annual supply of monetary reserves on which the rest of the world has come to depend for the maintenance of international currency convertibility in an expanding world economy.

The present crisis of the dollar is in fact inextricably bound up with the ill-fated attempt to dig up and dust off an international monetary system which collapsed nearly half a century ago, during World War I, and which must be thoroughly overhauled in order to adapt it to present-day needs and conditions.

This international monetary system is theoretically based on the old, pre-1914 gold standard. In the decade following World War I, the "world gold shortage" was a frequent subject for discussion among academic economists and the main topic on the agenda of a long series of international conferences which culminated in the marathon debates of the Gold Delegation of the defunct League of Nations. The "gold shortage" was temporarily solved in the meantime by the growing use of two national currencies, sterling and the dollar, as international world reserves, along with the gold, in short supply. This, however, could not be more than a makeshift. It ended, disastrously, in the early 1930s with the successive devaluations of both of these currencies and the consequent collapse of the world monetary system.

In the decade following World War II, the basic role played by gold in our international monetary system was all but forgotten. A new slogan came to dominate academic discussions and governmental policies: the slogan of the "world dollar shortage." These policies were eminently successful. They accelerated the reconstruction of war damage and the expansion of the underdeveloped economies, and stimulated a rate of growth in world trade and world production unprecedented in duration and magnitude in the history of the world.

Yet they, too, were built upon the same make-shifts as in the 1920s. They, too, threatened to end in the early 1960s in a new collapse of world trade and world currencies similar to that of the early 1930s.

This grim parallel has its roots in a common and age-old problem: the routine and inertia which tie man to his past and make him unable or unwilling to effect in time the adjustments necessary to the successful performance, and ultimate survival, of his economic, social, and political institutions in a fast-changing world.

A SIMPLE comparison may be helpful at this stage. We all know too well the need which we have to carry some amount of currency in our pockets and to keep a checking account at our bank in order to bridge the gap between paydays and to be able to pay for our groceries and other purchases. The amounts of currency and deposits which we have to hold for this purpose bear some obvious, even though fairly loose, relation to the level of our income and expenditures. In very much the same way, countries must hold, generally in their central bank, international reserves to bridge seasonal and other inevitable and unpredictable gaps between their receipts from and payments to other countries. The amounts of reserves required for this purpose also hold an obvious, although equally loose, relation to the turnover of trade and production.

Now, imagine how little trade and production could have grown in the United States over the last century if the only means of payment available to all of us, as a group, had been the number of gold coins that could be mined from the haphazard growth of gold mining in California and Colorado. This, fortunately, was never the case, either here or in any other country. Paper currency and bank deposits played, throughout, a large and growing role, alongside declining amounts of gold, silver, and other minor coin, in the national monetary system of every country. Even in the heyday of the gold standard, the total monetary gold stock of the United States, for instance — both in the form of gold coin and central gold reserves — fell from about 30 per cent of the overall means of payment of the country in 1860 to about 8 per cent in 1914. The provision of an adequate, but noninflationary, volume of money for our expanding economy already depended then, as it still does today, upon the soundness and resiliency of our banking institutions and credit policies, rather than on any blind enslavement to the much-vaunted automatic discipline of the so-called — or miscalled — gold standard.

The basic problems which deposit banking has long been able to solve within national borders, under the guidance of national monetary authorities, still remain largely unsolved, however, as far as international payments are concerned. Or, rather, since the world has to go on, they have been solved after a fashion, but only through a succession of makeshifts and at the cost of recurrent international crises manifesting themselves in the form of widespread deflation, currency devaluations, and trade and exchange restrictions.

Under the so-called full-fledged gold standard, prevalent in the last third of the nineteenth century and until World War I, gold was used exclusively, or nearly exclusively, by most central banks as international reserves and as the ultimate means of settlement for temporary imbalance in all major countries' international transactions. The enormous gold discoveries of the mid-nineteenth century had made possible for a while the adoption of such a system, but the maintenance of adequate gold reserves by central banks the world over was fed in addition, even then, by the gradual replacement of gold coin by currency and deposits in the countries' national monetary circulation. But this latter process was bound to come to an end and did with the world-wide demonetization of gold in the 1920s and early 1930s. The world gold shortage has been with us ever since, although its timing and acuity have also been vitally affected by the vast price disturbances arising from wartime and post-war inflation and from the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Over the whole period from 1914 through 1959, new gold production outside the Soviet bloc has fed considerably less than half of the average increase in the world's monetary reserves. In the fifteen years from 1914 through 1928, it accounted for only 38 per cent of reserve increases, another 30 per cent of which was derived from the withdrawal of gold coin from active circulation, and the remaining 32 per cent from the growing use of major *national* currencies — primarily sterling in those days — as *international* reserves by central banks, alongside gold itself. This custom had spread under the prodding of British currency experts and the spur of the interest that central banks could earn on such foreign exchange investments — but not, of course, on the gold kept in their vaults. Together with the flight of hot money from the war-torn and inflation-wrecked continent of Europe, it helped the British restore the pound to its pre-war parity in 1925, while Continental currencies sank excessively in value under the impact of speculative money flights from the Continent to London.

This soon proved a very mixed blessing for Britain. The overvaluation of sterling or the

undervaluation of other European currencies handicapped British exporters in relation to their main competitors in world markets. Europe boomed while Britain suffered from economic stagnation and unemployment. Britain, moreover, felt impelled to tighten credit and interest rates in order to attract or retain foreign funds in London and avoid unsustainable gold losses. Such monetary policies were bound to aggravate the deflationary pressures already at work on the British economy. They became, in any case, powerless to stem the flow when the later stabilization of currency conditions on the Continent triggered a massive repatriation of the funds which had previously sought refuge in London.

Continental central banks reluctantly agreed to support sterling for a while by moderating their own conversions of sterling funds into gold. This merely postponed the day of reckoning. The collapse of a bank in Vienna unleashed a new wave of currency speculation which led to further withdrawals of funds from London. On a fateful day in September, 1931, Britain threw in the sponge. The collapse of the most powerful currency that the world had ever known spelled the collapse of the international gold exchange standard itself and ushered in a long period of exchange chaos in the world's monetary relations.

A GRIM parallel could easily be drawn between the rise and fall of the sterling exchange standard after World War I on the one hand, and on the other the rise of the dollar exchange standard after World War II and the difficulties which we are facing today. Foreign funds have, ever since 1934, sought a haven in New York rather than in London. These speculative movements played a role in the consolidation of exchange rates — mostly in 1949 — at levels which appear now to have undervalued European currencies with respect to the dollar. Our economy has grown, for the last ten years, at a snail's pace in contrast to the rates of growth experienced by most European countries. The repatriation of European funds which had previously sought refuge here initiated a gold outflow of more than \$2 billion in 1958.

This drain was slowed down to \$1 billion in 1959 and to a mere trickle in the first half of 1960 under the impact of a drastic stiffening of interest rates in this country. It again assumed dramatic and even alarming proportions, however, in the second half of last year. This was primarily, at first, the result of the lower interest rates and the darkening Wall Street outlook brought about here by an incipient recession coupled with booming activity and a tightening of interest rates in Eu-

rope. Incredible bungling by some of our Treasury officials during the September meetings of the International Monetary Fund poured oil on the fire by allowing a flare-up of gold prices in the London market, which unleashed a wave of speculative gold buying by Americans as well as foreigners. Our gold losses jumped from an average of only \$25 million a month during the first half of 1960 to more than \$200 million a month in the third quarter, \$300 million in October, and \$500 million in November; that is, to an annual rate of nearly \$6 billion a year, just about equal to the amount which antiquated and ill-conceived legislative provisions leave us as "free gold" reserves.

Fortunately, other countries have as great a stake as we have in helping the United States ward off a devaluation of the dollar, which would once more usher in a long period of chaos in exchange rates, such as followed the 1931 sterling devaluation, and benefit mostly the two largest gold-producing countries in the world, South Africa and the U.S.S.R. Time is running short, however, and we are each day living more and more dangerously on the edge of the precipice.

The most feasible and constructive way to ward off the international monetary breakdown which a dollar collapse would entail would be to enlarge and streamline the present methods of operation of the International Monetary Fund. This could be done in two stages.

All that the first stage would require would be a mere declaration by the Fund that it stands ready to accept reserve deposits from its member central banks, just as our Federal Reserve System accepts reserve deposits from commercial member banks in this country. Under the rules of the Fund, such deposits would carry a gold-exchange guarantee, making them extremely attractive to central banks. They would be as safe as gold itself and as usable for payments anywhere in the world. Their conversion into any currency needed for payment would be effected most simply, efficiently, and economically by drawing a check on the paying country's account and depositing it in the account of the country whose currency was purchased.

The Fund, moreover, would be in a position to pay interest on these deposits out of the earnings derived from investment of the assets transferred to it by members in exchange for such deposits. The advantages of interest-earning, gold-guaranteed deposits with the Fund over both sterile gold holdings and exchange-risky balances in national currencies should be sufficient to induce most countries to exchange voluntarily for Fund deposits the bulk of their present foreign exchange holdings and possibly even some portion of the reserves which they now retain in gold.

Countries other than the United States and the United Kingdom would constitute, initially, the bulk of their deposits with the Fund by transferring to it the dollar and sterling balances which they now hold as part of their monetary reserves. The United States and the United Kingdom would, as a consequence, owe these balances to the Fund rather than to several scores of foreign central banks. The Fund would hardly wish to liquidate precipitously its holdings of such balances at the risk of precipitating a monetary crisis in the United States or the United Kingdom, and should not, in any case, be allowed to do so. Its right to demand repayment should be limited to a pre-agreed annual ceiling and should, even then, be exercised only insofar as is useful for the conduct of its own operations. In view of the vast expansion of its resources which the proposed reform would entail, it could, on the contrary, be expected to seek to expand, for several years to come, its dollar and sterling investments, thus giving us a further and useful breathing spell to bring about, in as smooth a manner as possible, the needed readjustments in our overall balance of payments.

The United States and the United Kingdom would, in this manner, recoup the freedom of monetary management — particularly in relation to their interest-rate policies — which is now so severely handicapped by the fear of the gold losses that would accompany the liquidation of foreign-owned short-term dollar and sterling balances. As for the other countries, they should also welcome the opportunity of exchanging their over-bloated dollar and sterling balances for equivalent Fund deposits. They now hold large amounts of such balances in preference to gold because of the interest earnings which they carry. They do, however, expose themselves thereby to the exchange losses which would be entailed in a dollar or sterling devaluation, to say nothing of the risks of blocking or inconvertibility. Deposits with the Fund would offer them the same incentive of interest earnings — although at a slightly reduced rate — while giving them the full gold guarantees which automatically attach to all transactions with the International Monetary Fund.

This simple suggestion could be implemented all the more easily and rapidly as it does not require any amendment or renegotiation of the Fund's Articles of Agreement and as it has already received in England the unanimous blessing of the Radcliffe Committee on the Working of the Monetary System.

The second stage of my plan would require a modification of the Fund's Charter, but a very simple and unobjectionable one. The present system of arbitrary and rigid quota subscriptions

to the Fund's capital should be dropped and replaced by minimum deposit requirements with the Fund. That is to say, all countries would undertake to hold, in the form of deposits with the Fund, an agreed proportion of their total monetary reserves. They would remain free to convert into gold, if they wished, any amounts accruing to their Fund deposit over and above this agreed minimum.

Such an obligation would adjust automatically and continuously each country's actual lending to the Fund according to its contributive capacity and to the need of the Fund for the currency of the particular country. It would do away with a system under which the Fund is now flooded with national currency capital subscriptions in bahts, kyats, bolivianos, and other currencies for which it has no earthly use and under which 90 per cent of its lending has in fact been made in dollars, thus aggravating our reserve losses, rather than in the currencies of the countries which were actually accumulating large reserve surpluses in their international transactions.

These proposals have been amply scrutinized and discussed in recent months, here and abroad, by academic, financial, and government experts. They obviously raise a host of questions which cannot be fully examined in this brief article. The real obstacle to action does not lie in their technical details, which could easily be modified in the course of negotiations, but in their long-run political implications. There is no denying the fact that such a reform of the International Monetary Fund could be interpreted as a first step toward the setting up of a supranational monetary authority to which central banks and governments are understandably reluctant to yield any portion of their cherished national sovereignty and independence.

Whatever one's views are in relation to this broad issue, it should be obvious that none of the measures proposed here would restrict the present real sovereignty of any country any more than it is already restricted. These measures would substitute, in a limited area, collective, mutually debated, and agreed limitations on national monetary sovereignties for the much harsher, haphazard, and often disastrous limitations now imposed upon them by chance events and by the uncoordinated use of sovereignty by several scores of so-called independent countries, with little or no regard to their compatibility and their impact on others.

Clearly, the world cannot tolerate much longer an international monetary system which has become so utterly dependent for its functioning on such accidental sources of reserve supplies as these:

1. Gold digging in a country — South Africa — whose economic life might be paralyzed tomorrow by the eruption of racial warfare.

2. Mr. Khrushchev's policies about U.S.S.R. gold sales to the West, which were responsible for more than a third of monetary gold increases in both 1958 and 1959 and whose abrupt cessation in 1960 contributed, at least in part, to the recent explosion of gold prices in London.

3. The perpetuation of our balance of payments deficits and the continued acceptance of dollar IOU's as monetary reserves by other countries; such gold and dollar losses by us have accounted for about two thirds of foreign countries' reserve increases over the last ten years and cannot continue much longer without undermining confidence in the dollar and its acceptability as a reserve currency.

I have no doubt, therefore, that future events will push us inevitably toward a basic reform of our present international monetary system. The real question at issue is not whether the proposals outlined here, or other broadly similar ones, will be adopted in the end. It is whether political leadership in the United States and the other free countries will prove sufficiently enlightened and dynamic to adopt them in time or whether they will have to be forced upon us by new crises and upheavals such as we experienced thirty years ago, during the first years of the worst international depression that the world has ever known.

WAKING TO WHITENESS

BY LYNNE LAWNER

Waking to whiteness in a silent house,
The pigeons blurring in the eaves,
And, pressed against the windowpanes,
Pale whisperings of opening leaves,

I heard the snowy morning fall,
Hissing and sifting to the floor,
And Solitude, a lingering ghost,
Lean loudly on the door.

The Pressures on COLLEGE GIRLS TODAY

BY CARL BINGER, M.D.



The author of THE DOCTOR'S JOB and of other books related to medicine and psychiatry, and editor in chief of PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE, DR. CARL BINGER is presently serving as psychiatric consultant to the Harvard University Health Services. His article which follows forms part of a new volume, EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF THE STUDENT, edited by Graham B. Blaine, Jr., and Charles C. McArthur, to be published by Appleton-Century-Crofts this month.

IN OUR culture, women still seem to regard themselves as inferior. Perhaps it is a genuine feeling of their own, or perhaps it is imposed upon them by men. The new freedom has not done away with it — not the vote, nor trousers, nor cigarettes, nor even standards of sexual behavior that are somewhat similar to men's standards. Indeed, all of these indexes of equality with men appear often as an uncertain effort to deny the confusion of roles in which modern society has placed women.

Although the formal college curriculum does not recognize a difference between male and female students, this does not mean that their needs are identical — far from it. I know that to generalize here is risky business and that what I shall say may be only partially true. But it seems obvious enough that as a boy approaches graduation he will have his eye out for a job or a career,

and a girl will have hers on marriage. This does not mean that college boys are indifferent to finding a wife or that girls are unconcerned about earning money soon after graduation. The many early collegiate marriages in which young wives today contribute to the family income — if, indeed, they do not pay for most of their husbands' graduate tuition — would belie any such notion.

Whether they are gainfully employed or not, however, or whether or not they have decided to go to graduate school and perhaps prepare themselves for one of the professions — architecture, business, city planning, engineering, medicine, the ministry, law, scientific research, social work, teaching, or others (all are now open to women) — they usually are interested, first and foremost, in finding a mate. They do not shout this from the housetops. They often spend a good deal of their time and energy in trying to conceal it from themselves and from others.

There are exceptions, of course, among them some few dedicated female scholars who put their work ahead of everything else — often, to be sure, at great cost. But this is not true of the run of the mill. For them, marriage is the paramount goal and the presiding wish. Sometimes they are willing to postpone it until they have achieved more proximal goals — this degree or that job, for example — but it is pretty constantly in the back of their minds.

In some women's colleges as many as 50 per cent of the senior class continue their formal education in graduate school. Many of these young women prepare themselves for the professions or continue their studies for various motives

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other than a clear interest in scholarship; to postpone the evil day of going out into the world; to raise their market value in getting jobs; to remain in the relatively protected environment of an institution of learning; to continue to meet interesting people. "People," it should be said, is the current euphemism for men. (One must not call the devil by his name.) We know that the motive behind study may have a determining influence both on the quality of the work and on the enthusiasm with which it is undertaken. When motives are too mixed they may result in confusion, conflict, and dissatisfaction. Graduate work in itself, however, need no longer be a deterrent to marriage. Many young women combine the two ventures with surprising skill and apparent equanimity.

The median age of girls when they marry is now about twenty, and the preoccupation with marriage becomes fairly persistent when this age is past. One can observe this frequently among graduate students. Today a young lady of twenty-one who is still single is apt to think of herself as an old maid. She prefers, however, to see herself as well settled with the man of her choice, or of her dreams, who loves and cherishes her and by whom she will eventually have about four children. Once she has met him, she often appears to care little about how much money they will have, what side of the tracks he was born on, his social or ethnic background, or his religion. Love is what counts, or at least what seems to be love. And she thinks she wants a man whom she can look up to, who has been exposed to at least an equivalent formal education and is perhaps a little better in his studies than she is. This makes her feel more secure.

One hears a great deal about security. It has become the golden calf of today. When one stops to analyze what is meant by it, one soon learns that it has little to do with jobs, with income, or with social status, but is a subjective feeling derived usually from a certain sense of approbation and depending more on self-approbation than on anything else. This is the rock on which many young college women founder. To have the affection and esteem of a young man whom they admire seems to many the safest bulwark against their self-doubt and their feelings of insufficiency. But the young man is often very young, far less ready for a real, rewarding, and growing relationship than is the girl. And so the bulwark often turns out to be but a slender reed, at least from the point of view of her needs.

Naturally enough, this may lead to trouble. The single most frequently encountered emotional disturbance among these young women is depression. Sometimes it is so sweeping that little seems left

of the normally functioning personality, and there may then be a real risk of suicide. Fortunately, this is relatively rare. What is common, however, in the college girl is a loss of zest, a feeling of apathy or fatigue, and an apparent need for extra hours of sleep, a very much lowered self-esteem, with sensitivity to other people's opinions and reactions, and, above all, an inability to get work done. To hand in written material on time means somehow to commit oneself, to expose oneself to comment and criticism before which failing spirits falter. Often the printed page seems to lack meaning; attention, concentration, and comprehension are at a low level. Instead, there is brooding, daydreaming, mounting dissatisfaction with self, and a feeling of guilt because of time and opportunities wasted — guilt tinged with anxiety: "What will happen to me?" "Will my scholarship be renewed?" "I mustn't let my parents down; sending me to college has been a great sacrifice for them." "I can't understand it. At high school I was third in my class of 250 and was President of Student Council." And so it goes.

THIS phenomenon, in greater or lesser degree, is sufficiently common to be called "normal." I have called it a depression; I do not insist on this as a clinical diagnosis. It has been described by some as an identity crisis, by others as adolescent turmoil. Behind it there are, of course, feelings of inadequacy, self-absorption, worry, and accompanying anxiety. The significant facts are the lowered self-esteem and the diminution in zest, energy, and capacity to function in a creative way. The depression seems to be a kind of declaration of dependence, of helplessness, and a muted cry for help as well. And it occurs at some time and in varying intensity in practically every girl during her career at college.

Now, the student who experiences this need not be severely neurotic, nor are these manifestations necessarily evidence of any profound or abnormal emotional disturbance. They may simply represent — in a freshman, for example — the first response of a sensitive, naïve adolescent to a new, frighteningly complicated, and sophisticated environment. After all, some of these girls are only sixteen or barely seventeen. They may have come from small towns, and they may be the first ones from their high schools to be accepted in one of the major women's colleges. All eyes are on them, and their parents are inordinately proud. The girls feel that they are in heaven at last. But they soon find the atmosphere rarefied and the air heady. They may never before have had to work hard, even in order to lead their classes. They are

asked to write a paper not on the character of Silas Marner or on the most interesting experience they had during their summer vacations (in many high schools they are not given any written assignments), but, for example, on "The Relation of Leonardo's Writing to His Painting and to Fifteenth-century Art in General." After chewing their pencils for a while and twirling a lock of hair, they finally brazen it out and go to the library. Even after they have mastered the indexing system, they are appalled by the number of cards under the heading "Leonardo," and they find nothing whatever on the assigned topic. Perhaps for the first time in their lives they are forced to read actively instead of passively and to do some quiet, hard thinking. This is not only a strange experience but almost akin to physical pain. And so there is a flight into solace: a little chat with the girl in the next room, who may have been to one of those progressive schools where this kind of assignment was familiar enough; or perhaps their neighbor attended a high-powered, exclusive boarding school and has gained so much poise and self-assurance that nothing appears to daunt her.

Or maybe our young freshman is the daughter of a trustee and her mother was the college heroine of her day — not only Phi Beta Kappa, but the belle of the ball as well. This puts additional pressure on the student, who develops an egregious need to make good in spite of the awareness of her own ineptitude.

The reaction of depression is not confined to young freshmen, however, nor is it necessarily related to difficulties associated with study. The student may be in the graduate school, already past the first flush of youth, and perhaps a little *triste* or weary from the steady grind and worried by constant competition with a most gifted, accomplished, and brilliant galaxy of colleagues. At such times there may be a kind of tacit rebellion, an intellectual sit-down strike, so to speak, when the mind seems to refuse to do more work. Any one of many circumstances can bring this about — impending orals, a thesis due or overdue, an unhappy love relationship, or disquieting news from home. Even conspicuous success can bring on this reaction in some individuals.

Of course, the common-sense attitude would be to quit for a while, to do something else, to have some fun and then come back with renewed vigor. But this seldom occurs to them, partly because they have already lost some resilience and resourcefulness. The thought of absenting themselves from work is far too perilous. Instead, these students prefer to whip the tired horse. They stay up later and get up earlier, and they worry about all the ground they still have to cover.

Sometimes fate takes over. They come down with the flu or "a virus," or they develop infectious mononucleosis. This seems a welcome and respectable respite, but it usually leaves them more exhausted than the illness itself could account for, and still unable to work.

Many other devices are automatically resorted to as defensive maneuvers against the underlying depression. Instead of doing extra work, the student may stay in bed in the mornings and sleep until noon, thereby missing her lectures or even hour exams. Her academic plight goes from bad to worse, her depression and feelings of guilt increase, and her self-esteem continues to plummet. She may adopt a kind of cynical, supersophisticated, and supercilious attitude toward the whole academic community and cease to be a functioning part of it.

These, together with the other defenses I shall mention, are maladaptive, in the sense that they are unrealistic and make matters worse rather than better.

Another common defense among young girls has to do with their eating habits. They try to allay their uneasiness and anxiety by eating too much. Some of them will stuff themselves with bread and butter at mealtime; others will fill up on ice cream and candy between meals; still others become night feeders and ransack the kitchen when they should be asleep. This extra feeding, which has little to do with hunger, may be episodic around examination time; it may be a reaction to having been jilted; or, again, it may have become a kind of chronic addiction. Of course, it feeds as well the lowered self-esteem, puts an end to dating, and becomes a new source of discouragement. This phenomenon is seen almost exclusively in girls, seldom in boys.

THE relations between college boys and girls are a tender subject, seldom discussed between the generations. The contemporary sexual mores of young people are so different from those which governed their parents' or teachers' lives that a common meeting ground between them scarcely exists. (It is possible that the parents have forgotten some of the details of their own past experiences.) Girls seldom, if ever, discuss their sexual experiences with their parents, and when they do — unless they are facing a crisis — one cannot escape the impression that the parent-child relationship is a little unhealthy. To be sure, girls often come to college with standards handed to them by their mothers and tacitly upheld by their fathers. Letting a boy kiss you good night, for example, is all right, but preferably not on the

first date. Here is where conflict often begins. If the girl is standoffish and stiff, the chances are she will not see the boy again. But this is just what she wants to forestall unless he is a "jerk," and so, partly to secure her aim and partly because she is moved and flattered, she accepts his kisses, and soon after, if she has not already learned, she is taught to "kiss back."

From this point on, the boy takes over, unless he himself is very timid. He tries to impose his standards and rationalizations on her. He tries to convince her that it is both more honest and far healthier to have intercourse than to pet. He may be right. In any case, he is usually as idealistic as she is and not just out for fun or experience, but he is eager to prove himself. Since, by this time, she has been aroused — the more so because the boy is usually serious — and is, as the modern cliché has it, "emotionally involved," she may accede to his wishes, often, to be sure, with serious misgivings and with a feeling of guilt. ("My mother would die if she knew." The chances are that her mother wouldn't "die" at all; she might be quite understanding. It is fathers who need to be protected against the facts of life.)

The present arrangement in coeducational or quasi-coeducational institutions facilitates these intimacies. Boys and girls are pretty constantly together in the classroom, in the library, at dances, at parties, at rehearsals. They drink their Martinis and gin and tonics together. They light each other's cigarettes. And they study together, often in the boy's room, and sometimes they end up in bed. Roommates are an inconvenience but seldom a real hindrance. Much that is unspoken is understood. The girl and boy become each other's property. At a dance they dance together all evening. To pursue another boy's date is to commit the unpardonable act of "bird-dogging." This is not acceptable behavior. Girls, as well, impose their proprietary rights on their dates. Promiscuity is not a manifestation of sexual freedom, but rather a symptom of a disordered personality.

The foregoing description is of one kind of behavior, but of one only. It is difficult to generalize here, and not too satisfactory to try to create stereotypes. None of them is fixed or unvarying. Behavior changes in response to outer impacts and inner needs and to those mores and conventions which the girl brings with her from school.

There are, of course, "popular" girls who have a different date every night and like to keep lots of boys on the string; idealistic, old-fashioned girls, perhaps with a religious upbringing, who want to keep themselves pure for the great love to come; shy, immature girls who do not date; and girls who manage to make themselves so unattractive

by overeating or by their slovenly dress that they are seldom approached by boys. The boys themselves are often strikingly immature, adolescent, and dependent, and get much comfort and support from the steady affection of motherly young women.

ONE gets the impression that the relationship between the sexes is still in an experimental phase, that it is motivated partly by idealism, partly by a spirit of rebellion against parents or others in authority, partly by the desire of young people to find out about themselves, partly by loneliness, partly by a kind of new conventionality and a wish not to miss anything, but above all, for the girls, by the feeling of approbation which the steady attention of one boy gives them. When he does not call up for two days, the girl's world begins to totter. The demands are often unequal and at variance. By the time the girl has said "yes" to herself and has stilled her doubts and her feeling of guilt, the boy may be on the way out of the relationship. This leads to quarreling and a loss of dignity and self-esteem in the girl. She may feel bereft, or "all empty inside." When she is then asked to do a paper on "Iambulos' Sun-state and Its Relation to the Pergamene Revolt under Aristonicos in 133 B.C." or on "Turkish Naval Power in the Sixteenth Century," she may well be dismayed as she stares, with a blank mind, at a blank piece of paper.

It seems to me that educators have at least the responsibility of looking facts in the face. If they relax parietal rules sufficiently to permit girls to go to boys' rooms and remain there until late, then they should realize what the consequences are likely to be. They should realize, too, that these pressures on girls, even the most resilient and well balanced of them, will at times interfere with their work. It is all very well to say that this is part of life and that they must learn to take things in their stride. We seem to forget that life is fuller and moves faster for them than it did for us at their age. They have more "experiences" in a week than most of us had in a year.

Dean Briggs of Harvard used to say that college is a place to make mistakes, but mistakes today are far costlier than they once were. The price of academic failure, or even mediocre performance, may be great. It means that further graduate study is probably barred or that good jobs are not easily come by. The price of mistakes in relations with the opposite sex can be high indeed, sometimes nearly ruinous.

Young girls, one must remember, are vulnerable, sensitive, idealistic, often introspective and emotional, inclined to think ill of themselves and

to compare themselves, to their own disadvantage, with men, whose good opinion means so much to them. We should recognize them for what they are, as wonderful young women in their own right, and build up this positive picture.

I have been greatly impressed with their candor and frankness, with their willingness to avow their feelings and to cut through much conventional cant and nonsense. Many of them have a gift for understanding themselves and others and a need to talk out some of their perplexities and to find some ethical and aesthetic pattern for their lives. They are distressed by the formless chaos that surrounds them and sometimes recognize this for what it is, as evil. They know intuitively that the unexamined life is not worth living. They are, of course, concerned with themselves and revel in their own freedom, but they are willing to prepare themselves, emotionally, at least, for the eventual task of child rearing, which they appear to do with so much competence and even joy.

A college which disregards their essential nature is doing only part of its job. If it wants girls to get the best out of their courses of instruction, then provision must be made for some easement and for some time for discussion with intelligent and reasonably mature adults who are not too quick to give advice but are willing to listen. I recall a young girl saying to me once that she could do her work all right, but it didn't leave her time to grow up. Young people need time for this and time to talk and to give expression to some of their perplexities. I realize that we have not found the ideal way to success in this enterprise, that each college will have to follow the plan that fits its own tradition. The problems in exclusively female institutions are not essentially different from those in coeducational ones, since they are both dependent upon pressures and upon the natural vulnerability which the girl brings with her. Everyone concerned with young people must be concerned with this aspect of their development.

If not, what passes for education may be only a kind of "intellectual conditioning," without depth of meaning, or hope for the future.

I have no wish to end this article on a negative note, nor to leave the reader with the impression that nothing can be accomplished either by way of preventing these emotional disturbances in young college women or of dealing with them once they have arisen. Exactly the reverse is true. There is probably no segment of the population which appears to be more amenable to treatment than just this group of intelligent, sensitive, idealistic young women with their futures before them.

We have no sure formula to prevent the kind of depression I have described in this article. We do not know how to instill humor where none exists. But we can encourage self-acceptance and a sense of identity; and, unless the student has been too much damaged in childhood by a lack of trust, we can provide an atmosphere, even a rigorously competitive one, in which courage does not too quickly flag.

There is much to be said for confrontation with more mature persons, not only in the faculty but in the student body, too, where the inclusion of some older men and women, who are completing unfinished college work, can add to the meaningfulness of study. And the choice of new members of a faculty should be made with an eye to their concern for students as well as for their creative scholarship. When the two are combined, the stage is well set. There is a salutary effect also in good talk, not only of the bull-session kind, but talk with sophisticated, critical persons who are concerned with the human situation. Out of this can come compelling and charismatic ideas, which may last a lifetime. Nothing we can do for this generation or the next can be more important than to help these young women toward a clearer image of themselves. This will give them the self-esteem they need and the vigor to lead satisfying and creative lives.



DEVEREUX BUTCHER

RESORTS OR WILDERNESS?

John Muir, Theodore Roosevelt, and Stephen T. Mather fought to establish our national parks, and men like DEVEREUX BUTCHER are fighting today to preserve them. Mr. Butcher is the author of EXPLORING OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND MONUMENTS, which has sold more than 100,000 copies, is former executive secretary of the National Parks Association, and is presently editor of NATIONAL WILDLAND NEWS.

SUMMER crowds had gone, and we had Yellowstone National Park almost to ourselves. As we stood watching Old Faithful Geyser, I wondered how many among the more than a million people who saw that beautiful display last summer had ever heard about the attempts of local water users, in 1920, to dam Yellowstone Lake. Had the irrigationists had their way, underground water levels might have been so disturbed as to alter or destroy completely the geysers and other thermal features of the park.

Our national parks today are under ceaseless attack, ranging all the way from the demands of powerful commercial interests to those originating in departments of the government.

I remember one walk I took along a trail through the rain forest of Olympic National Park, Washington. Cushioned with moss and gay with ferns, the giant trees towered close around, and there was no sound but the drip, drip of water from the foliage. This was the forest primeval, and it seemed the more impressive to realize that it was only a remnant of what once was. Yet, save for the vision of certain public-spirited men and women, these 200-foot Sitka spruces, western hemlocks, red cedars, and Douglas firs would have

been leveled. At the time of my visit, in the late 1940s, the local lumber industry had succeeded in having no fewer than eight bills introduced in Congress to sever this forest from the park and make it available for logging. Public opinion became aroused, however; hearings were held; and in the upshot Congress defended the park and not one of the eight bills was passed.

Similarly, in the early 1950s public opinion thwarted the Bureau of Reclamation's scheme to dam the Green River in Dinosaur National Monument, Utah-Colorado, which would have turned the magnificent canyons of the Green and Yampa into a reservoir five hundred feet deep and forty miles long.

Through the years there have been many attempts by commercial interests to utilize national park and monument lands. Today there is a new menace, the more dangerous for being so human: the pressure of numbers is threatening the validity of the act of 1916 creating the National Park Service. This act directs the service to "conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

Lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

(Italics mine.) The directives to "leave them unimpaired" and to "provide for the enjoyment of the same" are rapidly becoming irreconcilable.

No one in 1916 could have foreseen the great numbers of people who would visit the parks three or four decades later, to sleep there and to camp. In 1959, 22,392,000 visitors were recorded in the national parks, and 5,269,000 in the national nature monuments, an increase of 14,000,000 over the highest pre-World War II figure. Stated starkly, the question is whether we can continue to provide more beds and more meals and still keep the parks "unimpaired."

Millions of city dwellers go back to nature at every opportunity. We crave the unfulfilled refreshment and spiritual uplift that only contact with nature can give. Our objective, then, must be to keep the national parks, as nearly as possible, as nature made them, so that they can supply this human need for generations to come. That, clearly, was what Congress meant by the directive to "leave them unimpaired."

MOUNT MCKINLEY

Let's see what is happening in Mount McKinley. My wife and I first visited Mount McKinley National Park, Alaska, in June, 1958. We drove the 180-mile round trip to Wonder Lake, and it took all day. We passed through verdant valleys and over barren passes, saw the flower-strewn tundra, encountered birds new to us, and had the thrill of watching a pair of the big Toklat grizzly bears, as well as caribou, Dall sheep, and red foxes. But all of these were only part of our experience. What made that trip even more memorable was that we were driving through a scenically magnificent wilderness unblemished by man except for the road that took us there. The park hotel, headquarters, powerhouse, employees' dormitory, railroad station — all were at the park's eastern edge, and as we drove west, our pleasure was enhanced by the knowledge that no hotel, nor visitor center, nor even a power line was out there ahead of us. Nowhere in all that vast rugged landscape was there any impairment of the natural scene.

At the time of our visit, a "development" program was just being started. The road was scheduled for widening and surfacing to take care of traffic coming in over the newly completed extension of the Denali Highway. This widening, including construction of "minor roads and trails," might have been done at a fraction of the estimated \$7,178,600, had it been limited to sheering off the sharper curves and extending shoulders in the narrower places. Twenty miles of the road now have been widened to twenty-six feet, with

fills up to twelve or more feet deep. The first visitor center has been built at Mount Eielson, sixty miles out. Except for two or three necessary ranger cabins hidden in the trees, this is the first building to intrude on the park's heartland wilderness.

Another visitor center is planned close to the hotel for the convenience of guests. This one should suffice for the park, but the planners have other ideas. Their prospectus for Mount McKinley calls for an expenditure of \$9,700,000. It says that the development of this park is still in its infancy but that facilities and services are being installed for the fullest enjoyment of the area "by an increasingly mobile public." This is anything but reassuring. What does the service consider to be an experience of "fullest enjoyment"? The prospectus further says that the program should be carried out so as to maintain "wilderness integrity." How can such encroachment on the natural scene help to maintain wilderness integrity? Can anything less than the unblemished scene provide a richer experience? Has the point been missed that every man-made intrusion on the scene will reduce the quality of the visitor's experience? No effort should be spared to retain the ideal conditions that still prevail at Mount McKinley, for here, perhaps more than in any other national park, the two directives of the 1916 act have been kept in close harmony.

THE EVERGLADES

When Everglades National Park, Florida, was established in late 1947, under a 1934 authorization act, the area was an unblemished wilderness except for a few patches of agricultural land on the eastern side and a winding dirt road that ended forty miles away at a little group of weathered fishermen's shacks known as Flamingo, overlooking Florida Bay. The park was, in fact, as much an unblemished wilderness and wildlife sanctuary as Mount McKinley at the time of our visit.

Newton B. Drury, who was National Park Service director in 1947, said that before starting any development in Everglades, the area would be studied to make sure that whatever was done would not disturb the wildlife, which constituted the park's principal, and perhaps most fragile, feature.

A new administration came into office in the early 1950s, and since then the forty-mile road has been improved and it fills its purpose well; but at its southern end, where the shacks once stood, there is now a fishing-yachting resort of the kind that is a dime a dozen in Florida.

There is a sixty-room motel, a dining room seating two hundred, a marina, fifty-seven boat slips,

with dockside electric power and water, accommodating boats up to a hundred feet in length, and a hoist for boats up to five thousand pounds. A channel dug across part of the park's Florida Bay provides access for yachts. Marine supplies — gas, diesel fuel, bait, tackle, and ice — are for sale. There is a launching ramp for boats brought in on trailers. Sightseeing trips run daily to the Cuthbert rookery, when the birds are nesting, and to Cape Sable, White Water Bay, and Florida Bay; inboard and outboard boats are for rent with or without guides, as are thirty- and forty-foot self-propelled houseboats that sleep four to six persons. Fifteen- and sixteen-foot Fiberglas boats also are for rent, with or without motors. The supplies and personnel required for this operation must be trucked forty miles through the park.

Is this big commercial resort in accord with the authorization act? Congress specifically directed that the area "shall be permanently reserved as a wilderness, and no development . . . for the entertainment of visitors shall be undertaken which will interfere with the preservation intact of the unique flora and fauna and the essential natural primitive conditions now prevailing in this area."

Why, may we ask, were the overnight accommodations not located at the park entrance, where they would not interfere with the habitats and feeding areas of the birds — and where, incidentally, the buildings would have been less exposed to hurricanes? A snack bar, a small visitor center, and a quiet launch or two for naturalist-conducted cruises would have been adequate to meet visitor needs at Flamingo, and bird life and the natural scene would have suffered a minimum of disturbance. In September, Hurricane Donna destroyed Flamingo, but it is being rebuilt on the original site as these words are written.

In this comparatively new national park, the National Park Service had an opportunity to show that it had benefited from past mistakes and to demonstrate how a great nature sanctuary should be cared for. Did it?

Even before construction, the Park Service recognized the hazards to wildlife. It also foresaw obstacles such as the need to build land above water level for roads, a limited supply of fresh water, and a serious problem of sewage disposal. To implement the program, the service asked for \$12 million, and here, as at Mount McKinley, the new building was part of an overall plan.

When the National Park Service administration took office under President Eisenhower, roads and accommodations throughout the system were inadequate, with the demand for meals and beds far exceeding the supply. On the evening of February 8, 1955, the American Automobile Association and the Department of the Interior sponsored an

American Pioneer Dinner in Washington, D.C. The occasion marked the launching of Mission 66, a ten-year park rehabilitation program to be carried out by the National Park Service and to be completed by 1966. The purpose was to provide enough accommodations and facilities inside the parks to take care of an expected 80 million a year by 1966. While the need for action was understandable and the program was widely acclaimed, there were some even within the service who sensed trouble ahead.

YELLOWSTONE

Yellowstone is the scene of one of the most expansive and elaborate of Mission 66 projects. A lodge and cabins were torn down on the south rim of the spectacular canyon of the Yellowstone River. Well rid of the unsightly structures, this beauty spot is being restored to nature; but across the canyon and back in the woodland, a whole new village has been built, complete with lodge, dozens of boxlike cabins for visitors, two two-story dormitories for employees, a concessioner's office building, store, visitor center, and a large parking area.

As elsewhere, the Park Service built a case to justify this big development. It is said that Yellowstone is so vast and remote that it cannot be experienced in a single day, and visitors need facilities to enable them to remain in the park either overnight or for a week or more. The park prospectus explains that Yellowstone visitors will reach an estimated two million by 1966 and that overnight accommodations must be expanded from the 8500 capacity of 1955 to 15,000 in 1966; and this calls for increased housing, food, medical supplies, and other services of a "small city." More visitors' facilities require more employees. Together with utilities, this project has cost \$70 million. Concerning the removal of the earlier development, a Park Service release quoted Director Conrad L. Wirth as saying, "The old development is an intrusion on the natural scene which the Service is charged by law to preserve." How could the director fail to see that the new village is an even greater intrusion on the natural scene?

Two more villages are scheduled for the park: Grant Village, to be even larger than Canyon Village, at the west side of Yellowstone Lake; and Firehole Village, near Old Faithful.

One thing leads to another: Up to now, the Park Service and the concessioner have supplied the park's electricity with thirty diesel-powered generators. Because of the expansion, commercial power, says the service, has become a necessity; and as this is written, Yellowstone's forests are being cut to make way for power lines, many miles of them — further marring the park's beauty.

Yellowstone was our first national park, established by Act of Congress in 1872. It was made accessible during the stagecoach era. Long distances and slow travel required that hotels and camps be located at the end of each day's journey. Today, smooth roads and fast automobiles do away with the necessity to *stay in the park overnight*: yet the National Park Service still administers it as though we were living in the old days.

GRAND CANYON

On May 6, 1903, according to the *Theodore Roosevelt Cyclopedia*, our twenty-fifth President wrote, "In the Grand Canyon, Arizona has a natural wonder which, as far as I know is in kind absolutely unparalleled throughout the rest of the world. I want to ask you to do one thing in connection with it in your interest and in the interest of the country — keep this great wonder of nature as it now is. . . . I hope you will not have a building of any kind, nor a summer cottage, a hotel, or anything else, to mar the wonderful grandeur, the sublimity, the great loneliness and beauty of the canyon."

Today, at Grand Canyon Village, the rim is cluttered with buildings — a hotel, lodge, and cabins, souvenir shops, grocery store, garage, gas stations, post office, community hall, railroad and station, mule corral, park headquarters, hospital, and behind these the maintenance shops and concessioner and government residential areas — and a number of new residences are about to be built. Already Mission 66 has had its effect here. The village has been extended eastward a half mile by construction of a new big motel, restaurant, and campground.

With Park Service approval, the village is planned also to be extended westward, where a Shrine of the Ages, a million-dollar church, is proposed to be built on the rim. Opposition to this has been vigorous and nationwide, both as to site and design. In 1955, a Shrine of the Ages Corporation was formed, made up of members of the clergy of three denominations, park concessioners, and members of the National Park Service. A National Chairman's Steering Committee composed of a number of Arizona businessmen, the clergy, and members of the National Park Service was organized. A National Advisory Board was created, and a nationwide fund-raising drive was launched and has been carried on now for several years, not with entire success.

Dr. Harold C. Bradley, a director of the Sierra Club, one of many groups that opposed the shrine, considered it a highly controversial issue. He questioned whether it would violate the letter of national park law, as well as its spirit, and he

warned that we, the citizens, owners, and users of the parks, the ultimate dictators of national park policy, need to decide what the future of these dedicated areas is to be, or we shall find ourselves standing by and watching a small but potent pressure group decide that policy for us. He considered that any edifice on or near the rim of the Grand Canyon would be out of place and a distraction, and that a million dollars to clear away the present clutter of structures would be a worth-while investment. Such clearing would conform to a stated objective of Mission 66.

The sprawling village on the south rim should indeed be cleared away, and a new one established a half mile or more back, close to the park's southern boundary. Here the railroad would end and the entrance road would fork to east and west to join the rim road at points perhaps two miles apart. The road between these points would be removed, and the new village would be at the apex of a triangle formed by the forks of the road and the rim. No roads or buildings would mar that triangular area, but a footpath would cross it from the village through the forest to the rim. I like to think of the impact the canyon would have on visitors who, free of urban sights and sounds in the peace and quiet of the forest, would stroll down that path to the rim for their first glimpse of the canyon.

GRAND TETON

Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, is being given a Mission 66 treatment that is costing an estimated \$8,400,000. Plans called for visitor service facilities, expanded campgrounds and picnic areas, improved roads and trails, adequate water, sewage, and other utilities. Much of this has been done.

The largest development in the park is at Colter Bay, on the eastern shore of Jackson Lake. It contains about 150 cabins, a cafeteria, a Laundromat with showers for men and women, a store, snack bar, boat and tackle shop, picnic area, campgrounds, boat dock, unloading ramp, and parking area. The largest single item is a de luxe trailer park, complete with all the comforts of home. Various kinds of boating are provided, including speedboating, with its inevitable accompaniment of water skiing. Not far away is the plush, concessioner-operated Jackson Lake Lodge and cabins, accommodating 1100 guests.

The Park Service considers the Colter Bay development "an inspiring example of what can be accomplished under Mission 66 through cooperative efforts of the federal government and private enterprise"; but where is all this to stop? Are we to go on spreading the Colter Bay develop-

ment over an ever-wider area of land dedicated to the preservation of natural conditions? Shall we someday double the size of Jackson Lake Lodge?

Under Mission 66, too many of the parks are being cluttered with buildings of freak and austere design. No longer are the architects concerned with producing structures of beauty and charm that help to create a proper atmosphere and are inconspicuous and harmonious with their surroundings. Rather, they seem obsessed with designing monuments to their own inventiveness. Widely criticized, these buildings are unlike any others in the parks and are creating a hodgepodge where, instead, there should be uniformity.

There are several parks with buildings of fitting design, such as Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge Parkway. Cecil J. Doty, a Park Service architect, formerly showed good taste. He should be proud of his headquarters and concession buildings at Bandelier National Monument, New Mexico, built in the 1930s. Constructed of simple, inexpensive concrete block faced with stucco, these handsome buildings not only create a suitable atmosphere but also harmonize with the prehistoric Indian dwellings that once existed here. Yet Doty, like many other Park Service architects, has abandoned the appropriate for what is termed "contemporary." The public, which pays the bill, has a right to demand a return to harmony in park architecture. A national park is not the place for fads and experiments; it should not be intruded upon by eye-catching architectural monstrosities.

In recent years, a number of nonconforming amusements have been finding their way into the national parks. I recall, in the summer of 1952, rowing across Grand Teton's Jenny Lake to explore and photograph the wild western shore. At no time during that otherwise pleasant occasion were we free of the roar of concessioner-operated speedboats. Even the National Park Service, which has been giving way to pressures for resort-type amusements, seems to be showing alarm over the use of powerboats, one of the most destructive enemies of wilderness atmosphere. On August 4, 1959, Yellowstone's superintendent, Lemuel A. Garrison, described the use of powerboats on Yellowstone Lake in these words: "They create a commotion and a racket that destroys any shred of belief that this is the forest primeval or that it is other than a boating racetrack. The occasional visitor who desires to paddle a canoe along shore or to row quietly is run out of the lake entirely, for these motor boats control and dominate the environment." And he concluded, "We have unknowingly built up some loathsome messes of camp debris and garbage around the lake from boating camps."

The service suggested closing the three southern

arms — 20 per cent of the lake area — to powerboats. This seemed an excellent way to begin to remedy the problem, and it brought the service nationwide support from those who seek to uphold national park integrity. As would be expected, opposition came from the local boaters, who stirred up such a hue and cry that Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming held a public hearing at Cody, on February 3, 1960.

The service had outlined a development plan to go into effect along with the closing of the southern arms of the lake. Essentially, the suggestion was to build a launching ramp or two and install a number of campgrounds and parking areas to assist boaters. This seemed fair, since powerboats were to be eliminated from only a small part of the lake, at least for the present, and park defenders felt that at last the service recognized its past mistakes.

Then, on June 29, the full scope of what the service had been planning came to light. The service announced that a contract had been let to begin construction of a new development in Yellowstone: a full-scale boating resort, the first phase of which was to cost \$354,623 and would involve beautiful little Bridge Bay, south of Lake Hotel and Fishing Bridge.

The development "will be located along a lagoon that runs into the forest from Bridge Bay itself," says the report, and because the lagoon is shallow, a six- to eight-foot channel will be dredged; but "before this can be done, bulkhead and piling construction must be completed to allow construction of docks and other facilities." The plan calls for a new bridge and approaches across the neck of the bay, a modern marina for 250 boats, a parking area, access roads, a ranger and information station, and later, overnight accommodations, a store selling camp and boat supplies, a second marina for another 250 boats at Grant Village (the latter to be part of the second phase), campgrounds for boaters, wilderness camps in zoned areas, and a lake patrol. We are told the reason for all this is "to relieve the extreme boating congestion at Fishing Bridge." Bridge Bay Marina was begun last summer.

These facilities, while they will temporarily relieve congestion, can only serve to entice more boaters. The development, to be far larger than the Flamingo resort in Everglades National Park, must inevitably cast doubt on the sincerity of the service in making its show of alarm in 1959. Were the words of Superintendent Garrison and the proposal to close the lake's southern arms only a smoke screen to forestall expected objections by supporters of national park integrity when the full scope of the plan would be made known?

With countless lakes, rivers, and coastal areas open to boating of every kind, we seem unable to

hold the wilderness atmosphere on the few waters of our national parks by keeping them closed to all but canoes, rowboats, or quiet launches for naturalist-guided sightseeing cruises.

YOSEMITE

The introduction of winter-use facilities — specifically, *mechanical ski lifts* — in some national parks constitutes another disruption of wilderness atmosphere and of the natural scene.

Yosemite's Badger Pass ski resort, granddaddy of several national park ski developments, was approved during the previous park administration. Like the others, it is in accord with the service's revised winter-use policy, adopted in 1946 and reaffirmed in 1953. Here are four T-bar lifts and engine buildings, a restaurant, infirmary, ski rental shop, parking area, and several ski runs cut through the forest. The national parks need no such extraneous diversions or artificial embellishments to make them attractive. They are sufficient in themselves. Preservation of the magnificence that nature has lavished here is the sole reason for their being national parks.

At Yosemite, slalom races are advertised and held every winter in spite of the Park Service's stated policy to keep the parks free of organized competitive sports and spectator events, which attract abnormal concentrations of visitors and require facilities, services, and manpower above those needed for normal operation.

Shall we have resorts or wilderness? In 1953 the Park Service authorized a full-fledged ski area in Rocky Mountain National Park's Hidden Valley in response to a local chamber of commerce request. In 1954 certain commercial interests in the state of Washington brought pressure for government approval to install a cable tramway to run from Mount Rainier's Paradise Valley, at 5000 feet elevation, to the 10,000-foot level at Muir Cabin. Rejecting the tramway proposal because of a flood of letters from all over the nation opposing it, the service compromised again with local commercial interests by authorizing a "tandem rope tow 2000 to 3000 feet long; and an advanced slope with several alternate ski runs served by a T-bar lift from 3000 to 5000 feet in length," in addition to new buildings, a new access road, and a new parking area.

Lassen Volcanic National Park, California, which for some years had a portable rope tow, now has a permanent ski lift, together with buildings and parking area; while Crater Lake, Olympic, and Sequoia national parks have portable rope tows, indicating that, unless this trend is stopped, they too in time will have permanent lifts installed, ski runs cut through their forests, and all the other

facilities that are considered necessary for the maintenance of such resorts.

It cost approximately \$55,000 to keep the road to Paradise Valley in Mount Rainier open, mostly for local use, during the winter of 1958 to 1959, for instance. Even if such use of the national parks were not a violation of the 1916 act, does limited use by local communities justify this federal expenditure?

All national parks with sufficient snow are open to ski touring and snowshoeing — the winter equivalent of walking the trails in summer; but the installation of mechanical lifts, which attract crowds primarily interested in downhill skiing, is a misuse of the parks and a violation of basic principle.

Yosemite National Park still holds the dubious honor of being the classic example of overdevelopment, and famous Yosemite Valley is the problem spot. Cluttered with buildings, it is a resort amusement center in every sense. According to the park's Mission 66 prospectus, there is no area in the national park system that is confronted with more difficult and complex man-made problems.

Such is the beauty and cool summer climate of the park that on summer holidays population rises to nearly 70,000 visitors, most of them concentrated in the valley. In Yosemite, through the various seasons, one may participate in dancing, pool swimming, golfing, skating on a man-made rink, and skiing at Badger Pass.

Then there is the firefall, which also draws crowds, and which, like other artificial amusements, has nothing to do with the beauty and wonders of the park and has no rightful place there. Who would dare to say these attractions are not partly responsible for the overcrowding?

The more such pastimes are allowed in the parks, the more difficult it will be to get rid of them, for they are misleading people to regard national parks as resort amusement centers. Speedboats, ski lifts, swimming pools, golf courses, and the like serve only to swell the concessioner's bank account. They have the undesirable effect of drawing people not primarily interested in the parks and encouraging them to stay longer. One does not have to come to a national park to enjoy these facilities. They are abundantly available elsewhere and are as out of place in a national park as a rollerskating rink in the National Gallery of Art would be.

If the service continues to violate its trust as the people's guardian of the national parks, ceases to recognize preservation of the natural scene, wildlife, and wilderness atmosphere as its foremost duty and responsibility, the upbuilding of the system, as originally conceived through nearly a century, will be lost in all but name.

Road building under Mission 66 has given rise to greater alarm than perhaps any other phase of the program. Disregard of the natural landscape in the construction of the new Tioga Road in Yosemite, for example, has been especially serious. Describing it, a nationally known photographer, Ansel Adams, said: "The old road in a sense 'tiptoed' across the terrain; the new one elbows and shoulders its way through the park — it blasts and gouges the landscape."

True, the twenty-one-mile narrow stretch of the old Tioga mining road needed to be made safe, and Mission 66 gave it priority. Totalling \$1,145,175, the contracts for it involved "clearing, grubbing, excavating and filling," said a release for July 10, 1957, but no mention was made of the blasting to be done along the shore of beautiful Tenaya Lake and on slopes covered with the polish of ancient glaciers.

There was such a flagrant disregard of natural beauty here, not only in the selection of route but in the right-of-way width, that Sierra Club, and later National Parks Association, officials visited the project with Department of the Interior personnel in an effort to avert further excessive damage. The controversy went on for months, but the net gain amounted to no more than the tightening of two curves that would force speeders to slow to the park speed limit of forty-five miles an hour, a fill across a high granite bowl planned to be twenty-seven feet deep reduced to twelve feet, the grade steepened, and the line moved forty feet farther down the slope. According to the Sierra Club, the view west from Tenaya Basin and north from Clouds Rest has been scarred permanently, and the most spectacular and most exquisite exhibit of glacier polish along the Tioga Road is destroyed for all time.

The first eight miles of Grand Canyon's south rim road to be reconstructed under Mission 66, in 1956 and 1957, bypassed half a dozen curves of the old road and went almost straight across the country. No attempt was made to follow land contours or to make the road inconspicuous. Credit goes to Director Wirth, who, when he saw the new construction, issued an order in early 1957 that from

now on the old alignment must be followed and the new width reduced. Well may we ask what had happened to the service's road-building policy.

This sampling of Mission 66 in action shows the trend that is occurring throughout the whole national park and monument system and emphasizes the extent to which the taxpayer unknowingly is taking part in the impairment of those masterpieces of nature's handiwork. To popularize and commercialize the national parks is to cheapen them and to reduce them to the level of ordinary playgrounds. To cherish them for their primeval splendor and give them the kind of protection the pending Wilderness Bill would afford is to realize the enduring value they have for us and those who will follow us.

The enormous increase of park visitors in the future must give us concern. There is only one answer: To adopt now a policy, to be enforced by legislation, to build no more facilities in the heartlands of the parks, and as additional facilities are needed and existing ones become obsolete, to build new ones at the park entrances, either just inside by concessioners or, better, just outside by local private enterprise. In many more instances than at present, local communities could supply the necessities of park visitors and would increase community income by doing so. Local communities which are already doing this and doing it well are Port Angeles, near Olympic, Estes Park, near Rocky Mountain, and Gatlinburg, near Great Smoky Mountains. Several national parks, notably Acadia, Olympic, Kings Canyon, Wind Cave, Great Smoky Mountains, and as yet Mount McKinley, either have no overnight accommodations in them at all or else on their perimeters only; yet these parks are adequately accessible for public enjoyment.

There are those who contend that only 5 per cent of the land in the national parks is developed and that this is so little that it can do no harm, but this argument ignores the very purpose of the areas. The quality of wilderness is fragile. Man-made blemishes anywhere reduce the value of the whole.

Readers whose concern for our national parks has been aroused by this and the following articles are encouraged to write to their representatives in Congress and to the Chairman of the Interior Appropriations Committee, House Office Building, Washington 25, D.C.



CLARK C. VAN FLEET

NATURE OUT OF BALANCE

Sportsman, author, and conservationist, CLARK C. VAN FLEET is a native Californian who for five decades has roamed the forests and fished the streams of the West Coast. Some of his experiences he described in his book STEELHEAD TO A FLY, and throughout his career he has kept a constant, watchful eye on our national parks.

THE devastating popularity of our national parks has brought the management of these areas face to face with the problem of how to let every eager visitor in and still keep the wilderness intact. But the question of admission is only one of the problems that must be solved.

The giant redwood tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) is the largest member of the vegetable kingdom extant. One of its major distinctions is that it has a very shallow root system. Under natural conditions these roots spread out almost on the surface in every direction from the tree, and the feeder roots, fine slender tentacles, reach right up into the humus to feed and suck up water. These rootlets are very tender and are easily damaged. Sequoia National Park was established to preserve and maintain groves of these trees, which are found nowhere in the world except along the west side of the Sierra Range in California. Every year thousands come from all over the world to admire the giant redwoods, wander around amongst them, and marvel at their size and beauty.

A few years ago the park naturalists noticed that some of the trees were showing signs of sickness and that fewer and fewer young trees were in evidence. A careful study revealed that the earth and humus were being heavily impacted around the trees and in the groves by the hordes of people that visited the park, with resulting injury to the rootlets. Furthermore, the tender

seeds dropping on impacted soil were unable to take root and died a-borning.

The upland meadows in the high country offer solace and peace after many miles of weary traveling. They are the mecca of every pack wandering in the fastnesses of the mountains. They make travel possible and practical just below the treeline. Even so, these meadows must be gently dealt with if they are to survive. Most of them consist of a bare skin of soil and humus over a rocky or unkindly base. Although the sweet grasses that constitute their cover flourish and survive in abundance under normal conditions, it takes very little overuse, either grazing or hoof pounding, to cause radical changes in their soil stability or their survival.

In the last few years, with the marked increase in travel through the high country in all the Western national parks, many of these meadows have suffered serious erosion and damage from overgrazing. In Olympic, Yosemite, Sequoia, and Kings Canyon national parks, many of the trails into the upper zones should be temporarily closed to entry, and travel on others should be sharply curtailed. Yet, admittedly, the parks are for the people, for their recreation and pleasure.

Mount McKinley National Park, nearly two million acres in extent, contains the highest mountain on the North American continent, large glaciers of the Alaska Range, and a concourse of

Lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

North Country wildlife scarcely to be found anywhere else from Newfoundland to the Aleutians. Wolves are the commonest predators here. Within the bounds of the park these animals wreaked the most havoc amongst the ungulates — mountain sheep, moose, and, most spectacularly, the caribou herds. Congress passed a law making it mandatory to destroy the wolves in the park. Although this law has not as yet been fully complied with, we today find the caribou herds so numerous that they are seriously reducing the available forage, and we are threatened with large losses from starvation.

In Yosemite, the deer have been unmolested for years. As a consequence, the oak-grass park lands in the floor of the valley are producing no young oaks at all to replace those older ones that suffer the usual vicissitudes of age. The deer have simply eaten these young saplings as soon as they appeared. Bears have become so numerous as to be an absolute nuisance in many spots within the park.

Yellowstone is faced with much the same trouble regarding bears as Yosemite. It is true that their antics are both intriguing and comical to the transient visitor, but the bears can be extremely destructive, and occasionally quite dangerous to persons not familiar with their quirks.

There are many more problems that beset the administrators of our National Park System. Poaching within the confines of the parks is increasing. Engineers interested in water storage programs are constantly striving to inundate large areas within the parks. Mining promoters press to obtain franchises inside the limits. Grazing and use permits for other activities are consistently sought. Skirmishes for these and other encroachments are yearly occurrences. Most of them are defeated, but just enough sneak by to cause trouble. Artillery ranges, testing grounds, grazing permits, access roads, utility lines — all bring about a never-ceasing attrition of the true purpose of the park.

In the eleven Western states of the National Park System, and particularly in the Far West, the threat of fire is the most fearful enemy. The attack is much more likely to come from without than within. One of the first cautions with which guests of the Park Service are indoctrinated by the rangers and party leaders and guides upon their arrival in the park is a detailed series of don'ts about campfires, smoking, and disposal of other lighted material during their visit.

The parks are surrounded by vast holdings of land, both public and private, to which access is frequently granted to hunting parties, campers, fishermen, pack expeditions, and the like. Furthermore, with the extension of roads and highways, with logging penetrating further and further into remote areas, chances of man-started fires are

markedly greater. These, coupled with occasional lightning storms that strike in the tinder-dry, brush-covered mountain areas, make the long summer drought a period of watchful anxiety. And the hazard is increasing year by year.

Within my lifetime, California's population has grown from three million to fifteen million, and this vast inflow of people, with their natural demands for wood and water, has affected the balance of nature. Actually, the western third of the United States is a vast desert, with a thin fringe of greenery encompassing its northern sector and with a narrow strip of green along the Pacific Ocean as far south as Monterey in California. The balance is an area of semidesert, with thirty inches or less annual rainfall, or true desert, with ten inches or less of rain.

In its pristine state, the northern sector and the narrow coast strip were covered by some of the finest forests to be found in the world: fir, spruce, hemlock, and white pine in the moister areas; ponderosa pine and associated evergreens in the drier sections. These have been logged off at an accelerated rate as the population has grown. This conversion of timber into logs and lumber has gradually denuded the slopes, benches, and ridges of their natural cover. They have been exposed to the pitiless rays of the sun throughout the dry season; they have been beaten into gullies and washes and have been denuded of the topsoil during the floods of winter. Brush and chaparral, jack pine and deciduous trees have filled in the slopes that once supported great stands of conifers. Uncooled masses of moisture-laden air which formerly precipitated as rain now pass beyond those naked hills and ridges. Droughts are of longer duration. Hence the danger from wildfire.

Last year, up to July 31, the National Forest Service fought 1077 fires on forest lands within its jurisdiction alone that finally burned over 91,000 acres. In the process, three lives were lost, all those of trained firefighters. The Magic Mountain, Johnstone, and Polecat fires in the Angeles Forest alone burned 68,000 acres, and there were smaller blazes in the Los Padres and San Bernardino national forests. All these occurred before the fire season really started.

For the management and protection of the areas under its control, the National Park Service expended a fraction more than seventy cents an acre during 1959. The smallest of these plots is the house where Abraham Lincoln died in Washington, D.C., comprising .05 of an acre. The largest is Yellowstone Park, with a total of 2,221,772 acres, one of the world's greatest wildlife sanctuaries. Seventy cents an acre seems a niggardly price to pay for governing and protecting an irreplaceable heritage of nearly 23 million acres.



PAUL BROOKS

THE PRESSURE OF NUMBERS

A rugged canoeist whose holidays are spent exploring with his wife the more remote areas of wilderness of North America, PAUL BROOKS is deeply concerned with the preservation of these areas in our national parks. Mr. Brooks is the editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin and a frequent contributor to the ATLANTIC.

AN OCCASIONAL camping trip such as my wife and I have made to our national parks and forests is no basis for grand generalizations, yet there is one impression I carry back from every trip, from the Appalachian Trail on the crest of the Great Smokies, from the Border Lakes canoe country, from the alpine meadows of the Olympics, or the hot sands of the Virgin Islands: it is simple wonder — and gratitude — that such places still exist, that such experience is still possible. This has not come about by chance. The very concept of a national park was revolutionary a hundred years ago. In Europe, parks were originally royal preserves, for the sport of a tiny minority. The idea of parks for all the people was of American origin. It is profoundly democratic. And it has worked so well that it now threatens to work its own destruction.

Taken all together, the national parks cover less than 2 per cent of the continental United States, and the annual number of visitors amounts to about one ninth of our population, a number that will certainly increase. Theoretically, this is fine. Actually, it can be catastrophic. Those of us who avoid the most populated spots during the peak loads never see the worst of it, but the fact of overcrowding is everywhere evident. So, alas, is the prescription that may kill the patient — overdevelopment.

Fortunately, the millions who visit the parks do not have identical objectives. There are some people whose spiritual metabolism requires an occasional dose of what Thoreau called “the tonic of wildness.” They are generally willing to work for what they get. Others go for fishing, for climbing, for photography, for nature study. Still others use the parks to give the whole family a week’s inexpensive holiday in beautiful, healthy surroundings; they are probably happiest in a campground with close but congenial neighbors (I find that most people at a park campground *are* congenial), where there are other children for theirs to play with. All these concerns are equally legitimate. Unhappily, there is also a very different type of visitor — the type that comes looking for ready-made entertainment. He stops his car among the redwoods, rolls the window down for a closer look, and complains, “Yeah, I see ‘em, but what do you *do* here?”, as if he expected the forest to put on a floor show. He will never find what he wants in the parks while they remain parks.

The need to accommodate the crowds has inevitably led to compromise in preservation of the natural landscape. Let’s face it, this hurts. Since the Great Smokies Park is easily accessible to those of us who live in the East, my wife and I have camped there oftener than anywhere else. Twenty years ago Cades Cove was one of our favorite

Lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

spots. You reached it by a narrow, twisting road over the mountain; the campground was a level spot beside the river with three or four picnic tables and a privy. Today a wide, graded road comes down the valley, and there is a city of tents with all modern conveniences and firewood for sale. Something has been lost, but an awful lot of people are being made — or, rather, are making themselves — happy. I like to think that their children are learning to love the outdoors and unconsciously preparing themselves to defend it.

Some development is necessary; the danger today is that, under pressure, it may be going hog-wild. I venture to suggest that much of this activity — particularly the building of roads for fast cars and marinas for fast boats — is based on a mistaken premise. It is assumed that the public (as distinguished from the automobile and motorboat industries) demands these things and that the parks cannot be used without them. Is this true?

Let us go back a moment to the initial problem: the space available in the national parks is not big enough for all who want to use it. But the size of a park is directly related to the manner in which you use it. If you are in a canoe traveling at three miles an hour, the lake on which you are paddling is ten times as long and ten times as broad as it is to the man in a speedboat going thirty. An hour's paddle will take you as far away as an hour in a speedboat — if there are no speedboats. In other words, more people can use the same space with the same results. Whenever we return from a canoe trip, someone is sure to ask us how many miles we traveled. We never know, and we couldn't care less. I do know, however, that every road that replaces a footpath, every outboard motor that replaces a canoe paddle, shrinks the area of the park. And don't let anyone tell you that this attitude means discrimination in favor of the young and athletic. The man who is too feeble to paddle a canoe should never go tearing off in an outboard motorboat; after all, he may have to paddle home.

Highways, of course, can shrink parks faster than anything else; from my limited experience, I think that they represent the greatest danger to the park system. Walking for three consecutive days along the high ridge of the Great Smokies, through dark forests of virgin red spruce and sunny "balds" flaming with azalea, I have shuddered to recall that a "scenic" highway was once planned for the whole length of this trail (in addition to the adequate highway across Newfound Gap and up to Clingmans Dome.) Camping on the ocean strip of Olympic Park, westernmost tip of the United States and the last remaining bit of roadless coastline, I was acutely aware that only the heroic efforts of men like Olaus J.

Murie, William O. Douglas, and other devoted conservationists have kept this wild beach from degenerating into another speedway. Our last two trips were in the two national parks that are islands, Isle Royale and the Virgin Islands National Park. Both are blessed with the absence of automobiles. On Isle Royale there is only a foot trail, and in the Virgin Islands a rocky jeep road runs along the spine. Both islands would be spoiled if a highway were ever to be built.

Obviously, some roads are essential to the enjoyment of the parks. The test is, will a road destroy the very thing — the basic value — it is supposed to give access to? In wartime parlance, "Is this trip necessary" at fifty miles an hour? One thinks of the Chinese philosopher who will spend an entire day on a hillside, listening to the ripple of a brook, contemplating the shifting light on a distant mountain peak, and studying the profile of the wind-blown pine above his head. He has not covered much distance, but he may have traveled far.

Since our parks are not used principally by Chinese philosophers, there is bound to be a demand for "improvements," as evidenced by the much-disputed Mission 66. This project, however legitimate its objectives, is sometimes being carried to excess. One can only hope for restraint, in both central planning and local execution. To paraphrase the poet, unless we use the snaffle and the curb all right, there won't *be* any bloody horse. This is not a military operation; we do not have to build the Burma Road before frost, or even get our trenches dug before dawn. We are not at war with the wilderness.

IN OUR travels, my wife and I have come to recognize among the park personnel — perhaps especially among the men in the naturalist branch — a sense of mission of a very different sort. It is not advertised on the billboards; since it involves brains rather than bulldozers, the results are not so evident on the landscape. In my book, however, it is Mission Number One. The objective will not be achieved by 1966, or any other date, because it is a continuing process: the education of the public to the true uses of its parks. By contagious enthusiasm, rather than by preaching, the men in the field are making the visitor aware of the values (including the spiritual values) he should expect to find in a park. These men have what can only be called a dedication to their job; in fact, nothing less could attract and hold the class of person that one finds everywhere in the service. Join a nature walk in the Olympic rain forest or among the alpine flowers: likely as not it will be led by a

young ranger-naturalist who is raising a family on a tiny budget while he works for a Ph.D. in botany, not in anticipation of an academic career, but to serve in the parks. Talk to the older men: you will find experienced scientists whom any university would be proud to hire, men who have made original contributions in every branch of natural history, ecologists following in the footsteps of Aldo Leopold, botanists whom Bartram and Michaux would have enjoyed as fellow explorers. Show the slightest interest in what they are doing and they will respond far beyond the call of duty. They know that the ultimate answer to the problem of the parks is not so much in physical development as in education. The coming generation will decide the fate of the parks; hence, the need to extend these services beyond the parks themselves into the schools — a mission for broadening minds, not roads.

If there is a keystone in the whole complex structure, it is, I believe, the concept of the wilderness area, the object of which is to preserve for present and future generations some part of our country in its original state, unaltered by man. The scientific and cultural value of such areas is immeasurable; they are to our national park and forest system what libraries, laboratories, and museums are to a great university. Here there can be no compromise. You cannot selectively cut a rain forest and still have a rain forest; you cannot bring a gasoline engine, on wheels or afloat, into a wilderness and still have a wilderness. Today the Wilderness Bill, which would protect such areas for the future, is still awaiting action by Congress.

THE passage of the Wilderness Bill is one clear-cut and immediate objective, but this alone will not solve the problems of crowding and consequent deterioration with which the Park Service is heroically wrestling. In an era of exploding population, if we are to preserve the parks without enforcing quotas on visitors, the park system itself must be enlarged, to provide more space for more people, to save the finest natural features of our landscape from commercial development, to protect areas of historic significance. For example, the Cape Cod National Seashore Park, under discussion in Congress but not yet voted, would accomplish, to a limited extent, all three objectives. Though its area is not great, it is a still unspoiled bit of the Atlantic seashore rich in history, in folklore, in bird life, in spectacular natural beauty.

In addition to new parks such as this, we desperately need more room, *outside* the existing park system, to relieve the pressure on that small area

of our national heritage which we are morally obligated to preserve in its primeval state. Cannot Congress establish a system of supplementary park areas under some different designation (preferably adjacent to the national parks themselves) which will be specifically intended for camping and outdoor recreation, in which ski tows and motorboats and other amusements will be permitted, and in which there will be adequate accommodations for large numbers of people amid attractive surroundings? The land already exists within our national forests, and surely the problems of its administration, whether by the Park Service or Forest Service, are not insuperable.

But I am straying into the realm of high-level administration, where these matters are no doubt being urgently discussed. One thing I do know from personal experience: there are innumerable opportunities for outdoor adventure, from an hour's walk in a Town Forest to a week's backpacking trip on a mountain trail, which do not involve the use of the national parks at all. One way to relieve crowding in the parks is to develop these local alternatives. Take our waterways, for example. Many rivers throughout the country provide quick escape from the mechanized world, but infinitely more would do so if they were redeemed from their present uses as dumps and open sewers. We hear much today about urban renewal. A program of rural renewal and an accelerated program of open-space acquisition near our centers of population would provide closer to home many of the values that people now feel can be found only in the national parks.

The parks themselves have been aptly called "living museums." Like a work of art, the natural scene is something that can be used without being used up. How we use it in America will have a very real bearing on the sort of people we become.

When I think of the parks, I recall a scene one July evening on Hurricane Ridge, which overlooks the whole vast range of the Olympics. For several nights we had had the campground to ourselves: a meadow at snowline, on the edge of the glacier lilies. We were slightly disappointed when a large family group settled in opposite us; the peace would be destroyed, the spell would be broken. We were wrong. They had come to enjoy the wilderness, not to dispel it. Their quiet voices didn't reach across the grassy space between us. The black-tailed deer that grazed every morning and evening within steps of our tent were not disturbed. While we were cooking supper we looked up to see the whole group standing quite motionless, like a tableau in the setting sun, around the ribbon of blue smoke from their campfire. They were saying grace.

The Boston Evening Transcript

"OUR KIND OF PEOPLE"

by Charles W. Morton

In some respects the best and in others the worst of its contemporaries, the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT was still making few concessions to the exigencies of the early thirties when CHARLES W. MORTON joined its news staff. Revenues and circulation were dwindling, but the paper held firmly to a peculiar standard all its own. This is the third article in a series by the associate editor of the ATLANTIC.

OUR kind of people" was a phrase often heard in the city room of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. It was used by the city editor — the one we disliked — with an air of certitude, as if he and whoever was talking with him understood each other perfectly on who were our kind of people. It was like speaking of an organized and identifiable elite, with a secret grip and recognition signal of its own. To be included in the mutual acceptance of such a term as "our kind of people" and thereby become a party to the city editor's petty snobbery was irritating to a news reporter, and the words were parroted by the staff with gusto. "Anything to do with our kind of people?" someone would ask as a reporter came in from a story.

The answer to this question was largely pantomime. The reporter would solemnly nod an affirmative and assume a glassy-eyed, mindless expression, beginning to hum an off-key air, at the same time rapidly flapping down his lower lip with a forefinger, like a man playing a jew's-harp. These actions were supposed to denote, and they did so most effectively, a state of feeble-mindedness, with overtones of nameless tendencies in almost any direction. The story would prove to be a bit of piffle, probably no more than supplying the *l. to r.* names, with a head and legend, for a photograph of some rummage sale chairman and her aides, but they had been our kind of people (*bibble-bibble-bibble . . .*).

The *Transcript* rarely sent out a photographer without a reporter to identify persons in the picture, and this created a fabulous sort of misery-loves-company day's work with Frank Colby, our photographer. Frank's son, Warren, was our only other photographer, but it was Frank whom the city editor sent on what he regarded as the best assignment; i. e., a small group of "our kind of people," about to hold a meeting, or just having held one, in the interests of some queer charity or cultural pursuit. (Releases from the Browning Society were always published verbatim in the *Transcript*, and so were those from the Anti-Vivisection Society, for the latter always ended with the same two sentences, long favorites with the staff: "Tea was served. John Orth rendered several selections on the piano.")

Colby was around sixty, corpulent but able to stay on the run with his competition. His blue suit was spotted with chemicals, and the old felt hat which he pulled down over his ears and his vast threadbare ulster made no concessions to appearances. He had never taken a drink in his life and he rarely used rough language, but such was his general effect, often aggravated by two or three days' beard, that most strangers dealt timidly with him. An old-style Yankee individualist, whose forebears once farmed it on the bank of the Charles River in Cambridge, Frank was something of an expert on furniture and china. He

detested the police and all in uniform; most of the bench, he felt, was corrupt; the only people he disliked more than police were the officious banquet and catering flunkies who, misled by Frank's hat and ulster, failed to accord him the respect which he felt was due any representative of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Frank once bumped a New York photographer, with a swing of his heavy Graflex, from a float into Marblehead Harbor for disparaging words about the *Transcript*.

A story Frank was fond of retelling, and which we were always glad to hear on account of its blowoff line, had to do with his triumph over an old enemy, a caterer's headwaiter who removed, while Frank was out of the room for a moment, the camera and tripod Frank had set up at a wedding reception. The wedding in this case was what the *Transcript's* male society editor used to call "an event of social consequence"; all concerned, but especially the bride's mother, were distinctly "our kind of people," and it was to her that Frank hastened to tell his troubles. Her reaction could scarcely have been more to Frank's taste. Before his entire staff she led the caterer's man — by the ear, one might have thought, to hear Frank tell it — to the corner where camera and tripod were relegated. "She pointed to my camera leaned up there in the corner," Frank's story concluded, "and she says to this flunky so that everybody could hear: 'Who, may I ask, *done THAT?*'"

AS THE principal victim of the city editor's wooing of the Back Bay and Beacon Hill, Colby had all sorts of ways of adding self-entertainment to an unworthy assignment. The people who strive to get pictures of themselves into a newspaper are much the same anywhere, and after a quarter century of dealing with them Frank could make them believe almost anything. The eagerness with which they accepted even his most nonsensical pronouncements about light and shadow and his purportedly *sotto voce* consultations with the reporter on that subject was almost embarrassing.

There were none of today's cameras that "think for themselves" in Colby's kit. The flash bulb was imminent, but a tray of magnesium powder, that ignited with a boom and tended to shower a fine ash dust over its vicinity, was still the ordinary way of lighting a shot in the absence of sufficient daylight. Photography of professional quality was an arcane pursuit; the nonprofessional, listening to learned discussions of the lighting, "the background," distances, and such, was quickly made to feel that this particular project would prove to be a hard one, if not all but impossible. What blighting effect, for instance, might a reflection from

that mirror, or the glass door of that desk, have on the picture? How could one be sure?

The arrival of Colby and the *Transcript* reporter in a Beacon Hill drawing room usually plunged into a state of tension what had been up to that point a harmless morning coffee. Madame Chairman, in whose house the ladies were meeting, might even be looking about her with some complacency: a well-waxed, polished scene, the portraits, good mahogany, silver, the Kirman that Uncle Fred had left them — some of these might appear to advantage in the photograph, or so she might reasonably think. But what was the big man with the camera saying? And why did he seem so worried?

What Frank was saying, after looking about the room and shaking his head despondently, was, in a low voice to the reporter, "What do *you* think?"

This was the reporter's cue to reply, "Frank, I just don't know. It's certainly a tough one."

"Never went up against anything quite like it."

"What about the other end of the room?"

"Better, maybe, but see for yourself. . . ."

"Yeah."

Any Madame Chairman, after overhearing enough of these gloomy exchanges, gained the impression that she had contrived a room to defy the camera, a room photographically unfit. But how had it happened? What was the trouble?

Colby's explanation began with a statement of his own occupational obligations, his duty to the *Transcript*. It would not do for him to turn in a bad picture. Further, he assumed, the Madame Chairman and her committee would not like to appear in one. These suggestions always drew hearty amens from all the ladies, and Colby's austere professionalism seemed to thaw.

The bull's-eye mirror, Colby went on, was a handsome piece, an heirloom worth its pride of place, but did Madame Chairman realize what a reflection from it might do to the picture? The vases, the book ends, all the knickknacks in the bay window — here were fatally distractive details which would cause the "background" to overwhelm the subjects themselves; namely, the charming members of the Committee on Arrangements. Frank was, as I have said, an altogether convincing expositor, and the entire group was soon firmly in his thrall.

After more tense colloquy between Frank and the reporter, Frank would make what was obviously his last-ditch suggestion. It was a desperate remedy, he seemed to feel, but he would ask, anyhow: "Now, if you didn't object to our moving some of this stuff. . . ."

The proposal was so moderate as to bring an immediate sense of relief to Madame Chairman and her committee. Object? Certainly not, and

so once again there came into being what was known in the *Transcript* office as the Furniture Moving Act. The ladies themselves, bridling under Frank's sledge-hammer compliments, were glad to join in, and if servants were available, they were summoned to help, although the *Transcript's* people usually took on such heavy items as the piano or a big sofa. It is fair to say that we never shirked our own share of the moving. For our private and indefensible ends, the more we moved, the better.

The project amounted, roughly, to emptying one half of the room into the other. Anything at all movable or detachable was included in the shift. The ladies were then posed, photographed, rearranged, and photographed some more in that part of the room now so conscientiously protected from undesirable reflections and decorative detail. The finale came when Frank would look at his watch and announce, with an air of dismay, that we were now overdue at our next assignment — to make pictures, so his story went, of the governor or whatever earth-shaking celebrity might be in town — and that having to move so much furniture was why we had fallen so far behind. The ladies were all sympathy, impressed to be sharing our day with such distinguished competition and pleased, too, by the diligence and gravity we had shown in our dealings with them. This was no slapdash performance, and they all knew how perfectly *dreadful* people were made to look in ordinary news photography. As for the furniture, just leave it where it is. . . .

The Furniture Moving Act, so far as I could judge, made everybody happy: It flattered the ladies by the extra work so cheerfully carried out in their behalf; its fraudulent quality was entertaining to Colby and the reporter; and the disorder left in its wake was a vengeance, somehow, on the city editor for sending his staff on such worthless assignments.

Frank's other solace, on a bad assignment, was less work than the Furniture Moving Act — indeed, it was hardly work at all — yet it proved equally satisfying to all concerned. It consisted of posing his subjects in various combinations and arrangements, once he had made the single picture he had come for, and then earnestly clacking his shutter at them without any plates in the camera. "I'm afraid the lady moved a little in that one," Frank would say. "I'll have to try it again," and another plateless exposure was solemnly accomplished. A coded announcement by Frank to the reporter always preceded a sequence of dummy shots: "The rest of these are gonna be on the house."

Colby's plateless jocosities once carried us gaily through a long and sweltering July afternoon on

the lawn of Craigie House, in Cambridge, where we had been sent to await the arrival of "General Washington," traveling to his headquarters by coach, over the road from Sudbury. Some historical society was sponsoring this bit of pageantry, and a score or more of its members, in colonial costume — the reception committee — were lounging about the terrace when we arrived. The men had laid aside their tricorns and perukes, the women their much larger, and hotter, wigs. All were sweating at a great rate in their finery.

General Washington's livery-stable horses were probably doing their best, but it was soon plain that we were not going to catch the last edition on that day and that we might be waiting some hours for a shot of his actual arrival. So, muttering to me his "on the house" line, Frank went bustling among the company, bidding them to get into full costume and to stand by for an important series of photographs. "They want a whole page of this," Frank announced. He looked appraisingly at his subjects, purporting to seek some fine point of dress or personality or physique that would place the individual in one or another of the groups that he was lining up.

For the rest of the afternoon, until he finally made a bona fide picture of Washington alighting from his coach and we took our leave, Frank kept the whole assembly on the hop, arranging them in big groups, little groups, solos, and frequently reshuffling the combinations. It was necessary each time for me to write down the identifications, and I filled a sheaf of copy paper with the names of our subjects and the colonial officers and dignitaries they were impersonating. Anyone doffing a wig or garment was immediately ordered to get back into full regalia for the next picture. There must have been scores of the plateless exposures, hot and tiring work, but, like the Furniture Moving Act, something thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

A TYPICAL Colby collision with uniformed authority came one summer morning at the Navy Yard in Charlestown. Colby had made his pictures and set out for the *Transcript*, and I was heading for the gate, on the run, about a half hour behind him, when a Hearst photographer who was passing called to me. "Better get Colby out," he said. "They've got him locked up in the brig."

I hurried over to the office of the Yard's Commander, an urbane four-striper. He accepted, affably, my suggestion that some misunderstanding had occurred, picked up the phone, and listened to a report from the Marine guard. "Well, bring him right over here," he said. Frank, it transpired, had been trespassing in a zone for-

bidden to civilians, ignoring orders from the guard to halt. He was escorted into the office, plainly in a rage, a few minutes after the Commander laid down the phone. An elegantly turned-out Sergeant of Marines and two Privates, hard-bitten professionals all, were in charge of the prisoner.

"We are sorry to have delayed you, Mr. Colby," said the Commander, "and I wish you would tell me just what happened."

"I'm sure I don't know," Frank replied, testily. "I was walking along and minding my own business, when *this boy*" — and Frank bent a gaze of contempt at the Sergeant — "*this boy* come up and begun hollering at me. Next thing I know. . . ."

The Commander, seeing that no great gains impended for either side in the dispute, dismissed the guard. We were about to take our own leave when the Commander ill-advisedly thought to deliver an appreciation of the Navy's position in the case. "Put yourself in my place, Mr. Colby," he began, soothingly. "Suppose that *I* was a guest in *your* house —"

"Stop!" cried Frank, raising a palm in the manner of a traffic cop bringing everything to a halt. "Stop right there!"

I am sure that neither the Commander nor I had the slightest idea of what was coming next. His preamble had seemed reasonable, but Frank was boiling. "I'm not a guest here," Frank went on. He paused dramatically. "I'm a TAXPAYER! I *pay* for this place!"

This was the last argument in the world that the Commander wished to pursue in those low-budget, Depression-ridden days. He began shuffling papers on his desk. I offered thanks and regrets, and all the way back to the office Frank continued to expound his rights and responsibilities as citizen and taxpayer.

Frank's view of the courts and police was unfolded one day in the city room, after his son, Warren, had been fined twenty-five dollars for speeding. Such a penalty, Frank felt, showed a sad lack of judicial understanding. "Now, if I was that judge," he said, "do you know what I would have done? I'd have said to that motorcop, 'Now, you say here that the defendant was doing forty-five miles an hour?' " Frank's tone was silky, as he prepared to trap the miscreant motorcop. "*How fast was you going to overtake him? Fifty miles an hour, you say? Very well.*"

At this point Frank seemed to gather judicial robes about himself as he looked first to the hypothetical motorcop and then to the defendant. "Very well. You, sir," — to the defendant, who was after all his own son — "'you are discharged — *with honor*,' I'd say. 'And as for you' " — turning to the luckless motorcop — "'Thirty days in jail, you son of a bitch!' "

The *Transcript's* staff included some extremely odd-looking people; their effect on a stranger, especially when two or three of our more outstanding showpieces happened to come within his view at the same time, was numbing. Much as he might wish to take full note of the details, his mind seemed to falter and he was soon doubting his senses. Seasoned public relations men turned tongue-tied and dazed at the sudden appearance of H. H. Fletcher in idle conversation with Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Bowles; they were afraid to look and couldn't bear not to.

Fletcher was the proprietor of the vast religious section of the Saturday *Transcript* called "The Churchman Afield" and "Notes from the Field." Any clergyman could get a story about himself and his church into the *Transcript's* department of religious intelligence simply by sending it in to Fletcher, who would put it into "Notes from the Field." Not unnaturally, there were many who did so: a gratifying growth in Laymen's League membership, a drive for a new carpet for the center aisle, repairs to a steeple, renovating an organ — any of these would find print. "The amount of correspondence involved in the conduct of this department of church news," remarks Joseph Edgar Chamberlin in his book, *The Boston Transcript: A History of Its First Hundred Years*, "and evoked by it, would be almost incredible to an outsider."

Fletcher had been with the paper more than thirty years, and many believed him a former clergyman, although this was not the fact. He looked much like the bust of Homer which used to be a popular schoolroom decoration, with a white beard and mustache and a rather gloomy cast of countenance. He always wore black, and a ministerial black tie with his white shirt. His general effect was distinctly spectral. But all this might have seemed ordinary had it not been for his habit of inserting, on each side of his head behind the sidepieces of his spectacles, a long envelope. The envelopes projected forward and upward at an angle of some forty-five degrees, giving him a rakish and totally unexpected appearance. To look up and see, for the first time, this apparition in its blinders was a unique experience.

Mrs. Bowles was quite old and small, a study in gray: suit, stockings, hair, hat. She walked with the aid of an ebony cane with a silver knob, and her eyeglasses hung by a broad black ribbon. Her hats were Queen Mary peachbasket, and, although she was a kindly person, her expression was that of one about to lose patience altogether with the human race. Through some miracle of survival, a fern and a small rubber plant flourished greenly, despite the steam pipes and grime of the city room, on the top of her ancient roll-top desk.



JAMES LIND—Conqueror of Scurvy—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

James Lind, a British Naval Surgeon, in 1747 proved experimentally the value of a treatment for a disease that had incapacitated more seamen than all other diseases, naval engagements, marine mishaps, shipwrecks, and accidents combined. The disease was scurvy . . . a severe vitamin deficiency resulting from sailors' unvaried diet of salt meat and sea biscuits.

Lind's recommendation was the addition of fresh limes, other citrus fruits, and their juices to diets of seamen. Though not adopted generally by the British Navy until after his death, this diet saved countless lives. British seamen, thereafter called "Limeys," were

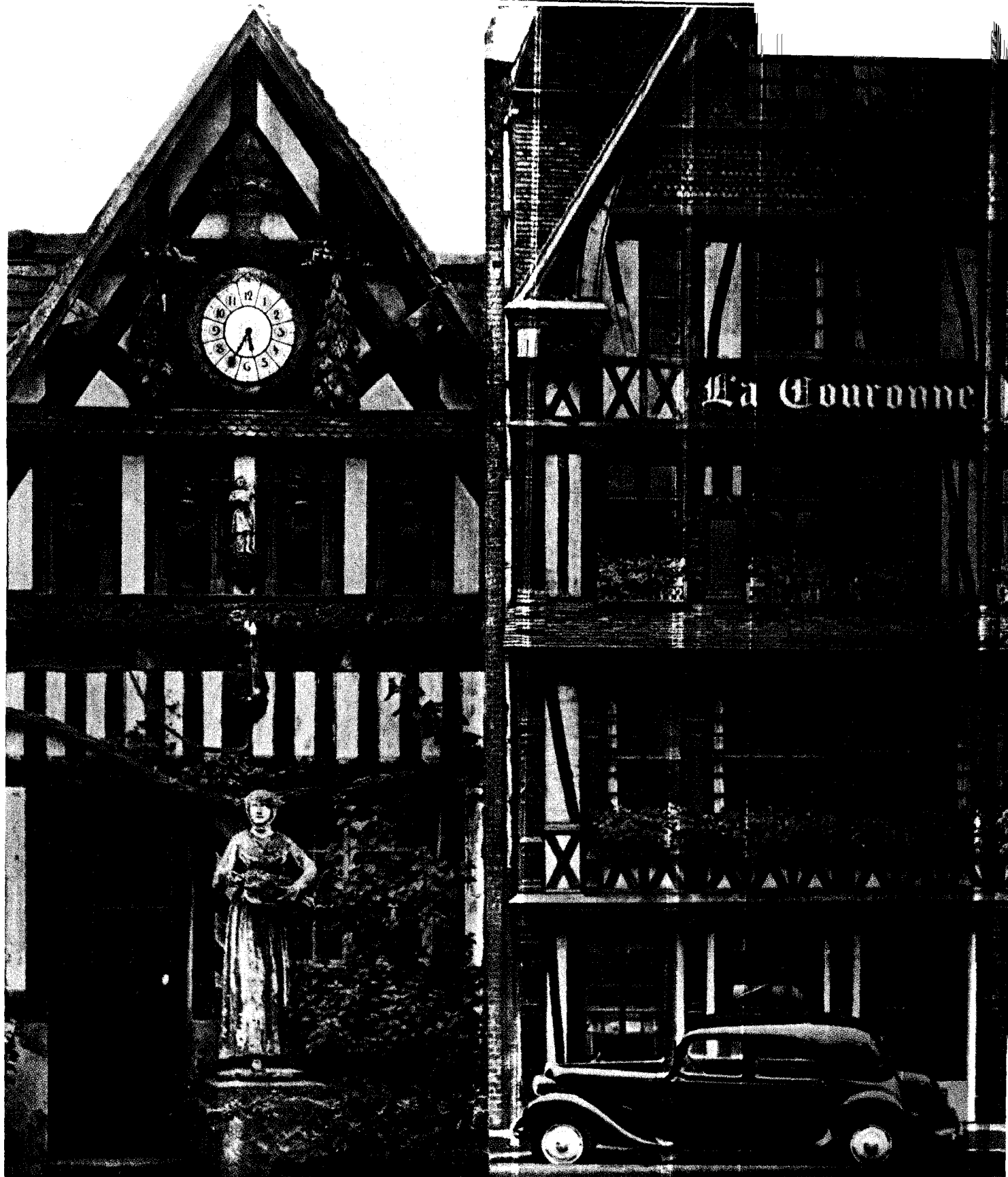
the first men to receive prophylactic vitamin therapy. Although some vitamin deficiencies in man cannot be prevented or corrected as dramatically and as simply as scurvy, modern medical research is constantly giving physicians better and more effective weapons for use in the fight for better health for people world-wide.

Original research, conducted at Parke-Davis laboratories into causes and control of disease, has made significant contributions to world health. These medicines, prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists, help you to enjoy a healthier, longer life.

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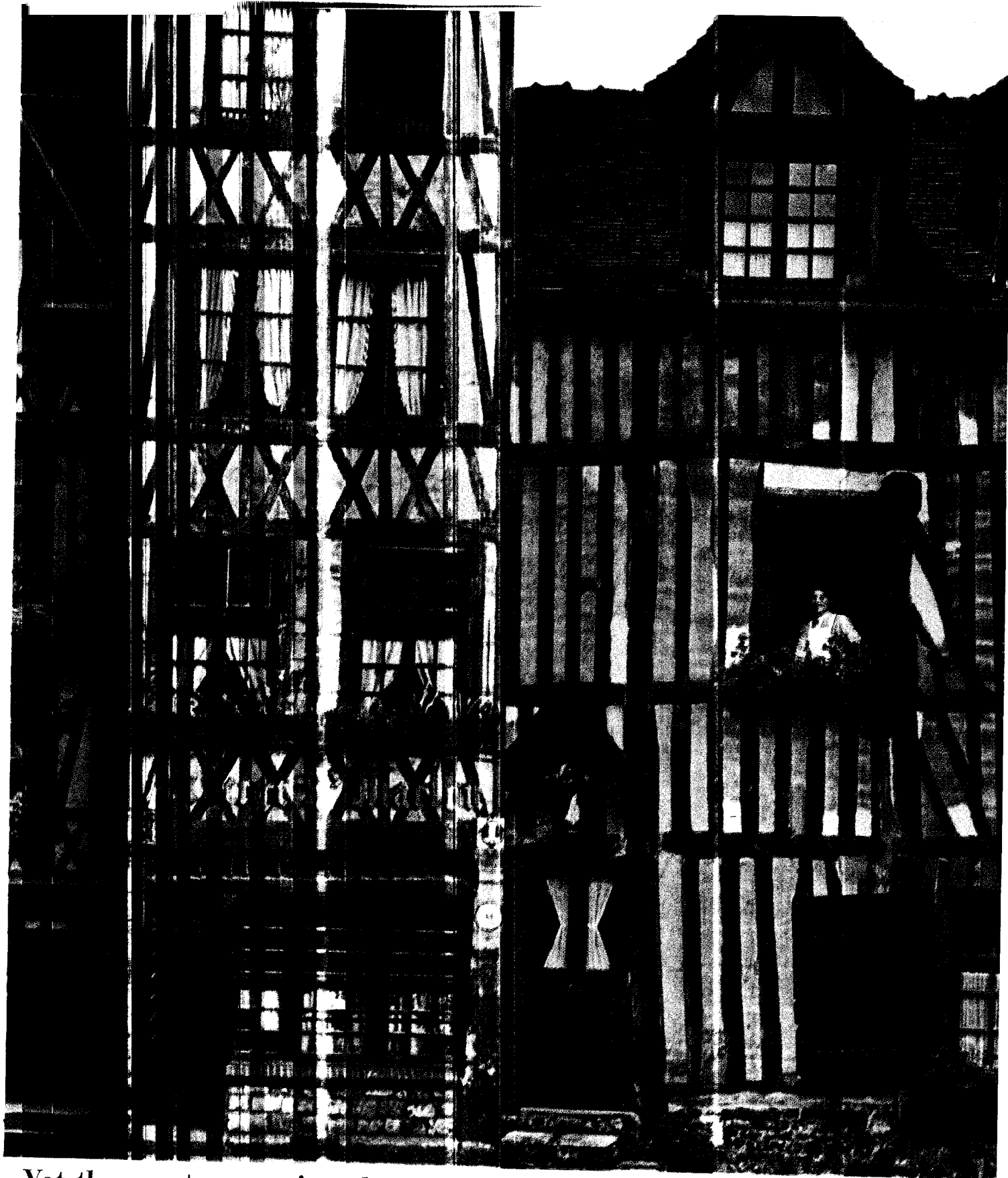
... Pioneers in better medicines



These 4 timbered Norman Inns are worth the trip to France.

This inn is right out of a French fable. Its towering gateway opens to a courtyard crowded with old, ornate fountains and amusing statues. You'll dine, as William the Conqueror did, in an 11th Century banquet hall, its roof heavy with carving, its roaring fires crusting an appled pig. Sip the night away on friendly Calvados, or slip off to a fabulous room once slept in by the elder Dumas. And such a room, breakfast and dinner will cost only \$8—complete.

The oldest inn in France, this is a beautiful example of 14th Century architecture. Its walls are crisscrossed with smoky timber. Its windows open to Joan of Arc's tragic square. And its kitchen is superb. There are no rooms at the inn but you can spend a memorable evening over the delicate Pâté de Caneton de Rouen, the local fillet of Saint Pierre smothered in Norman Hollandaise, followed by the Coquellet from the friendly fireplace and finally, a great cheese. Price: just \$2, price-fixed.



Yet the most expensive charges only \$8.50 a day, complete!

Auberge St. Julien, in the heart of Rouen, covers an old brick street, yet tiny, simple, inexpensive, it's one of the first floor is terraced in ancient red tile. Curative antiques, antique green goblets and Norman pottery will put you in the mood for cream-and-butter cooking. You can have here for \$1.50, rice-fixed. And a single room with modern conveniences for \$2.

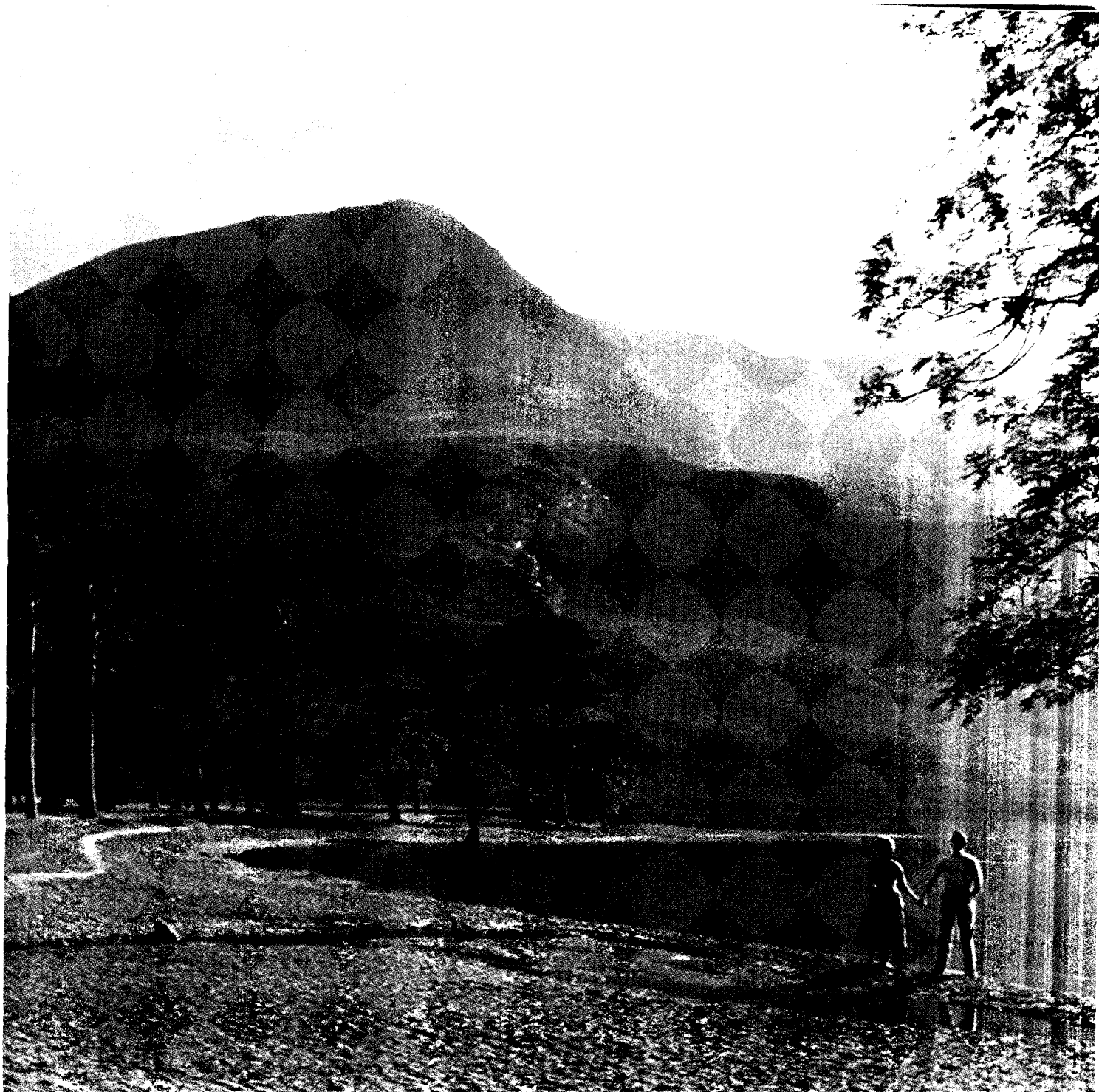
For a list of charming inns and other information on Normandy, write to:

In the artists' quarter, you will find this auberge, built in France. The stone walls, primitive riot of flowered for the good, rich, a delicious dinner but immaculate

for French Provincial collector's items, Heaven waits in Pont-Audemer. This auberge was converted from a tannery into an inn decades ago. It has all its original charm and one of France's most colorful antique collections. Exciting as the menu is, it's hard to keep your eyes off the pewter and brass. But you'll enjoy great Norman cooking here for \$3.50 à la carte, and a fine room with a shower for a mere \$4.

Dept. A-2; Box 221, New York 10. French Government Tourist Office, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal.

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After an April shower at Buttermere, Cumberland—one of the lakes that Wordsworth loved.

Beware the sparkle of Britain's Spring!

SPRING in Britain is a heady season. It inspires giddy odes. Unlikely similes. Frightful clichés. And love.

It also has a mind of its own which it expresses by ignoring the vernal equinox. In Devon, the primroses start to pop in January. Cornish daffodils stare February in the face and chuckle. And, by the time those April showers fill the air with invisible hyacinths, you

begin to believe there's a flower seed in every raindrop.

You can sense some of the sparkle of Britain's Spring merely by flicking through a calendar of events. Flat racing starts in Spring. So does the leisurely lunacy of cricket. Festivals, fairs and floral dances put a froth on your fun. And, like any fauna faced with flora, you want to grow wild. In

one Buckinghamshire village, housewives celebrate Shrove Tuesday by running a pancake race!

If you *must* get practical about this irresponsible season, ask your travel agent about the latest transatlantic fares. Complete your trip by March 31 and you can get to Britain and back for \$320. If that little bargain doesn't inspire spring fever, see a doctor.

FREE! Colorful 24-page fully illustrated booklet "Portrait of Britain"; write Box 163, British Travel Association. In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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The typewriter used by Mrs. Bowles must have been the very last of its kind in service anywhere, a machine that antedated the so-called "visible" typewriter and had to be operated on trust, so to speak, by the typist. Its type bars came up from below the roller, striking it on its bottom, quite out of sight. If the typist wished to see how things were going, the whole roller assembly, which was hinged, could be lifted by a handle sufficiently to expose what had been written. One would see Mrs. Bowles serenely pecking away at the keyboard, and at long intervals, as if her curiosity had finally got the best of her, lifting the roller and staring disgustedly, through her pince-nez, at her copy. She seemed to be always expecting to find something better than what was there.

I am not sure, today, whether Mrs. Bowles's department was Women's Clubs, or Patriotic and Historical, or both; in any case, she put in a full day at her invisible typewriter. Some of her air of exasperation came, no doubt, from the location of her desk, which stood in the corner of a narrow, slot-shaped room where four or five of the news reporters did their typing and carried on all manner of raffish conversation.

There was on the staff, for instance, a female who managed, unaccountably, to get into almost every paragraph of her writings an example or two of the *double-entendre*. She was a distressingly wholesome creature, beyond the age of mere giddiness, and why so many things that sounded like Freudian symbols kept creeping into her prose was a mystery to us all. Yet the most innocent bits of reportage became, in her copy, a Rabelaisian kind of top-shelf literature, and the staff was fond of reading these aloud, with appropriate leering, clearing the throat, and affecting to loosen a too-tight collar at the more significant passages. Readings such as these Mrs. Bowles could appear to ignore on the grounds of simply not hearing them, but the outbursts of H. T. Parker, the *Transcript's* celebrated theater and music critic, were much harder not to notice.

Parker was the most respected, and deservedly so, member of the whole organization; an abrupt, fiery personality, a superior writer and journalist, and among the two or three foremost critics of his day. David McCord's superb little monograph on Parker (*H.T.P.: Portrait of a Critic*, Coward-McCann, 1937) portrays him better than anyone else could, and I mention Parker here only because his celebrated tantrums, with screams and imprecations, were staged at the very elbow of Mrs. Bowles.

The tantrums were Parker's reaction, as a practicing perfectionist, to what he conceived to be inexcusable failures — that is, any failure — of the office routines affecting his work. On his realizing

that an office boy had failed to deliver to him on schedule an edition of the paper, or a cut that he was awaiting, or proofs, or mail, Parker's small, stooped figure would come bounding out of his cubbyhole and land, on perhaps his second bounce, beside Mrs. Bowles. He was like a mechanical toy that jigs or jumps up and down, but the activation in his case was sheer rage.

"Where is that goddam office boy?" Parker would scream. "Where are you, you little cur?"

Parker was never without a cigarette in his mouth; he smoked Richmond Straight Cuts, which were apparently loosely rolled and rather dry, for he gave off ash and sparks as he talked, and in his tantrums he seemed about to burst into flames.

But the noisier Parker became, and the more severe his complaints, the more aloof from her surroundings Mrs. Bowles appeared. Her tempo on her typewriter picked up; she pecked out long passages without lifting the roller for a look at the copy, stopping only to consult, intently, her notes. For her there was no such person as Parker, and I suppose it would be correct to add that, for Parker, in his mood of dissent, Mrs. Bowles had no existence whatever.

Parker used only his initials, H.T.P., in signing his copy; his name was scarcely known outside the world of music and the stage. He lived alone at the Hotel Vendome, where, it was believed by the *Transcript* staff, he had the privilege of foraging in the refrigerators for a late supper around four or five A.M., after completing his longhand critique for that day's editions. Parker did not live to see the deterioration and ruin of the *Transcript*. He was picked up on the street one winter night in 1934, delirious and in the last stages of pneumonia. There was some unease at the hospital's admissions desk over who would be paying the bill for him. It was inferred from a letter in his pocket that he lived at the Vendome. Further inquiry at the hotel brought a conjecture that the patient had some sort of connection with the *Transcript*, but that was all that the hotel people knew about him. He was not an easy man to get to know.

Whether there ever was in fact such a breed as "our kind of people," given to reading, with satisfaction, the wildly diversified departments produced by the *Transcript's* "editors," I was never sure. But it seems reasonable that for every odd editor, there are equally odd readers attuned to him. In any case, the number of our kind of people, if one applies the term to all the *Transcript's* readers, continued to shrink, and the bundles became even fewer on Harry Lofchie's red trucks, so that by the summer of 1936, at the end of my stay, the circulation stood at a scant 31,000.

(To be continued)

A Chip of Glass Ruby

by NADINE GORDIMER

A native Johannesburger, NADINE GORDIMER is one of the most gifted novelists writing about the divided world of the Union of South Africa. She began publishing her stories at the age of fifteen, and now she has to her credit two novels and three collections of short stories, the latest, FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT, published last year by Viking.

WHEN the duplicating machine was brought into the house, Bamjee said, "Isn't it enough that you've got the Indians' troubles on your back?" Mrs. Bamjee said, with a smile that showed the gap of a missing tooth but was confident all the same, "What's the difference, Yusuf? — we've all got the same troubles."

"Don't tell me that. We don't have to carry passes; let the natives protest against passes on their own, there are millions of them. Let them go ahead with it."

The nine Bamjee and Pahad children were present at this exchange, as they were always; there was no room for privacy in the small house that held them all, for the discussion of matters they were too young to hear, and so they had never been too young to hear anything. Only their sister and half sister, Girlie, was missing; she was the oldest, and married. The children looked expectantly, unalarmed and interested, at Bamjee, who had neither left the dining room nor settled down again to the task of rolling his own cigarettes, which had been interrupted by the arrival of the duplicator. He looked at the thing that had come hidden in a washbasket and conveyed in a black man's taxi, and the children turned on it, too, their black eyes surrounded by thick lashes like those still, open flowers with hairy tentacles that close on whatever touches them.

"A fine thing to have on the dining room table"

was all he said at last. They smelled the machine among them; a smell of cold black grease. He went out, heavily on tiptoe, in his troubled way.

"It's going to go nicely on the sideboard!" Mrs. Bamjee was busy making a place by removing the two pink glass vases filled with plastic carnations and the hand-painted velvet runner with the picture of the Taj Mahal.

After supper she began to run off leaflets on the machine. The family lived in the dining room — the other three rooms in the house were full of beds — and they were all there. The older children shared a bottle of ink while they did their homework, and the two little ones pushed a couple of empty milk bottles in and out of the chair legs. The three-year-old fell asleep and was carted away by one of the girls. They all drifted off to bed eventually; Bamjee himself went before the oldest children — he was a greengrocer's hawker and was up at half-past four every morning to get to the market by five. "Not long now," said Mrs. Bamjee. The older children looked up and smiled at him. He turned his back on her. She still wore the traditional clothing of a Muslim woman, and her body, which was scraggy and unimportant as a dress on a peg when it was not host to a child, was wrapped in the trailing rags of a cheap sari, and her thin black plait was greased. When she was a girl, in the Transvaal town where they lived still, her mother fixed a chip of glass ruby in her

nostril; but she had abandoned that adornment as too old-style, even for her, long ago.

She was up until long after midnight, turning out leaflets. She did it as if she might have been pounding chilies.

BAMJEE did not have to ask what the leaflets were. He had read the papers. All the past week Africans had been destroying their passes and then presenting themselves for arrest. Their leaders were jailed on charges of incitement, campaign offices were raided — someone must be helping the few minor leaders who were left to keep the campaign going without offices or equipment. What was it the leaflets would say — “Don’t go to work tomorrow,” “Day of Protest,” “Burn Your Pass for Freedom”? He didn’t want to see.

He was used to coming home and finding his wife sitting at the dining room table deep in discussion with strangers or people whose names were familiar by repute. Some were prominent Indians, like the lawyer, Dr. Abdul Mohammed Khan, or the big businessman, Mr. Moonsamy Patel, and he was flattered, in a suspicious way, to meet them in his house. As he came home from work next day he met Dr. Khan coming out of the house, and Dr. Khan — a highly educated man — said to him, “A wonderful woman.” But Bamjee had never caught his wife out in any presumption; she behaved properly, as any Muslim woman should, and once her business with such gentlemen was over would never, for instance, have sat down to eat with them. He found her now back in the kitchen, setting about the preparation of dinner and carrying on a conversation on several different wave lengths with the children. “It’s really a shame if you’re tired of lentils, Jimmy, because that’s what you’re getting — Amina, hurry up, get a pot of water going — Don’t worry, I’ll mend that in a minute, just bring the yellow cotton, and there’s a needle in the cigarette box on the sideboard.”

“Was that Dr. Khan leaving?” said Bamjee.

“Yes, there’s going to be a stay-at-home on Monday. Desai’s ill, and he’s got to get the word around by himself. Bob Jali was up all last night printing leaflets, but he’s gone to have a tooth out.” She had always treated Bamjee as if it were only some mannerism that made him appear uninterested in politics, the way some woman will persist in interpreting her husband’s bad temper as an endearing gruffness hiding boundless good will, and she talked to him of these things just as she passed on to him neighbors’ or family gossip.

“What for do you want to get mixed up with these killings and stonings and I don’t know what?

Congress should keep out of it. Isn’t it enough with the Group Areas?”

She laughed. “Now, Yusuf, you know you don’t believe that. Look how you said the same thing when the Group Areas started in Natal. You said we should begin to worry when we get moved out of our own houses here in the Transvaal. And then your own mother lost her house in Noorddorp, and there you are; you saw that nobody’s safe. Oh, Girlie was here this afternoon, she says Ismail’s brother’s engaged — that’s nice, isn’t it? His mother will be pleased; she was worried.”

“Why was she worried?” asked Jimmy, who was fifteen, and old enough to patronize his mother.

“Well, she wanted to see him settled. There’s a party on Sunday week at Ismail’s place — you’d better give me your suit to give to the cleaners tomorrow, Yusuf.”

One of the girls presented herself at once. “I’ll have nothing to wear, Ma.”

Mrs. Bamjee scratched her sallow face. “Perhaps Girlie will lend you her pink, eh? Run over to Girlie’s place now and say I say will she lend it to you?”

The sound of commonplaces often does service as security, and Bamjee, going to sit in the armchair with the shiny armrests that was wedged between the dining room table and the sideboard, lapsed into an unthinking doze that, like all times of dreamlike ordinariness during those weeks, was filled with uneasy jerks and starts back into reality. The next morning, as soon as he got to market, he heard that Dr. Khan had been arrested. But that night Mrs. Bamjee sat up making a new dress for her daughter; the sight disarmed Bamjee, reassured him again, against his will, so that the resentment he had been making ready all day faded into a morose and accusing silence. Heaven knew, of course, who came and went in the house during the day. Twice in that week of riots, raids, and arrests, he found black women in the house when he came home; plain ordinary native women in *doeks*, drinking tea. This was not a thing other Indian women would have in their homes, he thought bitterly; but then his wife was not like other people, in a way he could not put his finger on, except to say what it was not: not scandalous, not punishable, not rebellious. It was, like the attraction that had led him to marry her, Pahad’s widow with five children, something he could not see clearly.

WHEN the Special Branch knocked steadily on the door in the small hours of Thursday morning, he did not wake up, for his return to consciousness

was always set in his mind to half-past four, and that was more than an hour away. Mrs. Bamjee got up herself, struggled into Jimmy's raincoat, which was hanging over a chair, and went to the front door. The clock on the wall — a wedding present when she married Pahad — showed three o'clock when she snapped on the light, and she knew at once who it was on the other side of the door. Although she was not surprised, her hands shook like a very old person's as she undid the locks and the complicated catch on the wire burglarproofing. And then she opened the door and they were there — two colored policemen in plain clothes. "Zanip Bamjee?"

"Yes."

As they talked, Bamjee woke up in the sudden terror of having overslept. Then he became conscious of men's voices. He heaved himself out of bed in the dark and went to the window, which, like the front door, was covered with a heavy mesh of thick wire against intruders from the dingy lane it looked upon. Bewildered, he appeared in the dining room, where the policemen were searching through a soapbox of papers beside the duplicating machine. "Yusuf, it's for me," Mrs. Bamjee said.

At once, the snap of a trap, realization came. He stood there in an old shirt before the two policemen, and the woman was going off to prison because of the natives. "There you are!" he shouted, standing away from her. "That's what you've got for it. Didn't I tell you? Didn't I? That's the end of it now. That's the finish. That's what it's come to." She listened with her head at the slightest tilt to one side, as if to ward off a blow, or in compassion.

Jimmy, Pahad's son, appeared at the door with a suitcase; two or three of the girls were behind him. "Here, Ma, you take my green jersey." "I've found your clean blouse." Bamjee had to keep moving out of their way as they helped their mother to make ready. It was like the preparation for one of the family festivals his wife made such a fuss over; wherever he put himself they bumped into him. Even the two policemen mumbled, "Excuse me," and pushed past into the rest of the house to continue their search. They took with them a tome that Nehru had written in prison; it had been bought from a persevering traveling salesman and kept, for years, on the mantelpiece. "Oh, don't take that, please," Mrs. Bamjee said suddenly, clinging to the arm of the man who had picked it up.

"Sorry, lady —" The man held it away from her.

"What does it matter, Ma?"

It was true that no one in the house had ever read it; but she said, "It's for my children."

"Ma, leave it." Jimmy, who was squat and plump, looked like a merchant advising a client against a roll of silk she had set her heart on. She went into the bedroom and got dressed. When she came out in her old yellow sari with a brown coat over it, the faces of the children were behind her like faces on the platform at a railway station. They kissed her good-by. The policemen did not hurry her, but she seemed to be in a hurry just the same.

"What am I going to do?" Bamjee accused them all.

The policemen looked away patiently.

"It'll be all right. Girlie will help. The big children can manage. And Yusuf —" The children crowded in around her; two of the younger ones had awakened and appeared, asking shrill questions.

"Come on," said the policemen.

"I want to speak to my husband." She broke away and came back to him, and the movement of her sari hid them from the rest of the room for a moment. His face hardened in suspicious anticipation against the request to give some message to the next fool who would take up her pamphleteering until he, too, was arrested. "On Sunday," she said. "Take them on Sunday." He did not know what she was talking about. "The engagement party," she whispered, low and urgent. "They shouldn't miss it. Ismail will be offended."

They listened to the car drive away. Jimmy bolted and barred the front door, and then at once opened it again; he put on the raincoat that his mother had taken off. "Going to tell Girlie," he said. The children went back to bed. Their father did not say a word to any of them; their talk, the crying of the younger ones and the argumentative voices of the older, went on in the bedrooms. He found himself alone; he felt the night all around him. And then he happened to meet the clock face and saw with a terrible sense of unfamiliarity that this was not the secret night but an hour he should have recognized: the time he always got up. He pulled on his trousers and his dirty white hawker's coat and wound his gray muffler up to the stubble on his chin and went to work.

THE duplicating machine was gone from the sideboard. The policemen had taken it with them, along with the pamphlets and the conference reports and the stack of old newspapers — not the thick dailies of the white men, but the thin, impermanent-looking papers that spoke up, sometimes interrupted by suppression or lack of money,

for the rest — that had collected on top of the wardrobe in the bedroom. It was all gone. When he had married her and moved in with her and her five children, into what had been the Pahad and became the Bamjee house, he had not recognized the humble, harmless, and apparently useless routine tasks — the minutes of meetings being written up on the dining room table at night, the government blue books that were read while the latest baby was suckled, the employment of the fingers of the older children in the fashioning of crinkle-paper Congress rosettes — as activity intended to move mountains. For years and years he had not noticed it, and now it was gone.

The house was quiet. The children kept to their lairs, crowded on the beds with the doors shut. He sat and looked at the sideboard, where the plastic carnations and the mat with the picture of the Taj Mahal were in place. For the first few weeks he never spoke of her. There was the feeling, in the house, that he had wept and raged at her, that boulders of reproach had thundered down upon her absence, and yet he had said not one word. He had not been to inquire where she was; Jimmy and Girlie had gone to Mohammed Ebrahim, the lawyer, and when he found out that their mother had been taken — when she was first arrested, at least — to a prison in the next town, they had stood about outside the big prison door for hours while they waited to be told where she had been moved from there. At last they had discovered that she was fifty miles away, in Pretoria. Jimmy asked Bamjee for five shillings to help Girlie pay the train fare to Pretoria, once she had been interviewed by the police and had been given a permit to visit her mother; he put three two-shilling pieces on the table for Jimmy to pick up, and the boy, looking at him keenly, did not know whether the extra shilling meant anything, or whether it was merely that Bamjee had no change.

It was only when relations and neighbors came to the house that Bamjee would suddenly begin to talk. He had never been so expansive in his life as he was in the company of these visitors, many of them come on a polite call rather in the nature of a visit of condolence. "Ah, yes, yes, you see how I am — you see what has been done to me. Nine children, and I am on the cart all day. I get home at seven or eight. What are you to do? What can people like us do?"

"Poor Mrs. Bamjee. Such a kind lady."

"Well, you see for yourself. They walk in here in the middle of the night and leave a houseful of children. I'm out on the cart all day, I've got a living to earn." Standing about in his shirt sleeves, he became quite animated; he would call for the

girls to bring fruit drinks for the visitors. When they were gone, it was as if he, who was orthodox if not devout and never drank liquor, had been drunk and abruptly sobered up; he looked dazed and could not have gone over in his mind what he had been saying. And as he cooled, the lump of resentment and wrongedness stopped his throat again.

Bamjee found one of the little boys the center of a self-important group of championing brothers and sisters in the dining room one evening. "They've been being cruel to Ahmed."

"What has he done?" said the father.

"Nothing! Nothing!" The little girl stood twisting her handkerchief excitedly.

An older one, thin as her mother, took over, silencing the others with a gesture of her skinny hand. "They did it at school today. They made an example of him."

"What is an example?" said Bamjee impatiently.

"The teacher made him come up and stand in front of the whole class, and he told them, 'You see this boy? His mother's in jail because she likes the natives so much. She wants the Indians to be the same as natives.'"

"It's terrible," he said. His hands fell to his sides. "Did she ever think of this?"

"That's why Ma's *there*," said Jimmy, putting aside his comic and emptying out his schoolbooks upon the table. "That's all the kid needs to know. Ma's there because things like this happen. Petersen's a colored teacher, and it's his black blood that's brought him trouble all his life, I suppose. He hates anyone who says everybody's the same, because that takes away from him his bit of whiteness that's all he's got. What d'you expect? It's nothing to make too much fuss about."

"Of course, you are fifteen and you know everything," Bamjee mumbled at him.

"I don't say that. But I know Ma, anyway." The boy laughed.

There was a hunger strike among the political prisoners, and Bamjee could not bring himself to ask Girlie if her mother was starving herself too. He would not ask; and yet he saw in the young woman's face the gradual weakening of her mother. When the strike had gone on for a week, one of the elder children burst into tears at the table and could not eat. Bamjee pushed his own plate away in rage.

Sometimes he spoke out loud to himself while he was driving the vegetable lorry. "What for?" Again and again: "What for?" She was not a modern woman who cut her hair and wore short skirts. He had married a good plain Muslim woman who bore children and stamped her own chilies. He had a sudden vision of her at the

duplicating machine, that night just before she was taken away, and he felt himself maddened, baffled, and hopeless. He had become the ghost of a victim, hanging about the scene of a crime whose motive he could not understand and had not had time to learn.

THE hunger strike at the prison went into the second week. Alone in the rattling cab of his lorry, he said things that he heard as if spoken by someone else, and his heart burned in fierce agreement with them. "For a crowd of natives who'll smash our shops and kill us in our houses when their time comes." "She will starve herself to death there." "She will die there." "Black devils who will burn and kill us." He fell into bed each night like a stone, and dragged himself up in the mornings as a beast of burden is beaten to its feet.

One of these mornings, Girlie appeared very early, while he was wolfing bread and strong tea — alternate sensations of dry solidity and stinging heat — at the kitchen table. Her real name was Fatima, of course, but she had adopted the silly modern name along with the clothes of the young factory girls among whom she worked. She was expecting her first baby in a week or two, and her small face, her cut and curled hair, and the sooty arches drawn over her eyebrows did not seem to belong to her thrust-out body under a clean smock. She wore mauve lipstick and was smiling her cocky little white girl's smile, foolish and bold, not like an Indian girl's at all.

"What's the matter?" he said.

She smiled again. "Don't you know? I told Bobby he must get me up in time this morning. I wanted to be sure I wouldn't miss you today."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

She came over and put her arm up around his unwilling neck and kissed the gray bristles at the side of his mouth. "Many happy returns! Don't you know it's your birthday?"

"No," he said. "I didn't know, didn't think —" He broke the pause by swiftly picking up the bread and giving his attention desperately to eating and drinking. His mouth was busy, but his eyes looked at her, intensely black. She said nothing, but stood there with him. She would not speak, and at last he said, swallowing a piece of bread that tore at his throat as it went down, "I don't remember these things."

The girl nodded, the Woolworth baubles in her ears swinging. "That's the first thing she told me when I saw her yesterday — don't forget it's Bajie's birthday tomorrow."

He shrugged over it. "It means a lot to chil-

dren. But that's how she is. Whether it's one of the old cousins or the neighbor's grandmother, she always knows when the birthday is. What importance is my birthday, while she's sitting there in a prison? I don't understand how she can do the things she does when her mind is always full of woman's nonsense at the same time — that's what I don't understand with her."

"Oh, but don't you see?" the girl said. "It's because she doesn't want anybody to be left out or forgotten. It's because she always remembers, while other people forget; remembers everything — people without somewhere to live, hungry kids, boys who can't get educated — remembers all the time. That's how Ma is."

"Nobody else is like that." It was half a complaint.

"No, nobody else," said his stepdaughter.

She sat herself down at the table, resting her belly. He put his head in his hands. "I'm getting old" — but he was overcome by something much more curious, by an answer. He knew why he had desired her, the ugly widow with five children; he knew what way it was in which she was not like others; it was there, like the simple fact of the belly that lay between him and her daughter.

FOR MY GRANDFATHER

BY SAMUEL HAZO

Someone should speak a word for you
who after all lived only long
enough to teach us children's songs
in Arabic remembered now

with times you strung your lute alone
and plucked it with an eagle's plume
while we sat quiet, small and calm
and heard you sing of Lebanon

until our days of roundelays
turned brief as breathing, and the vengeance
of cathedrals tolled to silence
all your love and all your minstrelsy.

The Rock Carvings of the Sahara

BY GEORG GERSTER



Photograph from THE SEARCH FOR THE TASSILI FRESCOS by Henri Lhote, English translation © 1959 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., reproduced by permission of the publishers.

Science editor of the Swiss magazine WELT-WOCHE, GEORG GERSTER over the past few years has undertaken several extensive trips into the Sahara Desert. The article which follows has been drawn from his book SAHARA, to be published this month by Coward-McCann.

IF ONLY I were down there now," I burst out. "You would be disappointed," replied René Mossu dryly. "The reproductions you saw in the Louvre in Paris are much more striking than the originals. Since Lhote was there, they have become coated with a fresh patina. You would be sadly disillusioned."

We were on our way by plane from Djanet to Fort Flatters. Directly below us lay the new mecca of prehistoric art, the largest open-air museum in the world. The Noratlas, commonly known as "the flying truck," droned low over Tassili-n-Ajjer. Isolated mountains drifted past like islands washed by a sea of sand; the deep gashes of canyons, their sheer walls vanishing from sight in great heaps of rubble; massif after massif, each one corroded by time, standing out boldly on the high plateau; gloomy clearings amidst tree trunks of stone, domes, needles, and pyramids of rock; abandoned towns in whose ruins one can still pick out the market place, the streets and lanes, the houses and the palaces — the crazy, unpredictable patterns of erosion.

I had met Mossu in Djanet and taken him at first for an American who spoke excellent French. He moved about the desert as if it were a golf course. Faced with a problem, he seemed to weigh an invisible driver in his hand and, eyes narrowed, gauge the distance to an invisible green. Though born in Paris, he had in fact come from the States and was spying out the Sahara on behalf of an American mining company. Had I been his employer, I would have sacked him at once. He showed only mild interest in the things that were everyday talk in the Tassili and Hoggar: diamonds, platinum, asbestos, thorium, and uranium. But he would go to endless trouble to see one rock carving. The frescoes of the Sahara were his hobby.

Remembering Lhote's magnificent exhibition in Paris, I remarked that the paintings from Tassili had enormously enriched the world's store of artistic beauty. A new province had been discovered, in which the art lover is dazzled and amazed, yet which is somehow not altogether unfamiliar.

"As long as he's interested only in form and color," Mossu agreed. The specialist is also naturally excited by this discovery. But he does not feel quite so happy in his mind. For he is faced by a great many new and unsolved problems, unanswered questions. He is rather like an accountant who wants to draw up a balance sheet, but is confronted every now and then by a new item in the inventory which he had not noticed before. Lhote's discovery at Tassili, to which further material was added in 1959 and 1960, was the biggest and most spectacular of those items. But it is by no means the only one. Lhote himself provided additional material when he made the first systematic inventory of the rock carvings in the Oued Djerat in 1959. His team copied 4000 of these, partly by means of a new process using fluid rubber. Amongst them are the largest prehistoric carvings ever known: giraffes more than 20 feet high, rhinoceroses 25 feet long, and elephants 15 feet high. But quite apart from Lhote's discoveries, ever since the desert woke from its Rip van Winkle sleep not a month has passed without another set of rock carvings being unearthed. In the last few years alone, about twenty thousand figures have been discovered on the rock walls of the Sahara. And that, added Mossu, is an underestimate rather than an overestimate.

THE Sahara picture gallery tells a story of constant coming and going in the desert, of successive civilizations, races, peoples, tribes, and clans, who may have brought their own art with them or may equally well have taken over an artistic tradition already in existence and carried it on. But what do the many different styles represent? Is each one the expression of an individual artist? Or of a school? Or of a clan? Did these styles develop simultaneously and independently, or in some chronological sequence? Can any chronological order, relative or absolute, be traced? Which civilizations, races, peoples, tribes, and clans are involved? Was the Sahara inhabited by black, brown, red, or white people?

Four groups of carvings have been identified which correspond to four periods of time: the hunter, the herdsman, the horse, and the camel. The archaeologists are well aware that the net they have cast over their quarry is a very wide one, but this crude classification has so far stood the test.

The hunters portrayed the hunted: elephants, giraffes, rhinoceroses, ostriches, and — a characteristic of this period — stags, hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and fish. At this stage there is no attempt at composition; the animals are shown not

in herds but, for the most part, singly. And the dimensions are significant: the animals, even the giraffe, were frequently carved and painted life-size. The treatment is naturalistic. Where the figure is sculpted, the lines are deep, mostly V-shaped, and with a black, or at least dark, patina. Human figures are rare. When they do occur, they are wearing masks, mostly of animals. They are armed with clubs and crooked throwing sticks, which were possibly boomerangs. The only domestic animal which appears during this period is the dog, the hunters' constant companion.

In the period of the herdsmen, the pictures are smaller, and naturalism gradually gives way to abstraction and formalism. Instead of individual figures there are spacious group formations; the incisions in the rock are U-shaped and less deep, and the patina is lighter, frequently even the same color as the rock face itself.

The herdsmen also portrayed game: rhinoceroses, ostriches, and mouflons, gazelles, wild pigs, lions, wild asses, antelopes, and fish. Only occasionally one sees a hippopotamus. The real star of this period, however, is the ox. Whole herds of oxen are portrayed, accompanied by sheep and goats driven by herdsmen and dogs, and their mottled hides, ears, hoofs, and tails are reproduced in the greatest detail. But the most striking feature of these carvings is the enormous variety of horns, some of which even curve forward and downward like an elephant's tusks. This seems to point to very active and varied breeding.

Men are often portrayed in the carvings and paintings of the herdsmen's period, usually naked, but sometimes wearing a loincloth. We see them looking after their animals, taking part in ritual ceremonies, or engaging in domestic chores. A number of scenes point to agriculture, and it seems a fair assumption that cattle breeding was combined with nomadic farming. The main weapon is the bow and arrow, which they must have used either to protect their herds against attack or in occasional raids on other herds. Many of the pictures show them fighting.

It would be a mistake to imagine that there was a sudden transition from the period of the hunters to that of the herdsmen. The cattle breeders almost certainly made their way up from the south-east, and they may well have established some kind of *modus vivendi* with the hunting tribes. The herdsmen themselves could not live without hunting if they wanted to preserve their livestock and at the same time maintain a fairly varied diet. Moreover, the herds had to be protected against wild animals. It is not unlikely that the indigenous hunters became the herdsmen's gauchos and cowboys, especially as about that time the supply of game began to grow scarce. There is certainly no

evidence to show that the herdsmen subdued the hunters by force of arms. There is good reason to suppose, on the other hand, that the conflict was decided by the relative prosperity and security of cattle breeding as against the hand-to-mouth existence of the hunter.

When we come to give a date to the herdsmen's period, we begin to see daylight. Although we still have a great deal to learn about the early history of domestic animals, it is believed that between the fifth and the fourth millenniums cattle breeding was introduced, by way of the Bab el Mandeb at the southern end of the Red Sea, into Africa, and from there into Egypt and the Sudan. This does not, of course, rule out the possibility that an indigenous species of wild cattle became domesticated and that these were the ancestors of the longhorns in the rock carvings.

By the third period the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus have disappeared. The artists confine themselves to antelopes, gazelles, ostriches, giraffes, the small Berber lions, and mouflons. The men carry shields, lances, and spears. Both animals and men are reproduced almost geometrically, a style that is characteristic of the third period. But the dominant feature is the horse and chariot. The chariots have two or four spoked wheels and are drawn by two or four horses, which are always at a gallop. The axle carries a platform to which a shaft is fixed. The driver stands with the reins in his hand. Most of the pictures show war or hunting chariots, but there seems little doubt that chariots were also the normal form of transport.

Toward 1700 B.C., the Hyksos, an Asiatic people, invaded the Nile Valley and liquidated the Egyptian Middle Kingdom. It took the Egyptians almost a century and a half to put their house in order again. The Hyksos invasion brought about a revolution in Egypt. The "Princes of the Strange Lands" had brought horses and chariots with them. Whether they found their way westward into Libya is not known. But it has been established that the Libyans, who were constantly raiding Egypt's western border, were using horses in the thirteenth century B.C. A text of the New Kingdom mentions that Pharaoh's soldiers in a skirmish in 1229 B.C. captured fourteen single-span chariots from a Libyan chief and his sons.

Such evidence as there is suggests that the horse and chariot reached the countries west of Egypt not from the Nile Valley but from the north. In the closing centuries of the second millennium, a wave of so-called maritime peoples broke over the Mediterranean from the Black Sea. They probably landed in Cyrenaica and were responsible for pushing the Libyans eastward against Egypt. It is quite possible that the Garamanti, who were

white and were keen warriors, formed part of this invasion. This would explain the Mediterranean features in the Garamanti rock carvings: the new male and female fashions (tunics for men, short bell-shaped dresses for girls, long dresses for women), the narrow thighs and broad shoulders of the charioteers, the horses in full gallop.

The one-humped camel is the most characteristic feature of the pictures of the second epoch. Compared with the masterpieces of the hunters and herdsmen, most of the camel drawings are poor. From an archaeological viewpoint, however, they are extremely interesting.

At what stage the camel first appeared in the Sahara is not known. Camel bones have been found amongst early Stone Age remains, and the patina and vitality of some camel pictures seem to place them in the herdsmen's, or even the hunters', period. But in neither case is the evidence conclusive. The champions of the African camel find it hard to explain why there are no references to it in literature. The Egyptian texts and monuments include not a single camel. At the same time, none of the ancient authors omits to write about the horse and the part it plays in war and desert life.

The first mention of the camel on African soil is in the account of Caesar's African War. In 46 B.C., at Thapsus, Caesar defeated Juba, the ally of his enemy Pompey. Part of the booty captured by the Romans was twenty-two dromedaries. In the course of the next few centuries, the camel population of North Africa increased substantially. In the fourth century A.D., the town of Tripoli contributed 4000 camels toward a campaign against its enemies.

The horse was gradually superseded by the camel. The chariot appears to have fallen out of use before the camel appeared, but the horse survived for some time after that. There is no evidence that a horse-breeding and horse-riding people was driven out or subdued by camel riders. Not a single rock carving so far found shows a meharist in combat with a horseman. The camel was simply more suited to the desert than the horse was.

The rock pictures of camels frequently carry inscriptions. The symbols belong to Libyan-Berber script systems derived from the Punic-Phoenician script which was in use throughout the Mediterranean when Carthage was at the height of its power. Tifinagh, the script of the Tuareg language, is particularly in evidence.

The chronological classification into periods — the hunter, the herdsman, the horse, and the camel — is, of course, largely relative. Pictures of horses and chariots are older than camel pictures and more recent than those depicting cattle. Scholars

have also worked out an absolute time schedule based on the knowledge that the hunters were in their heyday from 5000 to 3500 B.C. and the herdsmen from 3500 to 1000 B.C. In the last millennium B.C., horse-driven chariots were racing across the Sahara. The camel appeared at about the beginning of the Christian era. The Arab hordes, who invaded the desert in the seventh and eleventh centuries, dealt the art of rock carving, which in any case was on the decline, its death blow. They destroyed, pillaged, and converted in the name of the all-merciful God and His Prophet, who teaches: "Oh, ye faithful, forsooth, wine, games, pictures, and lotteries are abominable works of Satan."

Reliable data on the hunters' and herdsmen's periods are almost nonexistent. Some archaeologists, including Lhote, believe that the first rock carvings date from several millenniums earlier, but it has now been fairly well established that they do not go back beyond the beginning of the early Stone Age. In other words, the oldest of them are about 10,000 years younger than the paintings in the Grotto of Lascaux, the "Sistine Chapel of Ice Age art."

I ENVIED Michel Turland his find, a magnificent rhinoceros carved deep and firmly in the rock. The animal is about a yard high; from its stubby tail to the points of its powerful, vicious-looking horn it measures two yards. It is carved on the lower half of the rock face in a slanting, climbing position. The hind legs are like great pillars, whereas the fore legs are almost like a piglet's.

The previous evening, shortly before nightfall, I had arrived at the platinum miners' camp. The dry valley, filled with tents, lies about 3000 feet above sea level and takes its name from the black granite mountains that border it: Oued Tihaliouine. An ordinary map of the Hoggar gives no indication that there is any human habitation in this area. The camp existed only on the maps of the General Staff and the headquarters of the Algerian Office for Ore Prospecting, as a tiny green flag which now and then was moved a few centimeters.

Before sunrise, Turland, one of the prospectors, woke me up, and tingling with cold we walked a short distance up the valley. The mountains, which a few moments before had been dark and menacing, were now flaming scarlet. We arrived at the rock face just in time. The first rays of the rising sun were shining through a gap in the mountains on the solitary rhinoceros.

A closer examination of the rock and its surroundings showed that the first impression was somewhat deceptive. The rhinoceros dominates its whole environment, but it is not alone. At its

feet a second animal, which is an exact copy but only a quarter of the size, is cut in the rock. And between the back of the smaller animal and the neck of the giant, a third is just visible. The body and legs are barely discernible. The head was obviously carved, then erased, for the rock has been rubbed smooth. This animal, which is somewhat smaller than the second, is hardly recognizable, but is almost certainly another rhinoceros.

Over the stone run vertical columns of Tifinagh script of various lengths, some of them across the outlines of the large rhinoceros. Tifinagh, the ancient script of the Tuareg, has one peculiarity: it can be written and read in any direction, from left to right or right to left, from top to bottom or the reverse, and even in a circle. Presumably the inscriptions on this particular stone are in an archaic Tifinagh, which is midway between a conventional script and hieroglyphics. These inscriptions, which are to be found on innumerable rocks in the Tuareg country, are for the most part untranslatable. Just around the corner, on the north side of the rock, is a camel with Tifinagh symbols. The carving is stilted, small, and stylized. Over thin legs and a squarish body, the hump rears up like a pyramid.

There are more carvings in the immediate vicinity. A fourth rhinoceros on a piece of granite is small, beautifully preserved, but not particularly graceful; on a stone is an animal difficult to identify, possibly a gazelle or antelope, only lightly cut, barely visible, and obviously the work of an undistinguished artist.

Michel Turland had found this batch of carvings quite by chance two weeks before, while on a brief reconnaissance trip. Since then, he had spent every free moment searching the rocks in the neighborhood — without the slightest success, he told me. There was no trace of carving implements, only a few remnants of prehistoric pottery, most of them decorated and delicately patterned with bone awl, engraving tool, comb, or nails. But no one is interested in such fragments. The Hoggar is full of them. Anyone with the necessary endurance could collect tons of them.

I went back to look at the rhinoceros when the sun was at its zenith. The rock was the color of honey, and the carving could now be seen in all its beauty. I felt quite certain that originally there had been only this one animal on the rock; all the other works are from later periods and by different hands. The patina of the outlines of the two smaller animals is much lighter, and the incisions are not so deep. The Tifinagh inscriptions, which also seemed to have been added later, probably at the same time as the camel on the north side, are not cut but are punched in the rock.

That evening, shortly before sunset, I saw the

rhinoceros from a new angle and in a new light. I had spent the afternoon, internally hot as it was, with the platinum prospectors. When evening came, I wandered back to the rhinoceros, but not up the floor of the valley as before; this time I made my way along about thirty yards above the valley. The granite mountains opposite were red-dish gold. Three black goats, wild and emaciated, trailed gigantic shadows across the dry flat ground below. A narrow strip in the middle of the wadi, where the bleached sand still retained some moisture from the last fall of rain, stood out green and fresh. The orange-yellow and bottle-green tents under the twisted acacias looked in the clear evening light like a holiday camp, not a prospectors' base.

With this panorama before me, I realized how much is lost if one sees the rhinoceros only from close at hand. One has to look at it from a distance to become aware of how magnificently it blends with the landscape.

In the middle of the wadi, a sort of rocky plateau rises out of the alluvial rubble which fills the rest of the valley. This small plateau is roughly circular in shape and surrounded by large boulders. From the center towers the sculptured rock.

The whole setting reminds one of Stonehenge, although here there is no question of a deliberate arrangement of the rocks in some artistic formation. Moreover, in the case of Stonehenge, the stones must have been brought from as much as a hundred and fifty miles away; the island of rocks in the Oued Tihaliouine is an accident of nature, an example of the artistry of erosion. It is all that remains of the granite barrier through which the wadi slowly and relentlessly broke its way. And there is also a considerable time gap between the two monuments. Only the oldest parts of Stonehenge go back to the early Stone Age. If, as I believe, the rhinoceros dates from the period of the hunters, then when Stonehenge was erected the rhinoceros must have been centuries, and possibly even thousands of years, old. But both Stonehenge and the rhinoceros rock have one thing in common: both are clearly linked with the sun. On June 21, the first ray of the sun falls on the altar stone; in the Oued Tihaliouine the first ray touches the rhinoceros about the time of the winter solstice.

Other signs of sun worship have been found in the Sahara. Yolande Tschudi speaks of a place called Ti Bedjadj in Tassili, where two footprints are hewn in the rock, together with other indentations. Obviously, this had originally been a place of sacrifice. The Ajjer-Tuareg still pour milk over the rock face and smear it with butter, which explains why the stone looks so smooth and shiny. Asked to explain this ritual, the natives merely shrug

their shoulders. It has simply been practiced since time immemorial. But one fact they are aware of: that in summer this particular stone catches the first rays of the rising sun.

FIRST Lieutenant Montagné is the S.A.S. officer in the oil town Edjeleh. The S.A.S. officers I had already met in the course of my journey formed an elite of which France could be proud. Without exception they were "men against the desert," cultured, sincere in their affection for the natives, not a military so much as a social elite. S.A.S. stands for "Section Administrative Spécialisée." This corps of administrators is a product of the Algerian War. In areas with a predominantly peasant population, the S.A.S. officers are available, often at the risk of their lives, to render all kinds of services. They are expected to be familiar with the local land register, to be able to lay out a palm grove, to deal with irrigation questions, and to know all about cattle breeding. In other words, they have to solve all the problems that arise, day in, day out, in a population that is both sedentary and nomadic.

That Sunday morning at Edjeleh, Lieutenant Montagné was anxious to show me his treasures. Yet, when we set out it was not in the direction of Gour Laoud, twenty-five miles away, where the rock carvings had become a permanent attraction for visiting oilmen. Instead, the jeep clambered up through the rocky hills behind the camp. The sandstone ridge is broken every now and then by a long tongue of sand that runs down like a glacier. We made our way up one of these, higher and higher into the mountains. The weird shapes of the sandstone, each one a fresh source of surprise, are mostly wrought by the wind. I got out and examined two rocks which were so close together that they looked like the walls of a huge tunnel. For thousands of years the wind has whistled through this cavity like water through a spout. A column of rock immediately in front has been polished as smooth as a billiard ball by the action of wind and sand. But we did not spend much time on these quirks of nature. "Just round the corner" (my companion had his own peculiar method of finding his way about the desert) we would come upon the first carvings.

There are, in fact, two collections, about two minutes apart by car, but otherwise identical. A long reef, corroded by wind and weather, rears up from the ocean of sand. It is covered with carvings. There must be hundreds of figures cut into the rock, without order or pattern: oxen — many oxen — antelopes, gazelles, a small lion, ostriches, and little men, about the size of dinner plates, with

round heads, hunting the ostriches. Some of the animals, an elephant and a rhinoceros amongst them, are unfinished. Most of the carvings are of medium size, and there is no patina; the incisions are the same color as the rock. It is just as if these rocks had been used as a sort of communal sketch-book by a large group of herdsmen-artists. One of the sculptors, however, had a style of his own: in carving animals he turned the hind legs, sometimes even all four legs and the tail, into wind-blown flags — a mannerism not without elegance and grace.

One feature of both collections that particularly struck me was the remains of an overhang of rock. Both cave dwellings, for that was almost certainly their original function, lie, rather surprisingly, on the windward side. The wind, which always blows from the same direction, has played havoc with the carvings, and the overhang has been whittled away to a mere stump of rock. I was immediately reminded of the southern façade of the Roman triumphal arch at Orange in the Rhone Valley; there, too, the reliefwork has been sadly worn by the moist sea wind.

Could it be that, when these rock cavities were inhabited, the prevailing wind came from another direction? Or were the Stone Age people forced to make do with any shelter, however uncomfortable, that nature provided?

Lieutenant Montagné had left me to satisfy my own curiosity and had begun to burrow in the sand a short distance from the cliffs. Suddenly he called me over. An enormous skull had appeared, bleached and corroded. We spent the next half hour tracing the backbone. It was a good twenty yards long.

"A whale fossil," he said unhesitatingly. It sounded ridiculous. A whale in the middle of sand which in two hours' time would be too hot to touch with one's bare hands? And yet before long I found myself accepting the idea.

During the millions of centuries of the earth's history, the desert has several times been flooded, either partially or entirely, by the sea. For a long time the Sahara was, in fact, considered to be a dried-up ocean bed; a theory based on the association of desert sand with a seashore. The salt lakes and swamps in the desert, so-called *shotts*, were taken to be the last remains of the sea, which the sun had not yet evaporated. The modern geologist will laugh at you if you come out with this old wives' tale, yet as recently as thirty years ago, reports of a "Sea of Timbuktu" were being seriously investigated.

In 1899, the botanist Auguste Chevalier was wandering around the Timbuktu area, when to his surprise he found a snail's shell in the sand. His surprise was understandable: this particular

species of snail lives only in the sea. The natives were completely baffled by the foreign visitor's excitement. They showed him places where he found other shells, some of which belonged to a second maritime species. Chevalier published a report of his discovery in 1901 and came to the conclusion that in the Quaternary period, less than 800,000 years ago, the sea had advanced as far as Timbuktu. As Timbuktu today is almost a thousand miles from the Atlantic coast, this theory caused a considerable sensation. Other scientists, who regarded Chevalier as a charlatan and made on-the-spot investigations, also found snails' shells of the same species, but the sheer quantity of them strengthened their suspicion that this was not the work of nature.

It was not until 1935, however, that these suspicions were finally confirmed. Theodore Monod collected 10,133 shells and examined each one separately. The result: these shells were a form of currency brought by caravan from Mauretania to Timbuktu. Oddly enough, they show no signs of wear; presumably they were exchanged only in bulk. The exchange value of each shell seems to have been very low, and on the Atlantic coast they were passed from hand to hand in quantity. Toward the end of the Middle Ages they went out of circulation, when caravans from Morocco started trading in cowrie shells from the Indian Ocean, which the Venetians had built up to one of their major exports. Timbuktu adopted the new currency and joined the cowrie area. And one result of this currency reform was that the old coinage was buried, though whether spontaneously or on the orders of some finance minister is not known.

Once the myth of the "Sea of Timbuktu" was exploded, all hope of tracing a Quaternary sea in the Sahara disappeared. The last time the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Guinea formed one ocean across the Sahara was in the Upper Chalk Age, perhaps seventy million years ago, when the primeval rocks of the Hoggar Mountains were washed by its waves.

Lieutenant Montagné's whale may, therefore, have had its place in the prehistoric desert. That it lies, so to speak, on the doorstep of Stone Age man is a rather whimsical trick of nature, a joke without any real point. The whale had been dead about eighty million years when a Neolithic flint made the first incision in the rock. We searched the area around the skeleton and unearthed gigantic fossilized mussels and fins.

"This makes me feel like a plate of *bouillabaisse*," said Lieutenant Montagné ironically, but not without a certain nostalgia. For a moment the man of the Sahara had become a Frenchman from the Midi again, whose mouth watered at the very thought of sea fish in saffron sauce.

ALBERT CAMUS

IN THE SUN

BY BLANCHE KNOPF

Ever since the founding of their firm, Blanche and Alfred A. Knopf have been a brilliantly successful team in the world of books. They began together in October, 1915; BLANCHE KNOPF ran the office, and through her sympathetic reading she discovered and helped to develop many of their European authors. She became vice president in 1921, and president of the firm in 1957, a unique record in publishing.



I MET him first in Paris in the early days of June, 1945. He had published *The Stranger*, which I had read and arranged to publish in America, and was about to complete *The Plague* (of which my office once queried: "A book about rats?"). He was thirty-one years old and had worked in the French Resistance all during the Occupation. The first group to edit *Combat*, the heroic four-page manuscript-size Resistance newspaper, had been caught by the Gestapo and put to death. Camus joined the second group at the end of 1942 and stayed with it until 1947. In those hazardous years, some of his finest editorials were printed in the Underground print shop, which had to move almost every night. He helped deliver the newspaper himself, on a bicycle, sometimes dressed as a nun, sometimes as a priest, sometimes as a young boy, and sometimes in other disguises. The best of the editorials, those he wished to preserve, appeared later in a three-volume work entitled *Actuelles*, and our company will publish selections from them under the title *Resistance, Rebellion and Death*.

Camus was born of the sun and always had a yearning to be in it. He was neither tall nor short, was thin, with a very high forehead, a long, narrow face, and fine, regular features. I thought him beautiful. He was not dark because he had been

Photograph of Albert Camus at Stockholm courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf.

born in the sun, nor was he fair, nor was he even olive. He was of a color most difficult to describe, and of a rare neatness.

I remember that for many years he would go back to the south in the summers and get himself a little stone house at Cagnes. Cagnes, situated between the Mediterranean and the Alpes-Maritimes, is high, a very old village with old stone houses, and his house was the highest he could find. There was sun, and he could get down to the sea.

His mother, Katharine, was the great passion of his life. She was his most beloved lady, and he went to see her in Algiers, where he was born, as often as he possibly could, and this was often, especially when there were great troubles in Algiers.

In those early days of our first meetings, I had a sense of his greatness. In spite of his youth and the small amount of his production, his outlook on the world we were then in (three weeks after the end of the European war) was enough to show me his greatness as a philosopher and as a humanist. That he was a writer, I knew. In short, I believed in him from the very beginning.

We saw much too little of each other then. He was working on *Combat*. I was seeing his young friends, and I was also seeing Jean-Paul Sartre, André Gide, and others. After going on to Germany to do various things, I came back and saw

Camus again, and was more and more impressed by this brilliant young man.

We met again in Paris in early 1946, and then he came to the United States for the first time — and the last — in March of that year. He lectured. He spent a great deal of time in Greenwich Village amusing himself. Camus could not have been the great man he was had he not been gay and happy and liked jazz and the things that appeal to youth. It seemed to me, watching him, that he embodied all that the youth of our era needed to emulate. In June, 1946, upon his return to France, he started working as an editor at Gallimard, his publisher; he continued with that firm until his death.

Our understanding, I believe, started from our first meeting at the Ritz in Paris in those June days shortly after the Liberation. The sky was blue and the nights were purplish and the Place Vendôme looked a dream, and the French women went clacking about in their wooden shoes and cotton dresses, made out of curtains or whatever there was, and looked enchanting. There were no automobiles except army cars, and everyone rode about on bicycles. Within that changing, transient Paris there was established between us a trust and an honesty I have rarely felt with anyone else. I knew when he said something that it was so. When he recommended a book, it was worth the most serious consideration.

After his brief visit to New York I saw him at least twice a year, when I was in Paris. We never had very long sessions together, an hour or two several times, but they were intense and complete with understanding.

It was curious that he and I should have transacted a great deal of our business in the corridor of the Ritz Hotel in Paris. The corridor, with its deeper room in the center, is a teatime place for frivolous ladies and has always been this. But in the mornings there is no one there, and Camus and I would sit at the corridor end of the great room with no one around, discuss and transact and decide. This may seem a strange way to do business, and indeed it was. But it was not alone doing business; it was first getting to know one another, and then, as our relationship became much closer, discussing the ideas for his books. We drank coffee, bourbon, or Badois, and he smoked his elegant boxed Gauloises and I my Chesterfields, both of us incessantly. He carried a small notebook, and everything was put in it.

We talked about his writing, his future, his past, his plans, young writers in France, Pasternak, English writers, American writers, ourselves, everything, in these curious sessions we had together. We seldom talked about politics. I always had a feeling of being with a very close and

intimate friend. I believe this was true. Camus said it very often himself. I remember once, in August, 1956, flying from New York to Nice for a brief swimming holiday and stopping on the way back in Paris. At that time of year there is not even a *mouche* in Paris, but Camus was there rehearsing *Requiem for a Nun*, which he had adapted from Faulkner's novel, and during this visit we saw each other several hours each day. At that time I was worried about the gap between his last book, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, and *Exile and the Kingdom*, which was to be seven long stories connected in theme. They were not all ready, but one called *The Fall* had been completed. We discussed backward and forward whether this should be published by itself, in order to bridge the gap until the appearance of *Exile*, or whether it was too short for publication by itself. We finally decided Yes, we would publish it alone. He went off and made further corrections in his minute and precise handwriting and gave me the manuscript. He wrote the jacket copy in my little sitting room at the Ritz, worked out publication plans for the book, and I brought it back to New York with me. It is one of his finest. To date it has sold just under fifty thousand copies in our edition.

Sometime in 1948 or 1949, when I was in Paris, Camus desperately wanted an American raincoat and drew a picture of himself with all the necessary measurements. When I returned to New York, I went to Brooks Brothers, handed over the drawing, and said I wanted a raincoat for a Frenchman and these were the measurements. Paying no attention to the sketch, the charming salesman turned up with seven Frenchmen, all clerks, short, wide, tall, thin, none of them bearing any resemblance to Camus's measurements. We finally found a young American who looked about right. The raincoat was bought, although I had failed to ask Camus whether he wanted a heavy or a light one, I discovered, and it was sent over in due course. This, curiously enough, is the famous raincoat that he wore when Cartier-Bresson took the fine photograph used so widely in connection with the publication and promotion of *The Fall* in early 1957.

AGAIN, in November, 1956, I happened to be in Paris. It was a bad moment. The Hungarian revolt was going on, and intellectuals in Budapest sent messages to Camus beseeching him for help. Although he was working, he dropped everything. It meant getting messages quickly to writers all over the world, asking them to join in pleading the cause of these unfortunates. The efforts were of no avail, but a curious thing happened. The

young intellectuals in Paris became Camus's slaves. They took more of his time, time that he needed to devote to his writing, and he gave it willingly. This was always true of Camus. He was indeed "the conscience of our generation," a phrase repeated so often that I dislike using it again, but I must. It is true. From the beginning I had believed this about him. He, in turn, trusted me as people rarely trust one another. We seemed almost always to agree, and I admit I did pressure him to go on with his writing; knowing how slowly he wrote and how tiring it was for him, I resented anything that took him away from it. Always there was the feeling that there was too little time for him.

Another indelible memory of Camus is of August, 1957. I was in Stockholm, and the gossip was of nothing but who would win the Nobel Prize for Literature that year. Many names were tossed about, and once I caught that of Albert Camus and asked whether there could be any such possibility. People shrugged their shoulders and knew nothing, of course. When I returned to Paris I mentioned this to Camus. We both laughed — it seemed impossible to us. I will never forget the evening the news came through that indeed Albert Camus had won the Nobel Prize.

Camus was the eleventh Nobel Prize winner to be published by us, and I decided to go to Stockholm for the ceremonies for the first time. I went to Paris a little before the date we had to be in Stockholm, hoping to fly from there to the Swedish capital. But there was a cotton fog, and the two Gallimards, who were going by train with their wives, and Camus were all afraid I would be stuck in Paris, so I took the boring two-nights-and-a-day Nord Express with them. We left Saturday night at eight and arrived on a freezing Monday morning at eight. I was very grateful to have a red-carpet gentleman traveling with us, because the snow was cold and damp, and we could actually walk on a red carpet when we arrived. We were picked up just outside of Copenhagen, where Otto Lindhardt, head of Gyldendal, Camus's Danish publisher (whom he had never met, but who is a friend of mine), gave a small, gay dinner party. Then we boarded the train for Stockholm. The Swedes are enchanting people, but extremely formal, and the welcome at the Stockholm station with the French ambassador and other officials, early in the morning, was quite impressive.

It was a crowded week for poor Camus. He had no time to himself whatever, and on the great day, Tuesday, the tenth of December, the anniversary of Alfred Nobel's death, festivities started at half past three in the afternoon — white tie, full decorations for the men, and long white satin for the

ladies — in the concert hall, where the awards are made, each preceded by a long speech. Then to the magnificent town hall — evening slippers in the snow. The King and Queen and the whole court were present; there was a long dinner, quite magnificent; and then the various speeches of the prize winners, the last and longest always being given by the winner of the Prize for Literature. Camus's is one of the great speeches of our time and very much embodies his thinking, his character, and his beliefs.

On that great evening of the tenth of December, one of the most beautiful sights was that of the students of Stockholm, who came in after the banquet, after the speeches. We were all on the balcony, looking down on a scene of splendor: young girls in pink, pale-green, and blue tulle dancing with young students in blue uniforms with white-lined capes, and, of course, our young Albert Camus was cha-cha-chaing with the best of them all night. This is part of what made him so beloved by everyone — the combination of the great writer, the great humanist, and his love for youth and gaiety. I do not believe he could have been the man he was without that love.

The days were filled with receptions, lunches, dinners, and high spirits, but Camus had to make speeches and was beset on every side. His week ended with a trip to Uppsala University, where he gave his final, very long address. I must add that during that week he was heckled by young Algerian students, but he never lost patience. He spoke to the high school students, who asked why the war had gone on, why this, and why that. He took all these young people very seriously and answered them with great care.

Weeks before the actual presentation, in Paris, Camus was approached by every kind of person for articles, photographs, books, every conceivable kind of work. Everyone wanted to see him, to shake his hand, to get a glimpse of him. In restaurants people said, "There he is, the Nobel Prize winner."

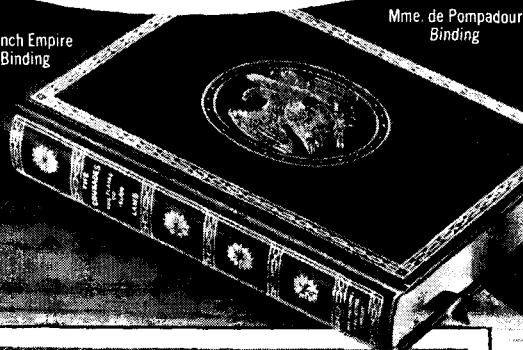
But we did manage to get two hours together in my tiny room at the Grand Hotel, where we worked out publication plans for *Exile and the Kingdom* — jacket copy, promotion, all the rest of it. He was shy and extremely modest and was embarrassed by what he regarded as the absurdity of his receiving the Nobel Prize at that time. He stated this over and over again — "I am not ready." But he was.

Camus went into a deep depression in the winter of 1958, from which he emerged after a few months. It was the feeling that he was not worthy, that he had not accomplished what he had wanted to. At forty-four, who has?

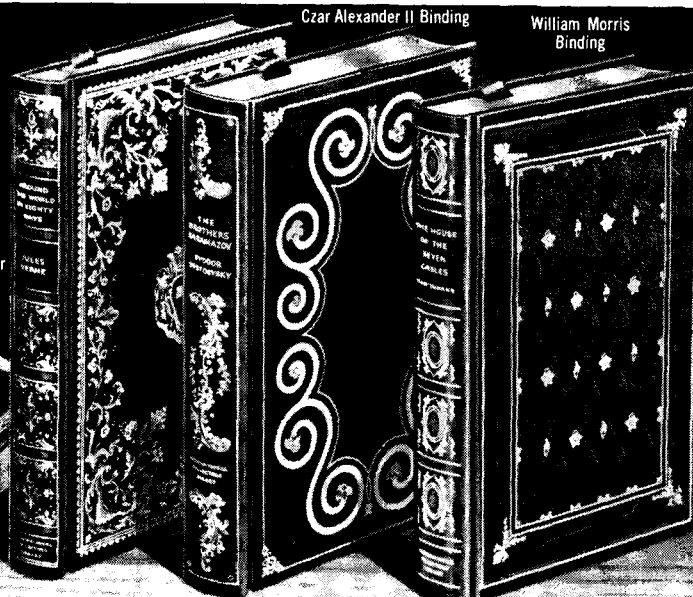
He had for several years been at work on his

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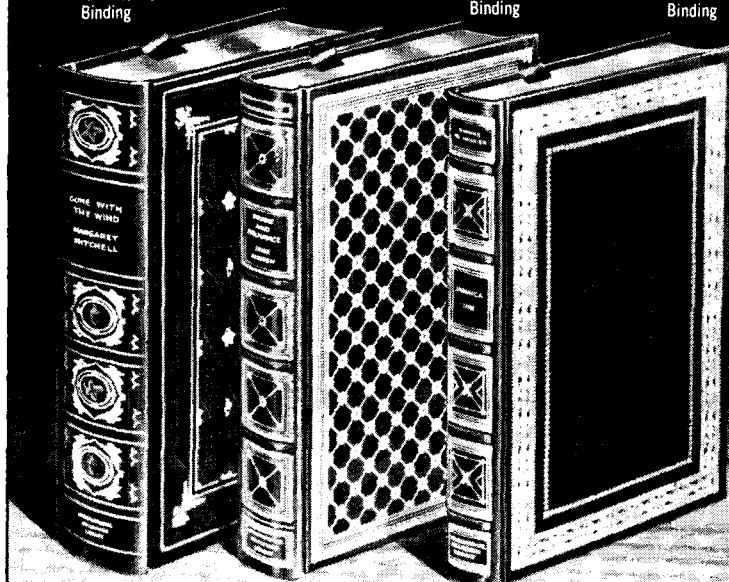
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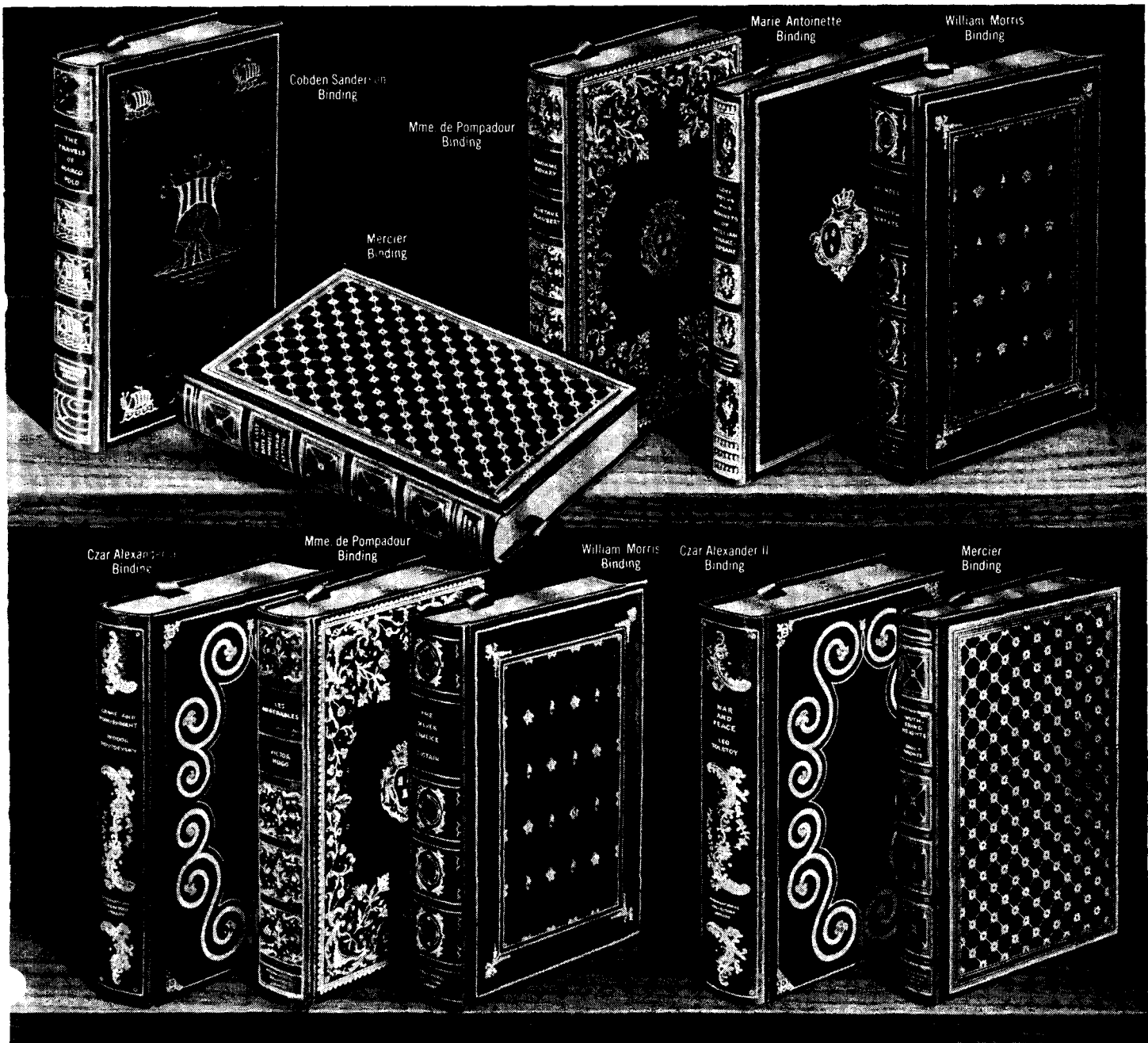
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very big novel, *The First Man*, and he returned to it. Pasternak's *Zhivago* worried him, because he regarded it as a challenge to him to explain his philosophical position to the world. He had torn up a hundred and fifty longhand pages of the new novel, and this meant a year's work down the drain. Camus had not been well as a young man, had recovered, but was never very strong, and time was always of the essence to him.

That winter he had been adapting for the theater Dostoevsky's novel *The Possessed*, which was produced in Paris early in 1959. I believe it is one of the greatest plays in Camus's thinking and words that I have ever seen; much more than a play, because the combination of Dostoevsky and Camus is a perfect marriage. I think it will live as one of the most extraordinary of Camus's works. He was devoted to the theater. "I have one *péché*," he once said to me. And indeed this was true, for it took up a large part of his time.

This love was a passion; he could not, even though perhaps he wanted to at times, keep away from it. This he knew, and this prevented him from writing as much as he really wanted to, because he not only wrote his plays but took over all details of production, direction, and casting.

I remember our meeting for lunch one, to us, quite calm day, May 13, 1958, when he had left a message for me that we had better lunch a little early, at 12:30. When he arrived, he said, "You see, the streets will be barricaded by 2:30, and I must be back at Gallimard's by then, or I will not be able to get through." I had forgotten about the barricades. This was the great May 13 which none of us will forget who lived through it: the street fights that night, and several thousand hurt and killed.

I SAW him several times again, particularly in November, 1959. He had bought a little house at Lourmarin in the Vaucluse. This had been a dream of his. Here he could live quietly and write. It had been a frequent joke between us, because I had begged him to finish *The First Man* so that I could publish it before I was dead — "*a mon âge*." He would laugh and say, "Yes, you will." Indeed, I had a letter from him a fortnight before he was killed, saying:

Je suis à Lourmarin depuis longtemps en plein travail sur *Le Premier Homme* et je n'irai même pas à Paris avant janvier. C'est vous dire qu'il n'est pas question que j'aille à New York pour les répétitions de *Caligula*.

Moi aussi, j'ai regretté de ne pas vous voir à votre retour à Paris. Mais je travaille pour vous parce

que je sais le prix que votre affection attache à ce livre où je suis plongé. Et je pense à vous, comme toujours, de tout coeur.

He had also said, laughingly, "I will come to New York when you publish the book, and we will have ourselves photographed together with the book between us." This was to be his great work. But his great work has been written by him in all of his works, in the deep influence that he has had on the young of every country, and particularly in the United States. And this, I believe, was one of the things he was happiest about. That we could sell a hundred and fifty thousand copies of our Vintage paper edition of *The Stranger* — all, he hoped, to students — and tens of thousands of *The Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Rebel* as well. These are not easy books to read, but they have been read. They are being bought, and will be, I think, for generations to come, because their influence is not only of today. Their impact on youth will continue. All of his books are being discovered by young people each year — *The Stranger*, *The Plague*, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, *The Rebel*, *The Fall*, and *Exile and the Kingdom*.

The absurdity of Camus's death still shocks the world. He had a recurrent dream of sudden death, that it was always there, staring at him. That was the pressure that time put on him. On the other hand, his slow writing and his meticulousness about everything concerning his work contradicted this feeling that time was running out. But his recurring dream came true. Curiously enough, on the third of January, 1960, Camus, who had spent the holidays at Lourmarin, bought himself a ticket for Paris, planning to leave the next morning. But he changed his mind, drove with the Michel Gallimards, and his ticket was found on his body after the accident that killed him.

His death, in my opinion, is the greatest loss to the youth of our world. He was the conscience of the post-war era, and so very much of his work lay ahead of him. And so much of it might have bridged the differences between so many people. As Jean-Paul Sartre said to me a few weeks ago, when I told him what an excellent piece he had written about Camus in *L'Observatoire*, "If we had been left alone a few years, our political differences would have worn themselves out, and we would have been the great friends that we had been before."

To me an era has passed with the death of Camus. His friendship, his trust, his beauty in every respect I will not find again in this world. Our kind of relationship I will not find again. I can only say that to me the absurdity of his death is an instance of the absurdity of the times we are living in.

THE DEATH OF CAMUS

by William Bittner

Scholar and teacher, WILLIAM BITTNER, who is currently Fulbright Professor at the Free University of Berlin, is the author of THE NOVELS OF WALDO FRANK and is at work on a biography of Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Bittner was in France at the time of the death of Albert Camus and has twice since retraced the author's journey from Lourmarin to Paris.

A FEW minutes before two o'clock on the afternoon of January 4, 1960, Madame Choquart of Villeblevin, a village eighteen miles east of Fontainebleau, drew her ancient Peugeot to a halt at the stop sign before entering Route Nationale Number Five. The highway at that point runs nearly three miles in a perfectly straight line, bordered with tall plane trees — a classic example of France's beautiful but somewhat impractical highways.

To Madame Choquart's left the road was clear; off to her right an old man was chugging along on a motor bike, and behind him, coming at a good rate of speed, was a large and luxurious-looking car. As she watched it, the car, which she now realized was moving at *grande vitesse*, seemed to take to the air, wobble crazily on the road, then leap to the right. With a tremendous crash it struck the sturdy trunk of one of the trees and, scattering parts, among them the grille and one front wheel, slewed around and slammed sideways against the next tree.

The silence that followed the two crashes was broken only by the sound of the engine of her own car and an increased whine as the man on the motor bike put on speed. Then a voice called weakly from near the wreckage, a woman's voice, and by the sound she seemed to be calling for a dog.

Traffic always picks up on French highways at two o'clock, the end of the traditional two-hour lunch period, and before long several more motorists had appeared and stopped near the wreck-

age scattered about the grassy roadside. One person hurried off in quest of the police and an ambulance. Two women, who apparently had been tossed from the back of the car in its flight between the two trees, were injured and bleeding, one of them still vaguely seeking her dog; the driver, also thrown clear, was unconscious. But the passenger in the right front seat was dead. After striking the first tree the battered car had swung in such a way that it struck the bole of the second tree squarely on the right front door, killing instantly the only one then still in the car, the Nobel Prize-winning author, Albert Camus.

Although the news spread quickly, details of the accident were scarce and for the most part unreliable. Morning papers the following day featured hastily dished-up tributes to Camus, speculated briefly on the cause of the accident, and reported that Michel Gallimard, driver of the car, was unconscious in the hospital at Villeneuve-la-Guyard and that his wife and daughter, the other passengers, were not severely injured. Camus's body was being sent to his family in the south of France.

By the next day, reporters had followed the body to the starting place of Camus's last journey, and in the absence of any newsworthy statement

from his widow, interviewed the neighbors. Camus's own careful driving was emphasized, and it was reported that his custom, in traveling to Paris, was to drive leisurely to Aix, where he took the train. Since a one-day drive from the Riviera to Paris is not at all out of the ordinary and mention was made in the very first bulletin that Gallimard's car was a Facel Vega, capable of tremendous speed, the impression made by the press was that Camus had reluctantly been talked into accompanying the Gallimards the morning of the accident in a mad dash for Paris, that they had covered the four hundred miles to Sens by lunchtime, and that after eating in a "renowned hostelry" they had rushed on to disaster. Photographs of the wrecked dashboard, with the clock stopped at 1:54, the odometer reading 29,700 kilometers, and the speedometer stuck at 145 kilometers an hour, substantiated the impression.

After Camus's funeral the story was dropped, save for a few lines mentioning the death of Gallimard after he had been moved, in a last-minute effort to save his life, to a larger hospital near Paris. Some commentators in private expressed the charitable view that it was a mercy he did not have to live on in the role of the man who killed Camus.

Police and private agencies have studied the wreckage and the marks on the highway, but while they ponder over conclusions that will be called official, and probably even long after the last dossier is filed in the archives, copy-hungry *littérateurs* will continue to compare Camus's death with that of his hero in *The Stranger*. This parallel of a life cut short by circumstances that irrationally result from a man's impulsive association with people less innocent than he is based on the assumption that Gallimard drove his family and Camus four hundred miles in four hours, and that his recklessness was even more irresponsible because of the bad state of his tires. The truth, as truth often can be, is less dramatic but more mysterious.

THE morning of the first Sunday of 1960, the holiday was close to its end. With the money from his Nobel Prize, Albert Camus had bought a villa in Lourmarin, a region of natural beauty and even climate, north of Marseilles. There he spent every holiday. His modesty and friendliness made him well liked in his village, as his manner — he looked, as someone once said, like a Japanese Humphrey Bogart — was beloved beyond the boundaries of France.

When he strolled through the town that morning of January 3rd with his train ticket to Paris in his pocket, Camus stopped at the local garage,

where the proprietor had been trying to convince him to turn in his old "*traction-avant*" Citroën for the sleek new model, shaped like a streamlined turtle, powerful and comfortable. Camus had some days before tried out the new car, but it had not appealed to him. The garageman nevertheless had made his point; Camus was nearly convinced that he should get rid of his gas-eating old beast in favor of a new car. Power meant nothing to him, for he disliked driving at great speed; the sixty kilometers an hour (38 mph) to which speed is limited in most built-up areas seemed quite enough for him, although he had no objection to going faster when someone else was driving.

It was a car of more conservative design, the Peugeot 403, that the author was discussing in the garage when he was hailed by Michel Gallimard, nephew of his publisher, whom he had not known to be anywhere in the vicinity. Gallimard with his wife and daughter had set out that morning from Cannes, on the Riviera, on their way back to Paris after the New Year's holiday. They had detoured through Lourmarin to pick up Camus and take him with them.

Camus was delighted to see them; indeed, Monsieur Baumas, of the garage, recalls that encountering Gallimard was the peak of a morning in which Camus, always a man of good spirit, was particularly joyful. It was a perfect southern day, the bright blue sky enlivened by high fleecy clouds, the air mild with the promise of spring, in great contrast to the brutal cold and snow of a few weeks before. Yet, when invited to accompany the Gallimards to Paris, Camus declined, explaining that he always went by train, and besides had already bought his ticket; but he walked out to Gallimard's car to greet the two women, and with a new car on his mind, he was interested in taking another look at this one.

Gallimard was driving a Facel Vega, the fastest and most expensive car made in France today. Powered with an American Chrysler engine, it reflects an effort to continue the tradition of the great French automobiles like Bugatti and Talbot Lago, while adapting them to our time of soft springs and easy driving. In the charts of tire pressures that hang in every French garage, the Facel Vega is the sole make that not only requires different pressures front and rear, depending on how many passengers are carried, but also has separate mention that the recommendations are good only "up to 160 km/h" (100 mph). Beyond that speed the manufacturer has special directions, intended, apparently, for racing drivers who take special pains over tires.

Gallimard was well experienced in driving the car. This was the second Facel Vega he had owned, and he had already run it 18,000 miles.

Moreover, experience had made him cautious (his first wife died from injuries suffered in a motor accident), and at the end of 13,000 miles he had replaced the tires. He had gone out of his way to enjoy Camus's company on the trip, and urged him to come along. No one, it seems certain, thought of danger, for their intention was to make a leisurely two-day drive of what is customarily a day's journey, eating at pleasant restaurants and stopping before dusk at a comfortable hotel.

Thus, after some persuasion, Camus gave in, just as any of us, planning to return from a holiday four hundred miles from home, might accept a lift from a friend. He was not, like his hero in *The Stranger*, eager for any distraction at all, but driving with congenial company seemed more pleasant than riding a train alone for nine hours. Moreover, the cuisine of the French National Railways is not what it used to be, and meals in a dining car or from a seat tray contrast sharply with the offerings at the many outstanding restaurants in the Rhone Valley. Between Lourmarin and Paris are five of the eleven restaurants in France that the critical *Guide Michelin* labels "worth the journey"; and other fine restaurants abound.

So Albert Camus was offered the seat next to the driver, and they set out. The secondary road from Lourmarin along the chasm of the Durance River, as far as its intersection with Route Nationale Number Seven, below Avignon, is winding, but a good road for France, where even a main highway can tax the skill of a fast driver. There are many exhilarating straight stretches where one can surge ahead with as much security as on any road in the world and without fear of speed traps, but even the high-speed highways of France pass through many towns, large and small, where motor, bicycle, and foot traffic reduce the pace to a crawl.

EVEN on the highway, one's average speed is always much lower than the speedometer reading on clear stretches would suggest. One sometimes wonders if the French ever abandon a car, not only because of the rarity of automobile graveyards, but also because of the relics chugging along the roads, seldom exceeding thirty miles an hour, even going downhill. Bicycles abound, sometimes blocking one full lane, since, illegal or not, it is more sociable for two to ride side by side. Motor bikes, from ordinary bicycles with a tiny one-cylinder motor attached by a roller to the front wheel to full-fledged motorcycles, claim their share of the road; and as time goes on, more and more cyclists graduate, with not much change in their driving habits, to the two-horsepower Citroën, a car that looks as if it had been made out of

roofing material by a clever child and will do sixty-five or better on the level or downhill but often has trouble reaching thirty-five on an upgrade.

Thus, one idles along on narrow streets, curves, and busy highways behind slow-moving traffic, and in the straight stretches one tries to make up time. It was not late in the morning when the Gallimards and Camus left Lourmarin, but by the time they had circled the walls of Avignon and reached Orange, only fifty miles on their way, it was time for lunch.

In the afternoon they continued on the straight three-lane route up the Rhone, winding through Montélimar and Valence, running straight and wide, with few villages to maneuver, to Vienne, home of La Pyramide, the most famous restaurant in France. But at Vienne, 190 miles along their route, it was too early to stop for the day. They skirted Lyons by the bypass but did not cross the river on the main route. Instead, they took the first cutoff and followed the eastern bank to a little town called Thoissey, with no distinction but a hotel of sixteen rooms that contains one of the fifty-seven two-star restaurants in France.

The Chapon Fin in one more day would close for its month-long annual vacation. It is famous for creamed capon, frogs' legs sauté, and dessert pancakes, and since it is in the heart of the Beaujolais, a few miles south of Mâcon, its wines are naturally superb. There the Gallimards and Camus spent the night. In the morning they breakfasted on coffee and croissants, paid the bill (less than fifteen dollars for the four of them), and were on their way again.

The whole of the previous day they had gone only a trifle over two hundred miles, a quite moderate average which one can easily make without exceeding and rarely reaching one hundred kilometers an hour; they could have done it, although not so comfortably, in a two-horsepower Citroën. On the fourth they made a little better time, probably because Monday is a good day to travel. It is, for many French shops, a holiday, yet it is free of the Sunday drivers who are still a menace on French roads. After they crossed the Saône at Mâcon and traveled up the Quai Jean Jaurès on Route Nationale Six, they drove one hundred eighty miles before stopping.

Skirting the railway at Tournus, through Chalon-sur-Saône, they wound up into the hills to Saulieu and passed the door of the Côte d'Or, one of the eleven best restaurants in France. And at Avallon they turned into the Rue Carnot and went on toward Paris instead of continuing to Monsieur Hure's Poste restaurant. By a picturesque but narrow, curving road they reached and skirted the center of Auxerre, crossed the

Yonne at Joigny, and drove on to Sens, four hundred miles from Lourmarin, five hundred eighteen from Cannes, for an average of less than forty-five miles per hour while they were traveling.

The Hotel Paris et Poste in Sens is a beautiful and comfortable place, in sight of the Cathédrale St. Étienne and on the main highway between Paris and Burgundy. Its cuisine has won two stars from the *Guide Michelin*, with special mention of its Burgundian snails, grilled sausages, and skewered fowl. But it is best to eat lightly when traveling, and considering that the noonday meal is the main one in France, the two courses, dessert, and coffee, accompanied by a bottle of Beaujolais and one of mineral water shared among the Gallimards and Camus, were very modest. Even so light a meal takes, in a good restaurant, the best part of an hour, however, and Gallimard may have been impatient when, after one o'clock, he started up the Rue du General LeClerc. He surely gave the tires no more than a glance. Was the left rear inflated to the thirty-four pounds required to carry four passengers at a speed of up to one hundred miles an hour? But since, before leaving Sens, he had the tank filled with gasoline, the attendant surely would have noticed had the tire seemed unusually low.

North from Sens, Route Nationale Five curves into St. Denis, then runs straight to Villeperrot, where it kinks and is crossed by an overhead pass; and after Pont-sur-Yonne it wavers around some towns and passes through others. Then, outside Champigny-sur-Yonne, it enters into a straight, old, but quite smooth stretch, bordered with massive plane trees. There Gallimard pressed down the accelerator and took the center of the road.

AS RECONSTRUCTED by journalists for the French magazine *L'Automobile*, two features of the road, the massive trees and a concrete curb at the side of the road, made international tragedy out of what might have been just another flat tire. For some sixty yards after the left rear tire blew, the rim of that wheel cut into the asphalt. Gallimard fought a winning battle to keep the car on the road, and at least part of the time he was braking. But the right front wheel entered a drainage channel crossing the curb nearly five yards from the tree, and the car was pulled along with it. The impact spun the car into the next tree with such force that the engine and gearbox flew out, and the frame curled around the tree until the right

front wheel nearly touched the rear, with the door beside Camus at the center of the bend.

From pictures in the French press of the speedometer stuck at 145 kilometers an hour, most people have assumed that the car was traveling much faster when the tire exploded; and since, to cause such damage, the car must have been traveling well over Gallimard's usual speed the previous day, it seems reasonable that he was driving too fast. But life is not a detective story in which the victim's watch faithfully stops at the moment of violence. If the impact was severe enough to tear the gearbox, to which the speedometer cable was attached, from the car, it could have sent the needle in any direction.

Moreover, it is easy to assume in this case a speed of one hundred miles an hour on a few miles' straightaway not far from the crowded suburbs of Paris if one starts with the premise that the entire trip from Lourmarin was done in one morning at an average of ninety or more miles an hour; but how explain it in view of the leisurely rate at which the journey was actually traveled? Did a good lunch give Gallimard too high spirits? Did he lose his temper over the stubborn and thoughtless bicyclists returning to work after their lunches in Champigny or the Chaumonts? Had there been a particularly slow truck driver or an excruciatingly arrogant woman wheeling her baby buggy down the middle of the road? These are all common enough events to explain why Gallimard, after four hundred and fifty prudent miles, suddenly became reckless.

In the numerous articles about Camus following the tragedy were many references to the uselessness of his death, the utter senselessness of it, as in the death of his hero Meursault in *The Stranger*. But Camus was no stranger; he understood the world he lived in and risked his life on the highway with more consciousness than do most of us every day. If he had been killed, as he well might have been, in the Resistance, it would have been meaningful. But by being the gentle creature who was Albert Camus, seeing friendship clearly enough to obscure the dangers of living in the twentieth century, he died as any less thoughtful person might. He, more than anyone else, pointed out the gamble that is involved in living in the twentieth century, and though the events that took his life could have brought about the meaningless death of a nobody, they happened to be equally appropriate — and just as effective — for the death of a real somebody. And, in the infinitely apt French language, *la mort de quelqu'un* can mean either.



A HOLIDAY at home, in the winter-time, might well become an occasion, along toward noon, for a venture with sauterne, a neglected and often underrated wine which has long seemed to me uniquely interesting and rewarding. Few households use it at all, yet at the right moment no other wine can take its place.

Sauterne, in the period since Repeal, seems to have declined in popularity, more or less in proportion to the rise in the prestige of the word "dry." Everything must be dry or extra dry, with all drinks headed for an absolute of dryness. But sauterne remains outside this movement, a nonconformist, stubbornly on the sweet side and, as such, for most tastes too sweet for preceding or accompanying a meal. Since dessert wines have never gained much of a place at the American table, sauterne is a wine without a following. There seems to be no occasion for it.

Now, all this may be true enough, but the fact is sauterne needs no occasion. A fine sauterne is itself the occasion, and the sampling of it and, ideally, the chance to compare it with one or two others can be as pleasant an experience as one could wish. It is not the wine to accompany something to eat; the edibles — and the simpler they are, the better — are simply a foil for the

wine. Plain saltine crackers will do; a creamy old Cheddar, or the imported Bel Paese (to which the domestic version seems sadly inferior), or a Munster — any of these will fit, provided the host has the forethought to get it out of the refrigerator the night before and let it reach room temperature.

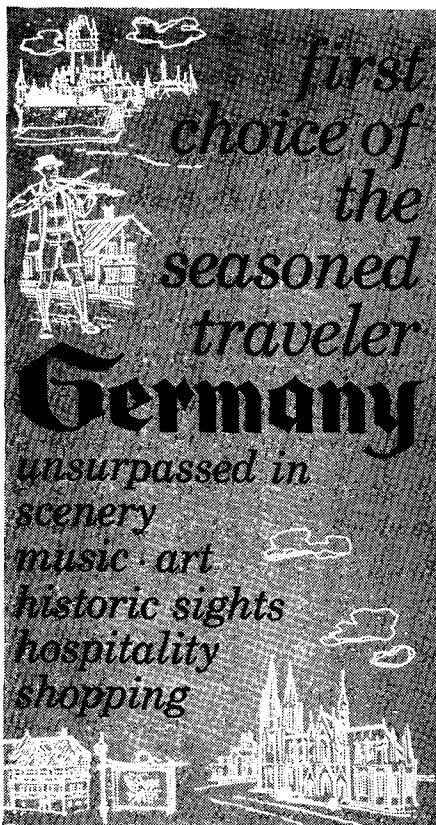
If one is striking up an acquaintanceship with sauterne for the first time, a safe way is to begin at the top and experiment, subsequently, on the way down. That is how it happened to us, back in the mid-thirties, when a departing guest pressed on us a bottle of Chateau d'Yquem. It sat on a shelf in the worst possible storage conditions for a year or so, and I put it on ice one night as my wife and I were setting out for the theater. We happened to have a quarter-pound jar of caviar on hand, and around midnight we sat down to this, with buttered toast and the Yquem. I am still awed in recalling the perfection of the wine, its deep golden color, its speckless brilliance, and the distinction of its bouquet and flavor. A fine sauterne is tough; one gets the impression of an almost indestructible quality that enables its subtlest virtues to withstand any amount of mistreatment. I am sure that the Yquem, that night back in the thirties, was the best wine I have ever tasted or ever will taste.

As a wine in limited supply and regarded as pre-eminent throughout the world, Chateau d'Yquem of any year is expensive, but it certainly ought to be tried from time to time as a check on all others. Below it, yet still profoundly satisfying, are other chateau-bottled sauternes, and one which we have found dependable, in the middle price range, is Chateau La Tour Blanche. "Dependable" in this case means a wine that is good in an indifferent or even a bad year, wonderful in a good year, and indescribably fine in a great year. It means, also, fidelity, year after year, to the standards that made its reputation — no short cuts, no false enlargement of the supply to meet a greater demand.

I drew the cork, a couple of years ago, from the last bottle of a case of La Tour Blanche, 1937. I did not learn until recently that 1937, a bad year for many wines, was classified as "very great" for sauterne; but no matter: it was perfection, and I remarked to the friend who was sharing it with me that one could hardly believe anything so vital, so seemingly alive, could dwell so long in a bottle in a constant state of improvement.

My friend smiled. "Never forget," he said, "that the French are a highly civilized people."

CHARLES W. MORTON



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Just Before the Battle, Mother

or, To Hell with the Civil War

BY HILLARY TERME

"They've dropped you," my wife said, putting aside the annual edition of the membership directory of the Civil War Round Table of the District of Columbia, which arrived, by mistake, in this morning's mail.

So, deliberately, and by so simple an act as refusing to send in my check for this year's dues, now I am a straggler — nay, put it accurately and bluntly, a deserter from that mighty army which up and down the land is refighting the late War of the Southern Rebellion (or for Southern Independence, if your sympathies lie in that direction) over creamed chicken and apple pie, wherever two or more are gathered together whose views on Marse Robert and Sam Grant either agree or disagree. I, who was among the first of the flower of a nation's youth to enlist in this dedicated legion, have quit. I am going to stay home and make a crop, and no derisory hoots, no accusatory cries, no bounties in bargain reprints of partisan memoirs shall tempt me to reconsider my decision and return to the ranks. I have seen the elephant, boys. To hell with the Civil War.

I can pinpoint the exact moment when the dry rot of disillusion set in. It was just after we stout fellows of the C.W.R.T. of D.C. had listened to a dissertation by Mr. William Schmidt and Mr. Lawrence Sagle, of the public relations department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on that common carrier's role as "The Union's Lifeline into the West." Splendid stuff, full of choo-choos and John Singleton Mosby's men cutting the main line. Across the table from me sat one of those small, intense men, with eyes like a beetle's. I thought he was listening. But no. No sooner had Schmidt and Sagle finished when he leaned across toward me.

"What's your thinking on Thisby's handling of the right flank at Nurdleigh's Mills?" he asked.

"Interesting," I replied, noncommittally.

"Ah," replied my interrogator, and nodded happily.

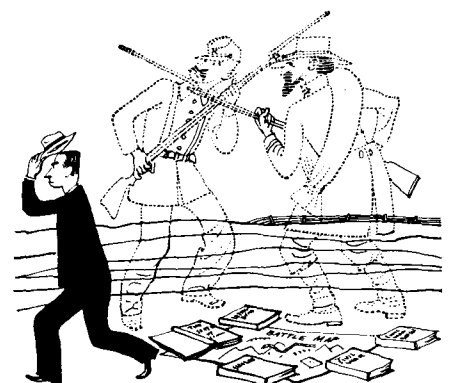
Thus, with one question, my enjoyment of the lecture was shattered, for the fact is that I had never heard of Thisby, and Nurdleigh's Mills meant nothing to me. The splendid accomplishments of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the years 1860 to 1865 might never have happened; now my whole concentration was focused on an attempt at remembering Thisby. Cavalryman? Artilleryman? Valiant right arm of Nathan Bedford Forrest? If I could remember Thisby, I might then recall his association with Nurdleigh's Mills.

To cut a long story short, the moment I got home that evening I went straight to *Battles and Leaders*. No Thisby. I turned next to Yosef's magnificent *Official Atlas of the Civil War*. No Nurdleigh's Mills. An investment of nearly seventy dollars in reference volumes, and not a thing to be found.

Sitting there, surrounded by my useless tomes, I was struck by a blasphemous thought: I didn't really care one way or the other what Thisby had done with the left flank at Nurdleigh's Mills. At this late date, what difference did it make what I cared? If Thisby had goofed, he had goofed, and nothing could ever be done about it now.

One blasphemous thought leads easily to another. If I didn't care about Thisby, why should I care about Longstreet? Or Meade? Or who struck John Pope?

Thus it became increasingly obvious that, in the final analysis, my once-glowing interest in the Civil War had become but a dying ember

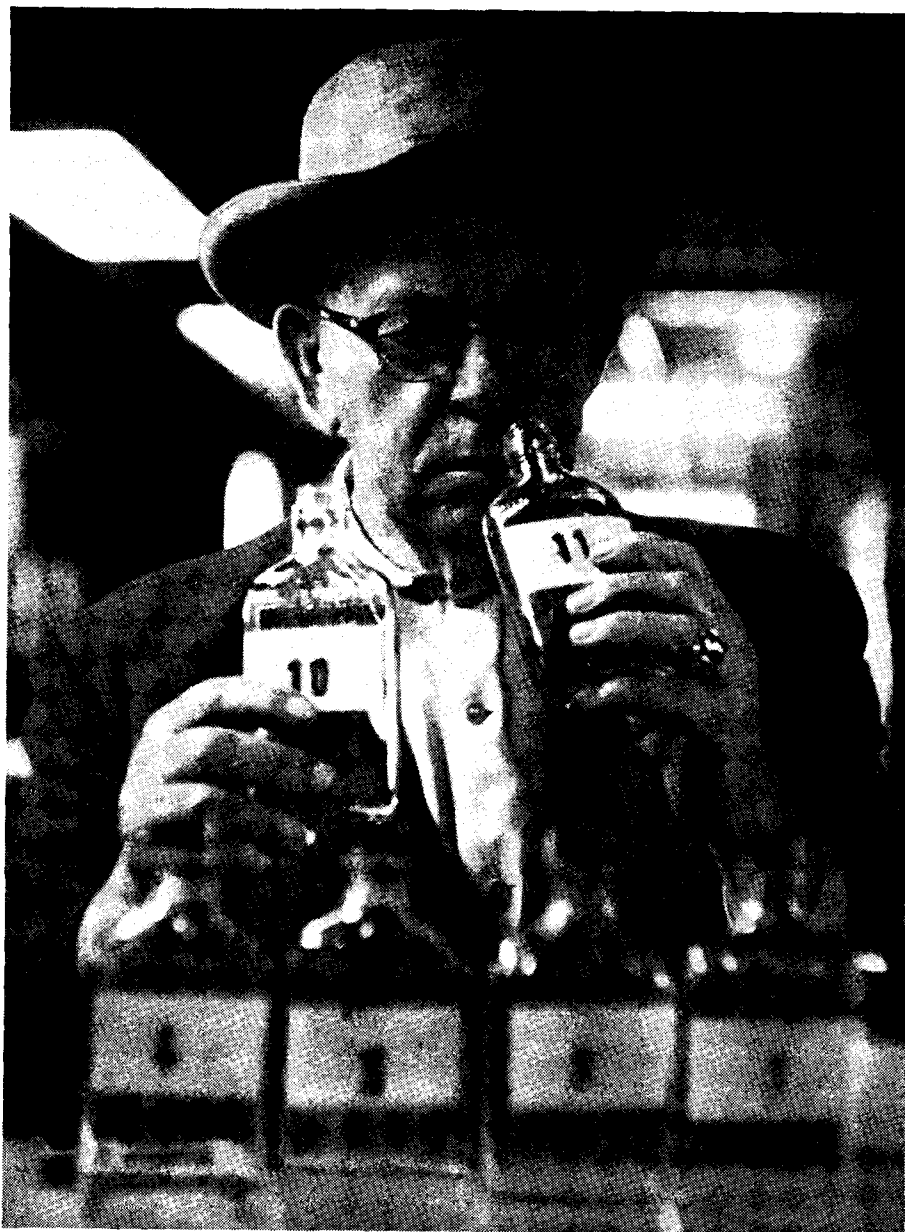


of its former self; that my pretensions to be a student of that war were naught but a hollow mockery. How can a man who has never heard of the gallant Thisby's action at Nurdleigh's Mills dare to pass himself off as a true Civil War buff? My choice was clear. After nearly twenty years of loyal service to the cause, I had lost heart. I wanted out.

And now I am out, and it feels great. Mind you, the next few years aren't going to be easy for us lily-livered cowards, as doubtless we shall be described. It will be well-nigh impossible to pick up a magazine or newspaper of any pretensions or to glance at the television screen without encountering some aspect of the late war. For the centenary of the rebellion is upon us, and from now until 1965 the drums will rattle and the trumpets will blare, and God help us all. Even now the pattern is clear and ominous: the magazines will concentrate on the obscure; television will handle the big set pieces requiring film clips from *The Birth of a Nation*.

The bookmen have been onto this thing for at least twenty years, and the trickle that began when that avalanche of prose, Douglas Southall Freeman's four-volume biography of Robert E. Lee, thundered down from the heights to crack the dam has swollen to a torrent of Johnstownian proportions. The diary of a quartermaster's clerk who spent the war years counting boots in Buffalo, New York, can today as readily find a publisher as the memoirs of a controversial corps commander. Perhaps even more readily, such is the passion for detail, however picayune, which obsesses the Civil War buff. I look with dismay to a prospect of bookstores filled with scholarly examinations of Confederate horse-procurement policy and Union experiments with the breech-loading light field piece. Not to mention many more of the second-by-second books: *The Day Spruggins Failed at Peasmirch Ridge*, say, or *The First Four Hours at Nurneyville: Gormley Turns the Tide at the Flood*.

If we do not, within the next several years, see Elvis Presley smart in Charlottesville gray and hear him belt out *The Yellow Rose of Texas* as he rides careless at the head of his troop of Central Casting Horse, I shall be very much surprised at Hollywood. Van Heflin, to name only one star of the first magnitude,



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may make an eminently satisfactory General Grant, but since the passing of Lewis Stone, the selection of a player to enact Robert E. Lee may present difficulties. Rest assured, however, that the cinema industry is not going to overlook this bonanza.

For some time past, the jukeboxes have been resounding to various modern versions of songs popular during the Late Unpleasantness, including the aforementioned *Yellow Rose* and *The Bonny Blue Flag*. I doubt that the astute men who manage the affairs of the recording companies will be content to rest upon these relatively few resurrections, so far as popular music is concerned. We shall see, I suspect, more and bolder raids upon the contents of the more solemn albums, such as *The Union* and *The Confederacy* of Richard Bales, and we may hear the results in the dulcet tones of Sinatra and Como, possibly in a joint effort to be entitled "Music for Reading Bruce Catton By."

Travel, too, will be hazardous throughout the various theaters of war, for if the Civil War Centennial Commission has its way, no city, town, or hamlet which heard so much as a single shot fired in anger between the contending forces of the Union and the late Confederacy will fail to restage its moment, however brief and lacking in tactical or strategic significance, in the "soaring drama of this mighty conflict."

But me, I've seen the elephant. I've spent my last three bucks for a platter of cold roast beef and an hour's talk on Johnston's retrograde movement before Atlanta, and from here on in I shall destroy without opening the envelopes the circulars from the man in Fairfax, Virginia, who makes miniature field artillery and the publishers from Memphis to Mobile who offer me new editions of Hardee's *Infantry Manual* (exact facsimiles, less bloodstains).

So, farewell, old comrades; farewell all you brave lads of the District of Columbia Civil War Round Table and all the other round tables from La Jolla, California, to Moundsville, West Virginia. I have joined the Invalid Corps.*

*If you don't understand the significance of the Invalid Corps, or if "seeing the elephant" means nothing to you, ask any Civil War buff. He will tell you and tell you and tell you and tell you.

litter from rio

by bob fish

don marquis wrote a
flock of books about a cockroach named
archy and a cat named mehitabel and
the books all looked like this because
archy typed them and he could not
use the shift key as he was a
cockroach and everybody knows cockroaches
cant use shift keys anyway
you have to be over forty to
remember archy and mehitabel or
don marquis either for
that matter but i am so i
remember and i remember that i
used to think the books were fun
and i also used to think that
archy was cute as bugs but
after living in rio de janeiro a while
i no longer think bugs are cute and
for my money the least cute of
all bugs are cockroaches
down here in rio we got roaches who
while they cant maybe type could
easily move furniture
it is my considered opinion that
don marquis never saw a cockroach in
his whole entire life or if
he did he only saw them one at a
time and not all at once like
we have them here in rio
de janeiro i am
pretty much of an expert on
cockroaches they are not too smart
and are easy to kill being rather
slow on their feet they live
on greasy spots and roach powder and
the best way to kill them is with a
rolled up time magazine
latin american edition the
new yorker is too heavy and the
local newspapers tear after maybe
two or three but the time
latin american edition is just right
which i figure accounts for
fifty per cent of their sales in
south america at least i
dont know if don marquis is
still alive but if he is i
wish he would come down here to
rio de janeiro and teach these
cockroaches to type or lay brick or
do something useful instead of
just wandering around on
walls scaring people half to
death like they do now



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when the tourist tide was at its crest.

You did the palaces and buildings of state,
toured historic halls and gaped
at greatness on the walls of our museums,
dined and stayed in big city restaurants and hotels
designed for you,
the American Tourist.

(How many miles of hard city pavement did you cover as you “saw” Europe,
craning your neck all the while to see above the crowd?)

Come now.

Wouldn't you laugh loud (but friendly, as we do now)
if someone from our side of the Atlantic
said he had seen the U.S.A.

by visiting

New York

Chicago

San Francisco and L.A.?

And got the feel of your country simply by standing
in a block-long line for a ticket to the Radio City Music Hall?

When you were last in Europe,
how many Europeans did you talk to, shake hands with . . .
other than those who served you?

How many people did you really get to *know*,
how many new names,
new places
away from the track beaten so smooth by the
feet of a million more?

Tell us.
Did you ever stand in front of the Mona Lisa
in silence
uninterrupted by elbows, voices?

Did you ever take your pick of the best tables in a restaurant,
or choose the room you wanted,
or say when *you*
wanted to do
whatever *you* had in mind?

Did you ever get into your own little car,
or on a bus,
train or plane,
and go looking for Europe in Europe?

Did you ever find a tiny town on your own private map
where the stream runs through
and the people smiled at you
as you walked through their village,
clicking on cobblestones that have waited centuries
for you to come home?

Did you ever have a family open the door wide
(knowing there weren't a dozen more behind you)
and invite you to stay awhile and see
their place, their home,
them?

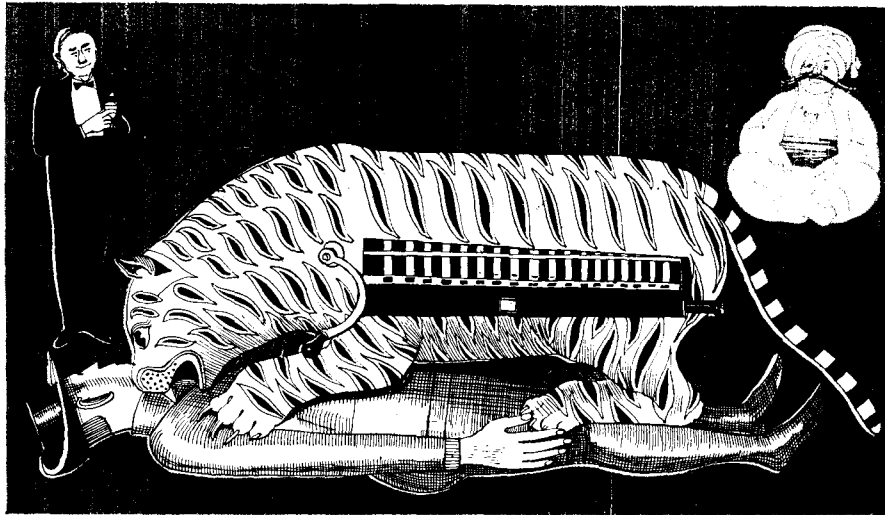
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pleasures and places



A PARTY IN LONDON

BY JOEL SAYRE

Not long ago, in a lecture theater of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, I went to what had been classified on the invitation as a small sherry party. How the Victoria and Albert compares in size with our largest American museums, I would not know, but it is a colossal establishment, covering twelve acres and devoted to "Fine and Applied Arts of all countries and periods." Among the countless treasures displayed there, one of the most popular is an eighteenth-century wooden figure of an Indian tiger, which measures nearly six feet from fangs to tail tip.

In 1955, this figure was in New York for a short while, on loan as part of an Indian exhibition which the Museum of Modern Art sponsored. To those readers who missed it on that occasion, a few words of description may be of interest. The tiger is not doing full justice to its potential height, because it is crouched in an eating position on top of the stylized figure of a man, who is lying on his back. The man's body is about as long as the tiger's, minus tail, and the man is wearing a low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, a red coat with green and white roses painted on it, black knee breeches, white stockings, and black shoes. Inside the tiger and the man is an

organ of the barrel type; on the tiger's portside is a sickle-shaped crank for making the organ produce shrieks and roars. The ratio is four shrieks to one roar, and during their production the man agonizedly beats his left forearm up and down in the region of the tiger's right ear.

This singular apparatus was captured in India's Deep South by the British Army in 1799 at the close of the Fourth Mysore War, after the fall of Seringapatam. Seringapatam has declined to insignificance, but in those days it was a sultan's magnificent capital, one of the most spectacular show places on the whole subcontinent. (Assault team alumni who took part in amphibious landings during the last war will remember the demolition device known as the Bangalore Torpedo; Bangalore is the modern capital of Mysore state, which is an area larger than North Dakota.) The publication of *Tippoo's Tiger*, a monograph on the exhibit written by Mildred Archer and issued jointly by the museum and Her Majesty's Stationery Office, was the occasion our sherry party was celebrating.

An added attraction for the guests was the presence in the lecture theater of the tiger uncaged. Normally, the exhibit is kept under lock

and key in a large separate glass case in the museum's Indian section; so, of course, there is no crank turning for the visiting public; but at our sherry party everybody was allowed to crank to his heart's content. Having often seen the exhibit in its glass case and having read a little about it, I arrived expecting that the sound effects would be in keeping with the ferocity of the visual execution and at least rattle the lecture theater's windows. When the crank was turned, however, the results were laughably, and somehow delightfully, disappointing. A gentle *boop*, rather like the opening note of a striking cuckoo clock, followed by four gentler *beeps*; the tiger roared like any sucking dove. Age has deteriorated the organ, and the fact that during the bombing of London a ceiling collapsed on the exhibit and smashed it into several hundred pieces can't have added to its vigor.

Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore (a tubby man with lustrous eyes, an aqualine nose, and a sweeping mustache), for whom the tiger was built, inherited the sultanate from his father, Haidar Ali, a hard-bitten, illiterate, shrewd, and able Muslim cavalryman, who by dash, courage, and guile had got control of the Mysore Army and usurped the throne from a weak Hindu dynasty. Some of the literature on the tiger describes the man's recumbent figure as that of a European, but there can hardly be much doubt about what European nation he was supposed to belong to. During the thirty-eight years of their combined reigns, Haidar and Tippoo were constantly fighting the British, losing most of the engagements — and large chunks of Mysore — but winning one now and again and keeping their spirits up, and their hatred. As a zealous Muslim and defender of the faith, Tippoo issued a proclamation in 1786 calling on all true believers to "remove the cotton of negligence from the ears of their understanding" and join him in a holy war against the accursed British infidel.

When it came to infidels, Tippoo seems to have been a bit schizophrenic. By Muslim terms, the French were infidels too, but he was as pro-French as he was anti-British. The loss by France of the Seven Years' War in 1763 was supposed to have wound up her aspirations in India; yet, for almost the next fifty years, Frenchmen were all over the



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place, stirring up the courts of Indian princes and fighting in their armies. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the state just to the north of Mysore, had a crack French contingent of 14,000 whose commander used to correspond secretly with Tippoo. Tippoo's French correspondence was extensive. The British once intercepted a letter to him from Napoleon himself, who, of course, had had his eye on India when he invaded Egypt — only to have his Eastern dreams shattered by Nelson's defeating the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile.

Although Tippoo's own French contingent amounted to merely a few hundred officers and men, they were the apple of his rather bulging eye. As the ranking Muslim of Mysore, he was an ardent prohibitionist and enforced the dry laws right and left; but when the commander of the French asked permission to open a canteen for the sale of wines and spirits, he granted it readily. At Seringapatam there was a flourishing chapter of the Jacobin Club — about as revolutionary and antiroyalist a fraternity as existed in those times — and it conferred honorary French citizenship on him. An Oriental potentate known for his ruthless despotism, Citizen Tippoo, after a 2300-gun salvo, solemnly planted in his own soil a tree of Liberty surmounted by a Phrygian cap of Equality.

When I had digested Mrs. Archer's admirable and excellently illustrated monograph (which can be obtained at small cost from the British Information Services, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City), I became interested in Tippoo's personality and gleaned some additional facts about him from a couple of oldish books. Apparently, he had a puritanical streak. The population of Mysore was overwhelmingly Hindu, and it had long been the custom for females to go about with their bosoms uncovered; Tippoo made them cover them up. When he bathed, even in complete privacy, he always wore a sort of nightgown that reached from his chin to his insteps.

A man of tremendous energy, Tippoo was a tinkerer and loved innovations. He capriciously changed local place names, altered age-old systems of weights and measures, devised a new method for reckoning time, and renamed the months and

certain memorable years — all of which must have confused quite a few people. He made elaborate plans for a Mysorean navy and wrote a military textbook. Edicts and letters on every conceivable subject kept gushing from the sultanic inkpot. Indeed, in contrast to his illiterate father, Tippoo was almost too literate.

The sultan was also tiger happy. Tippoo, in the Kanarese language spoken in Mysore, means "tiger." His throne was supported by the life-sized figure of a tiger covered with gold, and the throne itself was festooned with ten golden tiger heads studded with precious stones. Tiger-headed were the muzzles of his cannon and hilts of his swords, and his mortars were cast in the form of tigers crouching. His turbans, jackets, and handkerchiefs bore the tiger stripe, known as *bubberee*, and his palace guards and regiments of the line wore special *bubberee* uniforms. At vantage points about his court, live tigers were chained, and into pits of them, unchained, from time to time the sultan would order the hurling of treacherous or inefficient bureaucrats. "I would rather be a tiger for two days," he said, "than a sheep for two hundred years."

Mrs. Archer, an attractive lady with reddish glints in her hair, offers an ingenious theory in her monograph to explain the how and the why of the barbarous machine. In 1792, a young British businessman named Munro, while deer hunting on an island near Calcutta, was killed by a tiger. His gruesome fate caused a stir in India as well as in Britain, for he was the only son of Sir Hector Munro, a British general who had commanded a division which ten years before had helped defeat Haidar Ali's army, with the Mysore dead and wounded reaching ten thousand. Tippoo himself had fought in the battle. Given Tippoo's Anglophobia and his tiggermania, what could be more natural than the creation of this weird plaything, inspired by the death of a hated enemy's son in such a manner? Tippoo may have regarded it as a symbol of patriotic aspiration; in the royal music room he probably used to crank it in the spirit of a voodooist sticking pins into the tar effigy of a loathed one. And what a conversation piece it must have been! Mrs. Archer and other experts believe that, though the figures

of the tiger and the man are unquestionably of Indian workmanship, the organ is French-built. Not only did the sultan have French officers and soldiers in his army, he employed Frenchmen as glass blowers, armorers, watchmakers, ironworkers, and engineers. Likely, an itinerant French barrel-organ builder was among them and installed the shrieks and roars.

The sultan, when he was in his mid-forties, died gallantly at the fall of his capital, fighting alongside his troops. He was shot through the head; the museum possesses a quilted helmet of his, covered with dark-green silk and lined with velvet of the same color; inside it, an inscription says that the helmet has been dipped in the holy well of Zum-Zum at Mecca and is therefore impenetrable. Tippoo became a martyr, and during the Indian Mutiny, almost sixty years after his death, his tomb served as a rostrum for anti-British oratory and a recruiting center for the mutineers.

A number of interesting byroads emanate from the central story. The future Duke of Wellington was a colonel at the siege and ordered hanging — seven gallows were in brisk operation — and flogging to stop the wild looting after the capital's fall. General David Baird, the British commander of the action, had been captured in a previous Mysore War and had spent three years as a dungeoned prisoner in chains at Seringapatam; his hot temper was renowned, and when the news of his capture reached his old Scottish mother, her only comment was, "I'm sorry for anyone who'll have to be chained to our Davy." About twenty years after the siege, the poet John Keats, who had been studying surgery, saw the tiger when he went to East India House to ask about a job as ship's surgeon on one of its packets: he had been told that a long sea voyage might benefit his ailing lungs. Keats did not get the job, but he mentioned the Man-Tiger-Organ in *The Cap and Bells*, a satiric poem about the Prince Regent — scarcely one of his best. Another writer, Hector Hugh Munro (1870–1916), better known as Saki, was directly related to General Munro and surely must have known how the general's son perished. (A popular early nineteenth-century Staffordshire pottery mantelpiece ornament, "The Death of Munrow,"

portrays an obviously hungry tiger starting to work on a late eighteenth-century recumbent Nordic.) In any case, Saki, who had a miserable, parentless, aunt-ridden childhood, later wrote several hair-raising short stories in which objectionable humans were killed by animals — a werewolf, a hyena, hunted stags, wild swans, and a giant ferret named Sredni Vashtar.

Now, all of these things about Tippoo's Tiger (or a considerable portion of them) that I picked up at our sherry party were certainly fascinating, but you could hardly call them deeply moving. Deeply moved, nevertheless, was a condition I suddenly found myself in. Not, I would like to assert, by the sherry. What moved me were the boffins. "Boffin" is an affectionate British slang term for an expert in government employ. The politicians depend on boffins for genuine *expertise* when they, the politicians, are called upon to produce some.

Anyway, there I was among those Tippoo's Tiger boffins. About twenty of them attended the party — among them a lady Keats expert, a museum director from Brighton, a technician from the organ-building firm which has been coddling the exhibit's shriek-and-roar machinery for more than seventy years. Some were old India hands who had served in, or known, Mysore. Male and female, they were all in middle or old age. Although they spoke in subdued tones, it was clear that they were having a wonderful time, for their faces all bore the same beatified look. They loved this outlandish contraption and everything pertaining to it; that Mildred Archer had got her monograph published was an occasion of joy in their lives. It was people like these who had stubbornly fished the hundreds of fragments out of the bomb rubble, after five years, and lovingly put them together again because they had thought it important to do so. "Dear Mildred must have more about Saki in her next edition," a sweet-faced lady boffin was saying. "The Elton family round Bristol know all about the Munros." It was fine to feel there was still some innocent enthusiasm and generosity left, even though young boffins all over the world were being made to concentrate on new ways to blow the human race to hash. I hope the Victoria and Albert doesn't scratch me off its small sherry list.



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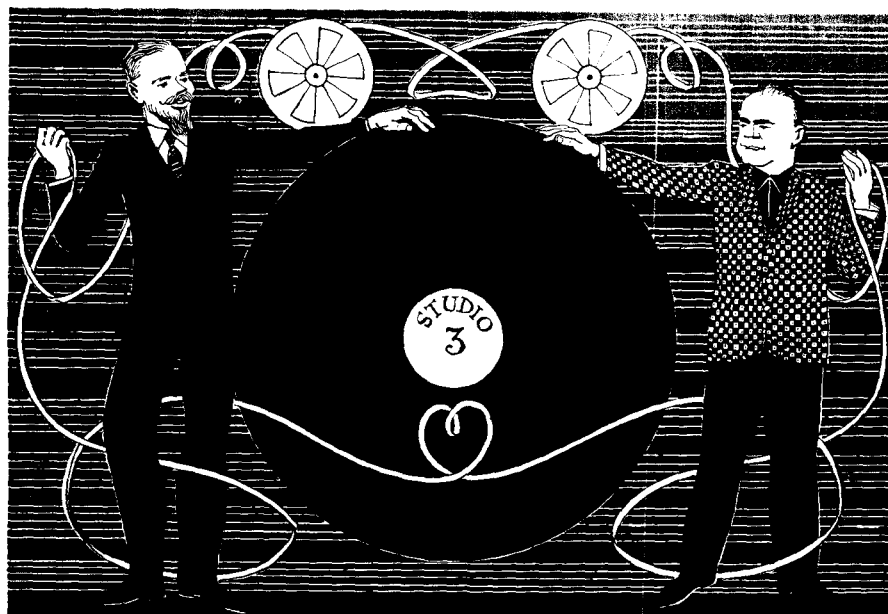
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they shall have

BY JOHN M. CONLY



Studio Three, Incorporated, occupies the second floor of a white brick building on the north side of East 57th Street in Manhattan. Originally, the structure was the coach-house and servants' quarters of the Stuyvesant mansion. The ground floor, which the coaches used to drive into, is now Nicholson's Café, a small, pleasant eating place. The top two floors are the residence of one of the partners in Studio Three, Lyle Russell Cedric Henderson, much better known to many millions of television viewers and radio listeners simply as "Skitch."

The other partner lives on Riverside Drive, in an apartment which also houses an arrogant cat, a nearly priceless Stradivarius violin, and an awesome welter of half-used audio equipment. He is David Sarser, violinist, sometime soundman to the Toscanini ménage, designer of the famous Musician's Amplifier, and NBC's audio consultant on its most important musical programs.

Studio Three may never make a deep-grained mark on America's culture, but it is interesting because it embodies two men's attempt to make art, commerce, and plain avocational enthusiasm work for one another and yield not only profit but pleasure.

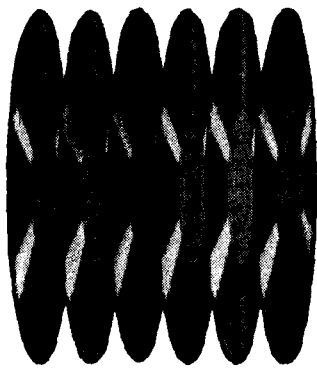
Their scheme is delightfully unconventional. What they aim to do is proffer the studio (which will be, or is now, one of the best equipped in the world) for the uses of commercial sound: musical jingles and background for television and radio, sound tracks for industrial documentary films, and the like. These big-budget items make money. With the proceeds, they can record chamber music, producing it for themselves or for any venturesome contractor. Henderson is a Mozart-Mahler man; Sarser's musical tastes are almost universal. They have what seems to me an almost perfect chamber-music studio. The walls are twelve-inch brick and not parallel (owing to the slant of the street), and there is a three-story elevator shaft, unused, for employment as a reverberation chamber if it is needed.

The electronic equipment is fit to draw tears of joy from any hi-fi man's eyes. Sarser disembarked after a European junket late last year and heard that the Roxy Theater had been dismantled. By a detective process known only to audio-gear hunters, he found which speculator had picked up the sound equipment. Hardly waiting to unpack, he set forth, located the man, and bought the whole array for \$10,000.

It probably cost the late Mr. Rothafel five times as much. It is all Altec Lansing theater sound equipment, never surpassed. "It's meant to work 24 hours a day, 365 days a year," Sarser told me. "I've kept it cooking here, silently, for two months. Nothing has gone wrong." He has it arranged now across one end of the studio in a twenty-foot double bank, glowing benignly, interconnected by more than two miles of supple, silvered cable. At his disposal are forty-two preamplifiers, so that, if he wanted to, he could tape a sizable chorus with a microphone for every singer. "With this stuff," Sarser says, "you could turn music inside out. Not everyone ought to be trusted with it."

Henderson and Sarser are two men who can, quite safely, be trusted with it. They are startlingly different in appearance. Henderson is tall, spare, and ruddy; his hair and the famous beard are light brown. Sarser is short, broad, dark, inclined to slouch, and possessed of one of the widest grins in Greater New York. They are fast friends now, but what brought them together first was a common and furious aversion to the wretched sound purveyed to listeners by most radio and television.

It may surprise some television viewers to learn that Henderson is an accomplished classical musician, though it shouldn't. He was, after all, the first person to present Van Cliburn to the American public, long before the famous Moscow competition, on the Steve Allen *Tonight* program. And on another night he reduced one of Allen's favorite jazz ensembles to the stature of anticlimax by preceding them with a beautifully executed Mozart quintet movement. He was born in Birmingham, England, and came to the United States at fifteen. He loved music, but it never occurred to him that it might become his profession. He expected to be an engineer. Mathematics and mechanics fascinated him, and still do. He spends all the time he possibly can fixing his Mercedes SL-300, whether anything is wrong with it or not. Still, orchestral conducting intrigued him enough to send him to study it with Albert Coates. Later, in California, he became obsessed with the notion of meeting Arnold Schoenberg. Finally he tried, and the cordial meeting extended to two years of study. By then it was too



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- 604 WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Judith, A Choreographic Poem. GIAN-FRANCESCO MALIPIERO: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Benjamin Owen, Soloist).
- 605 PAUL HINDEMITH: Sinfonietta in E. CLAUDE ALMOND: John Gilbert: A Steamboat Overture. DAVID DIAMOND: Overture: "Timon of Athens."

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late to be anything but a musician. Parenthetically, it was Schoenberg who made him so devoted a Mahlerian. Anyone unwise enough to whisper "Gustav Mahler" within twenty feet of Henderson will be beamed on, as by radar, and may forthwith abandon any other plans he had for the next half hour. I feel fairly safe in predicting that, one way or another, some Mahler songs are going to emanate from Studio Three, and perhaps some Mahler chamber music as well. Not everyone knows that Mahler wrote chamber music (beautifully, if not profusely), but Henderson does.

Skitch is now musical director for NBC, both television and radio, and accordingly has not much time to conduct. He misses this, though, and thus has a tentative agreement to conduct the New York Philharmonic in its projected early-summer pop concerts, if these materialize, and a firmer commitment to conduct a BBC Symphony television series in London next year.

For the curious, the lower or social half of the Henderson apartment is bisected by an enormous bar, for eating, drinking, and huddled con-

versation. The second most prominent feature is an 1861 chromatic harp, won six years ago by a lady at the table next to his at a charity bazaar. Skitch won a *flacon* of perfume. They swapped. He has rubbed and waxed the harp until it is a truly lovely thing. No one knows how to play it.

Henderson first met Sarser when Skitch was conducting the NBC Symphony strings in one of the first musical television programs. He had come to this gradually, but, in retrospect, inevitably, from weird early beginnings. He had played piano in Hollywood studios, had traveled with road shows, and had broadcast from nearly everywhere. Once, during a midnight "soothing" broadcast from Bismarck, North Dakota, finishing his stint at the electric organ, and while the poet-announcer was still droning into the microphone, Skitch turned out the lights and walked blithely and blindly off the edge of the stage into the orchestra pit, unsoothing everyone.

And while still under Schoenberg's tutelage, he served as pianist for Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards. He rose through radio and, later, tele-

vision. Sarser was one of the NBC string players, and when he heard the sound conveyed to the listeners, he (Skitch's words) "raised hell." Skitch was delighted. Together they revised the whole sound setup, just in time for the discontinuance of the program.

Sarser is a battler, and always has been. He is also a gambler. His sports car is even faster than Henderson's, and he delights in taking dubious curves (outside curves, so he won't hurt anyone) at ninety. His mother, now a hat designer of some repute, introduced him to the violin when he was five. He lost his first scholarship competition because his father was dying on the night of the contest. Next year he won, and thereafter: the Loeb Memorial Prize; first place among Juilliard graduates; the Naumberg Prize; a debut, solo, at Town Hall. Then he went into the Army.

While at Juilliard he had begun tinkering with recording gear. He thought it was bad, as it was indeed. These were the days before tape. Sarser probed and twisted with pliers, tweezers, and scissors, and devised an admirable recording array. Students paid him to make acetate discs of their performances. He did well, and the yen to tinker never left him.

Out of the Army, he went right back to the grind, fiddling and tinkering. He got first-row rank in Toscanini's NBC Symphony, and in his spare time he collaborated with Melvin Sprinkle in the design of the first real home-use American high fidelity amplifier, the Musician's. Another thing happened. Toscanini always carried about with him a portable radio, a Motorola. One day it died, in the dressing room behind Studio 8-H. A crisis arose. The NBC librarian, James Dolan, remembered Sarser's interest in matters electronic. David was summoned to the presence, and fixed the radio in approximately thirty seconds. ("A bad antenna lead," he says.) But in this half minute, another friendship was cemented, between him and the witty, gentle son of the Maestro, Walter Toscanini. David trained Walter in audio lore, and they got along splendidly together.

When Toscanini retired, Sarser also began a gradual retirement from the second fiddles of the NBC Symphony, now renamed the Symphony of the Air. He stayed long enough

STEREO SYSTEM FOR A MILLION-

AIRE: 4 SELECTIONS

Gentlemen's Quarterly magazine asked James Lyons, editor of *The American Record Guide* (the oldest record review magazine in the United States), to poll hi-fi authorities on which audio components they would choose for the best possible stereo system, without any regard for price.

Three writers in the audio field and one audio consultant made up independent lists. The ideal systems they projected in the April, 1960 issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly* are suitable for discriminating millionaires—one of the systems, using a professional tape machine, would cost about \$4000.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH AR-3

loudspeakers are included in three of the lists,* and these are moderate in price. (There are many speaker systems that currently sell for more than three times the AR-3's \$216.) AR speakers were chosen entirely on account of their musically natural quality.

Literature on Acoustic Research speaker systems is available for the asking.

**In two cases alternates are also listed. For the complete component lists see the April, 1960 Gentlemen's Quarterly, or write us.*

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to play in, and record, their first conductorless concert, which yielded to record listeners the most exciting *New World* symphony ever put on discs. (The Ampex played itself, while Sarser played among the second violins.)

As the Symphony of the Air began to flag, Sarser went into the custom electronic design business, but didn't stay there long. NBC came hunting him, and he took over the sonic production of such special features as the NBC-TV *Opera Theatre*, the Hurok spectaculars, *Producers' Showcase*, and the *Sunday Steve Allen Show*. Here he met again with Skitch Henderson, whom he had worked with on the symphonic strings program. They commiserated, and finally they decided they were going to make some good sound, be it in *concerti grossi* or light beer quatrains, as a sort of challenge to a tin-eared industry.

Skitch had been apartment hunting and had discovered the three-floor vacancy over Nicholson's Café. David, at behest, showed up, and pointed out that Skitch had found not only an apartment but a studio. David walked up to the second floor, clapped his hands, and said, "Chamber music!"

That was the beginning of Studio Three. When last I saw it, it was swathed in painters' canvas, but the furnishing plans were lavish. "Decorations make the acoustics softer," said Sarser. "but that isn't the main thing. The main thing is that the artists must be comfortable."

"That's right," said Skitch Henderson.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: The Middle Quartets

Budapest String Quartet; Columbia M4S-616 (stereo) and M4L-254: four records. One of the reviving and joyful events in a critic's life is the occasional encounter with absolute mastery. It dispels doubts and dissolves, for the time being, the hard chore of seeking out small superiorities to praise and small faults to lament. There is nothing subtle about mastery. It does not appeal; it seizes. For evidence of this, I suggest simply that you listen to the first eleven notes of the quartet that Beethoven called *Serioso* played by the four Russian-

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ANNA MOFFO..... *Susanna*
Her impressive Met debut last season caused *Time Magazine* to label her "one of the best lyric-coloratura sopranos in the world." Beautiful, too. (See below).

GIUSEPPE TADDEI..... *Figaro*
A La Scala regular, who's been singing Figaro since 1948 at Salzburg with "smooth elegant tone" and a "real ability to act with his voice" (*High Fidelity*).

CARLO MARIA GIULINI..... *Conductor*
"One of the most gifted conductors of his generation" (*Hi-Fi Stereo Review*) brings an immense vitality, freshness, and spirit to this performance.

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ALSO ON ANGEL—The marvelous combination of Mozart, Schwarzkopf, Wächter, and Giulini-Philharmonia in "Don Giovanni" with Joan Sutherland, Giuseppe Taddei, others. Angel (S) 3605 D/L

Happy Harbingers of Spring



THE SCOTS GUARDS

The solid Scots, Angel best-sellers, prove once again there's nothing like a crack military band—especially in stereo—as they enliven overtures from operas by Rossini, Offenbach, Suppé, Thomas with zest, snap and flourish. Includes the popular "Zampa" overture, too. Angel (S) 35879

ANNA MOFFO

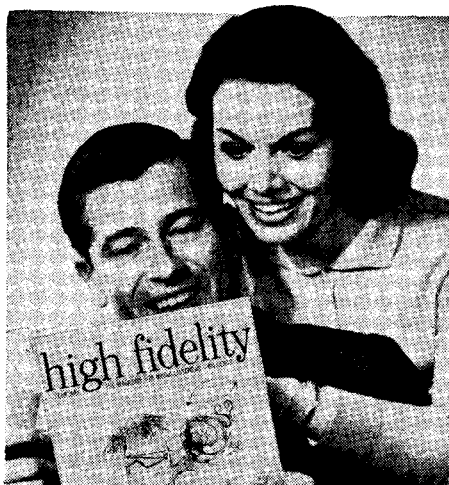
At her 1955 Rome Opera debut, the Italians rhapsodized, "A voice with the sweetness and brilliance of our heavens!" (*Corriere della Sera, Milan*). Since then, the beautiful soprano from Wayne, Pa. has appeared with sensational acclaim in most of the world's great opera houses. This is her second solo recital album for Angel, which introduced her to American record-collectors. Arias from *Lucia, Barber of Seville, I Puritani, La Sonnambula, Rigoletto, Traviata*.

Angel (S) 35861



CLAUDIO ARRAU plays Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E Flat "The Emperor." "Probably the finest interpreter of Beethoven now before the public" (*Gramophone, Gr. Brit.*). Galliera conducts the Philharmonia. Angel (S) 35722

Wandering with the OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR "The Happy Wanderer," written for these "angels in pigtailed" (Dylan Thomas) became an international hit song! Here it is for the first time in stereo, along with 16 others in German and English, including a New Year's Auld Lang Syne. Beguilingly sung with "voices as fresh as dew on a summer's morn" (*High Fidelity*). The Choir starts its sixth U.S. tour this month. Angel (S) 35839



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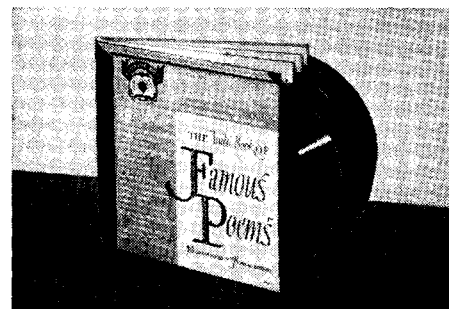
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born gentlemen of the Budapest String Quartet. An excitement fills the air at once, with a sort of flash. What Beethoven meant by *serioso* was no dark calm, but an effort in earnest. There begins an adventure through trouble and valor, pain and resolution rarely equaled in art. It might strain our comprehension, were it not for the complete comprehension of the performers, self-drilled into technique and perception that make mere flawlessness seem a petty matter, something learned with the fingers. This is drama to lose oneself in, and time and time again. I choose *Serioso* to speak of because it is my favorite Beethoven quartet. The others of the so-called middle period, the years of the composer's first real triumphs and worst fears, are the three dedicated to Count Rasumovsky (the slow movement of the third of these must be mentioned — a song to wring hearts) and the *Harp*, a work still worthy but lighter and lesser. I did not much like, and said so, the Budapest's latest traversing of the Early Quartets, Opus 18; it seemed too analytical and short of fun, but it forecast marvels when they got to the following works. Now they are here. Columbia has given them a sound which bites when it should and yet is gentle, rich, and comfortable at the right times.

Brahms: Concerto No. 2

Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Erich Leinsdorf conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2466 (stereo) and LM-2466

There is a tendency these days in the United States to be awed by anything out of Russia, be it a rocket, a Premier, a novelist, or a musician. I cannot join in this. Jascha Heifetz or Isaac Stern can fiddle a sight better than David Oistrakh, and have proved it even with Tchaikovsky. Now we have with us the Muscovite, Richter. I assume he was boss during this Chicago recording, by which I mean Leinsdorf was not. To begin with, that is a wrong. The concerto is really a symphony with piano obbligato, and the stick should rule the keyboard. But we get at the start a tempo which ruins Brahms's beautiful horn call. Admittedly, some very wonderful digital dexterity comes on later, but a Brahms concerto is a serious (or gay) musical unit, not a showpiece for fingers.



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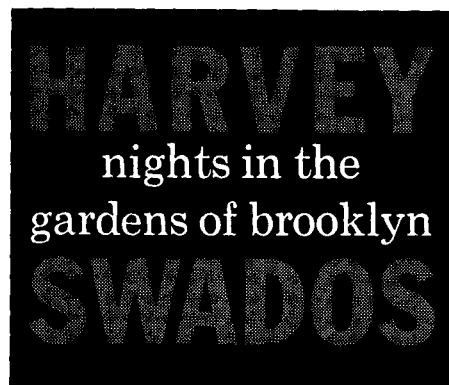
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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

Two houses, one in London, the other in Boston, now stand as the last living reminders of that intimacy in publishing where authors, editors, booksellers, and publishers worked and dined, quarreled and wined together under one roof. At the crest of the hill sloping down to St. James's Palace, a few yards removed from the fashion and traffic of Piccadilly, Number 50 Albemarle Street is a Georgian brick dwelling, strawberry red with cream trimmings, which since Napoleon's time has borne a brass doorplate saying modestly, "Mr. Murray's." It was John Murray II, known to the trade as "the Playboy" and to his most famous author, Lord Byron, as "the Admiral" (because of his appointment as publisher to the Admiralty), who moved his family and his business into Number 50 in 1812. A good gambler, John the Second was introduced early in his career to Walter Scott, purchased a quarter interest in *Marmion*, and persuaded the novelist to support him in launching the *Quarterly Review*. Emboldened by this success, he made, among other long shots, an offer to print an Oriental poem by an unknown author, a narrative poem already rejected by "half the craft." On the morning after the appearance of *Childe Harold*, Byron awoke to find himself famous, and John Murray II, to find himself in the chips — with which he purchased Number 50.

"My house is excellent," he wrote later to a friend, "and I transact all the departments of my business in an elegant library which my drawing room becomes in the morning, and there I am in the habit of seeing persons of the highest rank in literature and talent, such as Canning, Frere, Mackintosh, Southey, Campbell, Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Gifford, Croker, Barrow, Lord Byron, and others." (Among the "others" was Jane Austen, whom he published from the first, just as his son, John III, would be the first to publish Herman Melville.) The business offices are still on the ground floor: the drawing and

dining rooms, with their marble mantels, coal fires — one of which consumed Byron's memoirs — and their famous portraits, are still the most beautiful meeting place in English letters, and in the upper stories, for well over a century, dwelt the family.

The John Murrays have been consistent in their championship of good poetry, books of travel, the best in history and biography. And so they are today. The firm is now ably directed by John V and his nephew, known as Jock, whose desire it was to bring together in the centennial issue of the *Cornhill* the contemporary British writers in whom the firm takes pride: Peter Quennell, the historian; John Betjeman, whose autobiography in verse, *Summoned by Bells*, we have recently been reading; Sir Kenneth Clark, who writes with such lucidity on the arts; Alan Moorehead, traveler and essayist; William Sansom and John D. Stewart, so expert in their short stories; Iris Origo, the biographer; Osbert Lancaster, artist and satirist — a goodly company, and some of whom you might be fortunate to meet when you stop by for tea "at Mr. Murray's."

The Boston landmark is in a more precarious state. It, too, is of Georgian brick, built on the corner of Washington and School streets close to two hundred and fifty years ago, with small, leaded windows and a distinctive gambrel roof; and it, too, passed from a residence into literature when in 1828 it became the Old Corner Book Store. As such, for the ensuing seven decades it nourished the business, the aspirations, and the conviviality of Boston's literati. Here were the offices of Ticknor & Fields, which published Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Dickens, Thackeray, "and others"; here, in a green-curtained enclosure on the ground floor, James T. Fields, our second editor, put together the *Atlantic*; here the famous *Atlantic* dinners were planned; and here Harriet Beecher Stowe the formidable in-

sisted that women be included (once was enough, and a dreadful occasion it was, with wine and tobacco excluded); here Ralph Waldo Emerson conceived the Saturday Club.

Then the light went out. Publisher and periodical needed larger quarters uptown; billboards and pizza signs defaced the old sanctum; and as so often happens in our old cities, a place of history became an eyesore. Not till last autumn was it realized that the Old Corner was about to be demolished. A citizens' committee rallied by Walter Muir Whitehill and John Codman made an urgent appeal, and \$50,000 will have been raised by this month to purchase the building. This is enough to halt the wreckers, but another \$30,000 must be contributed if the landmark is to be restored. Should the rescue be attempted? Why, yes, I think so. The same people who worked to preserve Beacon Hill are in this, and if you are in sympathy, checks, which are tax deductible, should be made out to the Bostonian Society (Old Corner Fund) and sent to the *Atlantic*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

THE ALUMINUM COCOON

The air disasters just before Christmas grimly underscored the truth of ERNEST K. GANN's new novel *FATE IS THE HUNTER* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.00). This narrative in the form of an autobiography tells of the training and maturing of an airline pilot who had learned to fly as a barnstormer in the 1930s, and whose serious education begins as a copilot on the DC-2s and DC-3s in the days before World War II. Mr. Gann has been through this mill himself, and what gives his pages their living, vigilant authenticity is the fact that he has drawn from his own experience and that of other professional pilots.

Mr. Gann's hero, his alter ego, is dedicated, resourceful, and has enough restraint to accommodate himself to the idiosyncrasies of the sixty different captains under whom he serves. Closeted with them in the aluminum cocoon for thousands of hours, he learns by example; he learns to be wary, how to pacify his passengers, and how to conceal anxiety; and he learns the sweat of fear when his plane comes through by the luckiest of margins. He begins by flying the AM-21 service from Newark to upstate New York and west along the Erie Canal, and he comes to love the country, though not the airports, in the ever-changing color of the seasons. When he is made captain, his orbit widens, first on delivery runs over the Andes, then in the Air Transport Command out of Newfoundland, then in Flying Fortresses across the Atlantic, and on to North Africa.

The story deals tersely with the many encounters between pilot and pilot; it catches to the life their sardonic jargon; and in its descriptions of the elements and the hazards, it holds the exuberance, the beauty, though not the mysticism, which we remember from Saint-Exupéry. I think, for instance, of the hail and lightning which almost blast them out of the sky; of the ice storm which drives them down at Cincinnati; and of the motor going dead over the Brazilian jungle — moments, as Mr. Gann says, which were "like an introduction to dying without quite passing the barrier." The women, the air hostesses, figure very little, for the hero has no eye for them, and despite the possessive way in which the narrative seizes the imagination, it is a book which suffers from hypertension and, unhappily, from lack of comic relief.

PICTURES THAT SPEAK

HENRY B. KANE, the artistic member of the famous team which produced *Cache Lake Country*, one of the best of the nature books in this decade, has written for his daughter Electa *THE TALE OF A POND* (Knopf, \$3.00). This is a perfect birthday gift for any twelve-year-old in the spring, for the text, the photographs, and the drawings alert the mind and the antennae in such a way as to make anyone watchful of the life in and near any pond on which he holds a private claim. Mr. Kane tells the story as if he were a boy and this were his pond, a boy who has the good sense and good luck to be at the right spot in time to see the goslings hatching and then nuzzling the Canada goose, to see the dragonfly as under a microscope, or the garter snake which swallows the frog and is then caught and made to disgorge it, or the underwater fight between the crayfish and the snapping turtle in which the turtle is nearly drowned.

The Sierra Club is an organization which perpetuates the spirit of John Muir and which devotes itself to expeditions to the Western peaks and to occasional boat trips on the Yampa and Green rivers in the Dinosaur National Monument. Last year the club sponsored the publication of *This Is the American Earth*, a prose poem with photographs by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall, which Justice Douglas called "one of the great statements in the history of conservation." CEDRIC WRIGHT was a member of the Sierra Club, and in the years from 1901 to 1953, until illness laid him low, he made thirty-three High Trips, ranging widely into the big wilderness, mostly in the Sierra Nevada. A violinist by training, a poet by impulse, and a photographer of enormous technical skill, he bequeathed to the club on his death a vast collection of superb negatives, the pick of which, with

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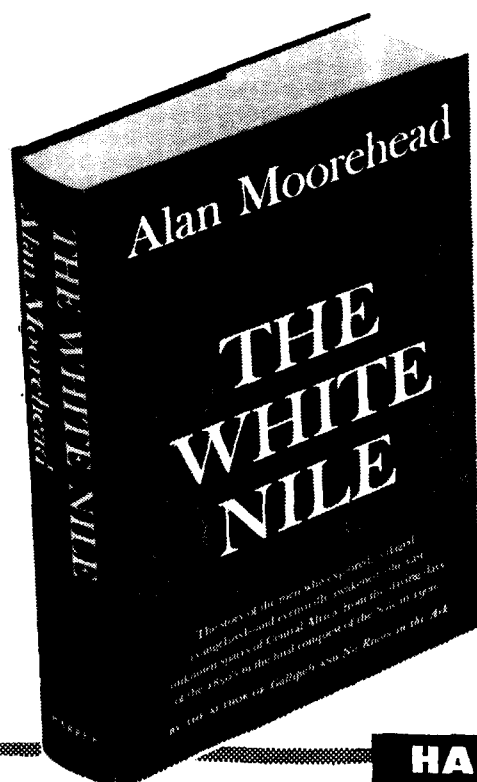
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his essential and moving captions, has been edited by Nancy Newhall in **WORDS OF THE EARTH** (Sierra Club, \$12.50).

It is Mr. Wright's gift to show us "the unmarked face of America's wilderness" with such clarity, grandeur, or intimacy that one dwells for a time in the scene and can return to it again for refreshment. We who are icebound need the sustenance of a book like this. From the many pages that are memorable, I choose these four. The wild lake-shore with the rocks and the gnarled trees, the water sunset-calm, and opposite, the words, "In all heaven and earth, there is this one thing to do: *take your time*. Enjoy the perfection of what you are doing. Enjoy accomplishing it exquisitely." The rain on the grass blades, each drop so wet you can feel it, and opposite, the words, "Trouble is a fierce rain that drives us to the shelter of our friends." The double-page spread on the forest, with the words, "Trees tragic, trees broken by winter, trees in all stages of decay, dead branches and pine needles strewn upon the snow, in patterns dictated by subtle law: of wind, gravitation, carefree instinct. Yet each fallen bough, each dead stump, intensifies the richness of the forest." And angler that I am, the brook flowing into the mountain pool, and the words, "simple as the voice of a child and never to be quite known." As Ansel Adams says in his foreword, the photography of Cedric Wright "moves the spirit; then, because it is so simple and direct, it moves the mind and the conscience."

Mark Twain, as he neared the end, remarked that he had reached old age "by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else." The year before his death from heart disease, Mark said to Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer, "I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it." And so he did. Into the seventy-five years of his life he packed a career so full of tumult, so full of vitality, versatility, irascibility, and success that it must be written afresh for each generation. In **MARK TWAIN HIMSELF** (Crowell, \$10.00), **MILTON MELTZER** has retold the story with more than six hundred contemporary photographs, drawings, and cartoons, pointed up by Mark's own words, which have been drawn from the storehouse of his writings, his letters, notebooks, newspaper reportings, sketches, travel pieces, and fiction. The cub pilot, the miner in Nevada, the innocent abroad, the suitor for Olivia Langdon, the fabulous lecturer, the writer at work ("An Author for 20 years, and an Ass for 55"), the credulous inventor, and the silk-hatted old eagle at Henry Rogers' funeral — here is the lovable, gifted, cantankerous Sam Clemens.



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

CLEVELAND AMORY's new book, **WHO KILLED SOCIETY?** (Harper, \$6.50), reads like a collaboration between an encyclopedist and a gossip columnist. Mr. Amory has scoured the archives pertaining to what the French engagingly call *le Highlife*, and he has interviewed just about everyone who might have something piquant to say. Among the choicer observations he collected was that of an elderly lady in Charleston, who was astonished that her grandchildren should have been awed by the painting of Whistler's mother — "After all, she was only a *McNeill* of *North Carolina*."

Mr. Amory's title hardly does justice to the contents of his book, which amount to a kaleidoscopic survey of the upper regions of American society throughout this country's history. He offers us short treatises on the Aristocracy (which he distinguishes from Society), on Café Society, and on its successor, on which he pins the awful label, "Publi-ciety"; countless profiles of *grandes dames*, glamour girls, and ill-starred heiresses; a 300-page history, the most interesting part of the book, of America's most prominent or distinguished families; plus forty-eight pages of photographs.

Many readers will assuredly feel that Amory has been too thorough by half; he has a phobia of omission so overpowering that he can't go along with the practice of skipping Thorstein Veblen's middle name, Bunde. But in spite of this excess of zeal, I found the book almost consistently entertaining. Amory combines a huge zest for his subject with an astringently ironic perspective, and he does a devastating job of sticking pins into highly inflated balloons — social arbiters, party givers, and the like.

Commentators on American society, from the time of Tocqueville and even before, have either asserted that there was no society in this country worthy of the name, or else that society wasn't the splendid thing it used to be. Today, the consensus would seem to be that society has gone into a precipitous decline. It has become, says Amory, a part of "Publi-ciety" — a world dominated by "celebrities," important people in "communications," party givers, and the international set; a

world in which the major concern is self-inflation and the yardstick of value is the publicity one receives or has the power to bestow.

Amory is not, unfortunately, of an analytic bent, and his inquiry into the causes of society's dissolution is hardly above the parlor-game level; he makes amusing lists of the persons or things held responsible, and he comments lightly on the decline of manners, morals, and spending money. *Vogue* was on a more fruitful tack when it remarked, back in 1892: "Now that the masses take baths every week, how can one ever distinguish the gentleman?" For, of course, what has happened to society is the logical result of an all-embracing process of social and cultural change. Democratic ideology, economics, science, and technology have created the mass society, which takes its cues from mass communications. In this kind of world, those who control publicity are inevitably the supreme arbiters, and the remains of high society have no choice but to join "Publicity" or retire to private life. Meanwhile, the aristocracy has remained where it always was: out of the limelight, and, one gathers, principally in Charleston.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION

The two latest books on Cuba. NATHANIEL WEYL'S *RED STAR OVER CUBA* (Devlin-Adair, \$4.50) and *LISTEN, YANKEE* by C. WRIGHT MILLS (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95), present dramatically divergent pictures of the Castro revolution and opposite interpretations of the role played by the United States in Cuban affairs. Both are tendentious tracts, and they are best discussed together, since each tends to puncture the wilder assertions of the other.

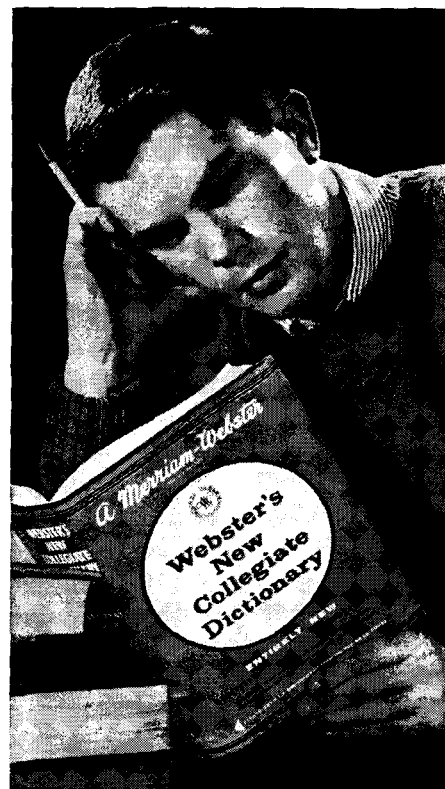
Mr. Weyl is introduced as a former Communist who "knows his Latin America." Neither the jacket nor the text refers to a sojourn in Cuba, and one must presume that Weyl's exposé is written at second hand, which hardly inspires confidence. His political outlook places him somewhere in the ambience of the late Senator McCarthy; and he cannot see an inch beyond the conspiratorial view of history. A wicked correspondent, a couple of Pinkos in the middle echelons of diplomacy, a few conspirators fortified with gold—these are the forces, one is expected to believe, that decide the destiny of

nations and, indeed, continents. History, present misrule and misery, the needs and aspirations of peoples apparently count for nothing.

Mr. Mills, the Angry Man of American sociology and the prophet of a "New Left," spent August of 1960 in Cuba, where he talked for three long days with Fidel Castro and recorded interviews with Rebel soldiers, journalists, intellectuals, and Castro's top associates. From these conversations he has distilled a book which represents "the voice of the revolution." Mills limits his own comment to a few pages, in which he remarks that he finds the Cuban case he has presented "on the whole compelling." This is an astounding statement, since what Mills is dishing out is avowedly the official Castro line; and I might add that he expounds it with a mixture of bluster, revolutionary rhetoric, and downright falsehood which could not be improved on by Fidel himself.

The essence of the argument is that the U.S. State Department, in league with U.S. "monopolies," supported Batista "up to the last minute of his gangster rule." Then, by threatening the Castro regime militarily and by financing counterrevolution—a "plain fact" to all Cubans—it forced the regime to speak up against Yankee imperialism and to welcome the bighearted collaboration of the Soviet bloc. Weyl, in contrast, asserts that Castro has long been a Soviet agent; that his revolution "floated to power on an ocean of Communist money"; and that "pseudo-liberals" in the State Department, mightily aided by the dispatches of Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times*, "engineered" a Castro victory by making it known that the United States was ditching Batista, thereby shattering the morale of his armies. (Batista's excesses, says Weyl, were not really *that* bad; and anyhow, he should have been defended because he was a friend.) To sustain this reading of the revolution, Weyl has to insist that Castro's support simply came from the Soviet apparatus, "smugglers," and criminals; but somehow a disastrous phrase slips in, to the effect that one of Castro's assets was the enthusiasm his movement generated among "the youth of Cuba."

Both the above views conflict, in various ways, with the course of events as established by less partisan observers. The State Department



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was taken by surprise by the popular support that Castro was able to corral. When his adventure assumed the form of a snowballing popular uprising, Washington refrained from helping the abominable Batista to crush it. It promptly recognized the new regime, which its investigations indicated was not Communist controlled; and U.S. public opinion was strongly sympathetic toward the young leader who had miraculously overthrown the corrupt and tyrannous *caudillo*. Then came American criticism of Castro's wholesale executions, and Cuba's rude rebuffs to Washington's efforts to negotiate disputed issues; and the cold war was on.

The most challenging part of Weyl's book is the evidence he produces to support his assertion that the U.S. government could have known, as early as 1949, that "Castro was . . . an implacable enemy of the United States [and] a trusted Soviet agent." He traces the curious family situation from which Castro emerged primed for rebellion, Fidel's terroristic activities at the University of Havana, his role in the Bogotá uprising, and his other allegedly intimate connections with Communism. While I cannot judge how much of this controversial dossier is accurate, one point seems to me securely established. Whether or not Castro is a dyed-in-the-wool Communist is hardly significant, since he is unmistakably, by temperament and experience, a professional revolutionary; a man whose sights are now inevitably set on fomenting revolution in Latin America and who is therefore bound to work closely with the Communist bloc. Weyl also cites persuasive reasons for believing that Castro is a psychopathic personality.

Mills's book more or less openly boasts that Castro is an exporter of revolution, and it urges the United States to change its ways and come out on the side of "the hungry." It charges that U.S. policy has long been blinkered by a "provincial, dead-end smugness" and that it unrealistically views all of contemporary history in terms of the Communist-anti-Communist dichotomy, thereby fatally misjudging the forces that are stirring throughout the world. Mills, speaking for himself, sees the frantic anti-Americanism of the Cuban revolution as the inevitable result of this country's lamen-

table history of supporting tyrannous and exploitative regimes in Cuba and throughout Latin America. This argument, by no means new, has moderately widespread and eminently respectable backing among Americans. However, the revolutionary outlook which Mills invites us to find exciting has a decidedly totalitarian complexion. Castro's agricultural program avowedly owes much to the example of Red China; the Cuban artist is expected to celebrate the achievements of the new regime; and so on. At one point, "the voice of the revolution" rejoices over the fact that the Fidelistas, being too young to have been scarred by Stalinism and the resulting disillusionment, are in the enviable position of being able to carry forward the revolution "spontaneously" and without crippling doubts. This amounts to saying that because one has not seen a man devoured by a crocodile, one is in the enviable position of being eager to swim in crocodile-infested waters.

A GAME OF LOVE

ROGER VAILLAND, the author of *The Law*, now followed by *FÊTE* (Knopf, \$3.95), is an extremely accomplished French novelist who — unfortunately, I feel — fancies himself as an audacious moralist. His hero, Duc, a successful, middle-aged writer, expounds and acts upon a philosophy of life which is, essentially, a slick pastiche of Nietzschean ideas. For Duc the supreme value is "sovereignty," complete possession of oneself, which consists in relentlessly pursuing satisfactions of the body and the spirit, regardless of the consequences to others. Duc calls this dingy morality "the art of living"; and to keep his living from getting sluggish he has immersed himself, periodically, in various forms of violently stimulating experience. In the past, he has obtained his kicks from drugs, fighting in the Resistance, Communist activity, and sex. Now he has settled for sex.

Duc and his infinitely understanding wife, Léone, are visited in the country by a young friend from Paris, Jean-Marc, and his wife, Lucie, whom they have not yet met. Duc, who is feeling thoroughly stale and in need of what he calls a "fête," which might be rendered a "ball," sets about seducing Lucie with no petty efforts at conceal-

ment. His campaign is observed by Léone and Jean-Marc with a singular degree of tolerance. To be sure, Jean-Marc tells Léone that he is "disappointed" in Duc, but succinctly sets him straight: "You gambled [by introducing Lucie to Duc]. You lost. Pay up." When Lucie, after her return to Paris, arranges to go off with Duc for a weekend, Jean-Marc behaves like a good sport and Léone dutifully packs a suitcase for her husband.

I must confess that I find Vail-land a rather dislikable novelist: he is a show-off, and there is something phony about his posture of masterful knowingness. On the other hand, he is an enormously assured and forceful craftsman whose storytelling has a hard, polished finish. His perverse tale of pursuit and conquest, though inferior to *The Law*, keeps a firm grip on the reader. Peter Wiles has done a capable job of translation, but he has made one confusing slip: a *quatre-chevaux* is not a "four-cylinder" (nearly all French cars have four cylinders) but a tiny car with four (French) horsepower.

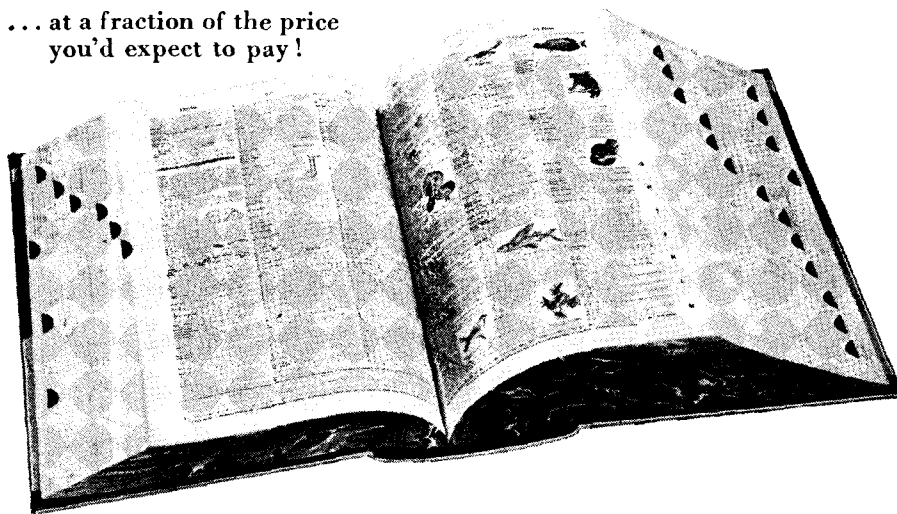
FIRST NOVELS

A LAMENT FOR BARNEY STONE (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$3.95), a first novel by ROBERT GLYNN KELLY, is a splendid comedy with an academic background. In some ways I liked it better than Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* or Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from An Institution*. It doesn't have their extreme acidity or self-consciousness, and its inventions are fresher and often funnier.

Kelly's dim antihero, Barney Stone, comes to Castleton University in 1932 with little hope of surviving, but his career is shaped by the logic of the Absurd. His one major asset, a genuine gift for teaching, doesn't help him conspicuously. However, his paltry claim to scholarship, one published article on the obscure poet Christopher Mears (1580-1632), inexplicably earns him the backing of an eminent professor, who bulldozes him into becoming the leading authority on Mears. Inexplicably, too, he finds himself befriended by a glittering newcomer to the faculty who later becomes president of the university. At the end of eighteen years, Stone has muddled through to the brink of a deanship, and now his impenetrable

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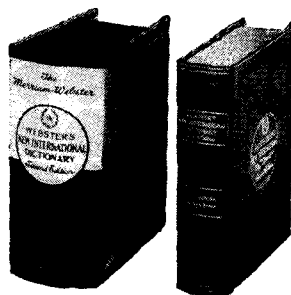
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innocence finally brings disaster. A blank slate as far as women are concerned ("He found all women so very much women that lesser distinctions of size and shape scarcely figured"), he is bowled over by the advances of a siren who is carrying out a rival's plan to discredit him.

The portrait of Stone is a fine study of the paleface among the academic redskins, and the other characters are deft and original. Kelly has a witty turn of phrase ("He was the kind of man who could end a conversation simply by not answering, and usually did, taking his own discourtesy for a kind of strength"). And he gets cleverly suggestive effects out of the recurring appearance of Mears's memorable line, "I'll come a wren and rip her dainties bare." Kelly sees the absurdities and pretensions of the academic world with the eye of a genuine comic artist. I commend his book highly to all who relish the comic spirit.

A MIDDLE CLASS EDUCATION, (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.75) by WILFRID SHEED, also happens to be a comedy with an academic background. England and America are inextricably intertwined in Mr. Sheed's biography, but as a writer he belongs squarely in the tradition of Kingsley Amis. His book centers on three middle-class Englishmen in their last year at Oxford, where they swill beer, make a great show of idleness, embroider the myths of their depravity, and regale themselves with stanchless facetiousness. Through them and around them, Mr. Sheed has painted a fine, ironic picture of the new Oxford created by the social revolution and of its new breed of undergraduates.

The first half of the novel is extremely funny. When the hero, John Chote, goes to New York on a fellowship and becomes involved with an American glamour girl, the author's form weakens, and his ending doesn't recapture the brio he displayed earlier. The trouble is that 425 pages is an awfully long stretch on which to sustain undergraduate comedy; pruned of a hundred pages, the novel might well have been an unqualified success. As it stands, the book shows comic gifts of a high order—a keen sense of the bogus and a derisive gaiety, backed by an ear for dialogue and a general command of language which are really first rate.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

ARTHUR RACKHAM: HIS LIFE AND WORK (Scribner's, \$20.00) is a pleasantly uncomplicated biography by DEREK HUDSON, reinforced by enough reproductions of Rackham's drawings to make it more work than life, and done in appropriately lavish Edwardian style. The taste for Rackham's delicate, bizarre figures, his razor-sharp line, and the greenish overcast across his color is not universal, but even the confirmed anti-Rackhamite is likely to be impressed by the pictures collected here. Rackham's style was so uniquely his own that when the books he illustrated are considered separately, the reaction may be, Oh, Rackham as usual. But when drawings for *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *The Wind in the Willows* are set side by side, it appears that this idiosyncratic style really had considerable latitude and that the effect of Rackham's drawings differed according to the text they joined, for the artist was as conscientious in deferring to the intention of the author whose work he illustrated as he was in battling printers over the unpredictable whimsies of the four-color process.

DWIGHT MACDONALD, a splendidly irreverent critic, has edited an anthology of irreverent writings—to wit, PARODIES (Random House, \$7.50), which is as near perfection as any anthology can be. It begins with Chaucer's demolition of conventional medieval romance and rolls on hilariously to the present, skipping few worthy targets and sparing none.

CLEVELAND AMORY and FREDERIC BRADLEE have edited another anthology, a collection of material from the magazine VANITY FAIR (Viking, \$10.00). It provides a nostalgic view of the 1920s and 1930s (the women's hats are back in style, but the men's lapels are alarming) and reveals that the charm of *Vanity Fair* was not that it printed great works but that there was simply no telling what it would print next.

The Orion Press has issued three unusual books, starting a proposed series: THE SKY by JEAN-CLAUDE PECKER, THE SUN by ETIENNE

LALOU, and TIME by FRANÇOIS LE LIONNAIS, each priced at \$6.95. These books are like encyclopedia articles in the grand old style, covering a whole subject with knowledge and elegance, combining legend, history, scientific fact, and any bits of information that strike the author as entertaining. The illustrations are delightful and completely surprising.

Jupiter only knows what it portends, but Milne's *Winnie the Pooh* has turned up in Latin, masquerading, thanks to the energetic translation of Alexander Lenard, as WINNIE ILLE PU (Dutton, \$3.00).

ELIZABETH SPENCER, author of *The Voice at the Back Door*, has written a new novel called *THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.00). It is a terse, short book into which Miss Spencer, by unobtrusively wily construction and a flawlessly precise choice of words, has compressed a story that most novelists would make the occasion of a three-decked monstrosity. Set in Florence, the novel involves the presentation and tentative solution of a particularly subtle and difficult family situation. The author must not only balance American and Italian characters but must differentiate between approximate normality and various degrees of mental deficiency; her success is almost awe-inspiring.

ROSSELL HOPE ROBBINS, a notable scholar in the field of English literature, has translated that fifteenth-century Burgundian classic, *THE HUNDRED TALES* (Crown, \$6.00). It seems, rather surprisingly, that this task has never been undertaken before, and Dr. Robbins deserves the gratitude of every reader with a liking for the compactness, the shrewd practicality, and the unabashed gaiety of medieval storytelling.

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S OWN WEST (Dial, \$7.50) is a collection of Remington's writings about the old frontier, illustrated, naturally, with his own pictures. It has been edited by HAROLD McCracken with the announced intention of approximating the autobiography that Remington never got around to writing, and in this respect, it is completely unsuccessful. Remington, as a writer, was as opaque about his own affairs as Kipling, whom he resembles in other respects as well, and the book remains what Remington originally intended to write — sketches of Western life in the 1880s.

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It's yours for just \$1, and the big 130-page 1961 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called **"How to See the World at Low Cost,"** plus pages and pages of maps.

A big \$1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

Bargain Paradises of the World

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Do you know where to find the world's best mountain hideaways or its most dazzling surf-washed coastal resorts, where even today you can live for a song?

Do you know where it costs less to spend a while, the surroundings are pleasant, and the climate well right perfect in such places as Mexico, the West Indies, Peru, France, along the Mediterranean, and in the world's other low cost wonderlands?

Or, if you've thought of more distant places, do you know which of the South Sea Islands are as unspoiled today as in Conrad's day? Or which is the one spot world travelers call the most beautiful place on earth, where two can live in sheer luxury, with a retinue of servants for only \$175 a month?

Bargain Paradises of the World, a big book with about 70 photos and 4 maps, proves that if you can afford a vacation in the U. S., the rest of the world is closer than you think. Author Norman D. Ford, honorary vice president of the British Globe Trotters Club, shows that the American dollar is respected all over the world, and buys a lot more than you'd give it credit for.

Yes, if you're planning to retire, this book shows that you can live for months on end in the world's wonderlands for hardly more than you'd spend for a few months at home. Or if you've dreamed of taking time out for a real rest, this book shows how you can afford it.

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Round the World on a Shoestring

If you know the seldom-advertised ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend \$500-\$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer to Buenos Aires — but do you know you can travel all the way to Argentina through colorful Mexico, the Andes, Peru, etc. by bus and rail for just \$139 in fares?

You can spend \$5000 on a luxury cruise around the world. But do you know you can travel around the world via deluxe freighter for only a fourth the cost — and that there are half a dozen other round the world routings for under \$1000?

There are two ways to travel — like a tourist, who spends a lot, or like a traveler, who knows all the ways to reach his destination economically, comfortably, and while seeing the most.

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If you've ever wanted to travel, prove now, once and for all, that travel is within your reach. Send now for **How to Travel Without Being Rich**. It's a big book, with over 75,000 words, filled with facts, prices, and routings, and it's yours for only \$1.50. Even one little hint can save you this sum several times over.

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America is so big, you can easily overlook or forget important sights or make many a wrong turn. So get **America by Car**, the book that makes sure you'll see everything of consequence and always travel right.

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Where to Retire or Vacation

*at what look like prewar prices
—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries*

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Norman Ford's new book **Off-the-Beaten Path** names the really low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada — and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered.

— Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2,000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

Every page of **Off-the-Beaten Path** opens a different kind of vacationing or retirement paradise which you can afford — places as glamorous as far-off countries yet every one of them located right near at hand. Like these:

- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world — completely surrounded by Canadian territory... or a village more Scottish than Scotland... or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U. S., where no one ever heard of nervous tension or the worries of modern day life.
- Resort villages where visitors come by the score, so you always meet new people... (but they never come by the thousands to raise prices nor crowd you out).
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners and a fine arts program. That southern island first discovered by millionaires who had all the world to roam in... and now their hideaways are open to anyone who knows where to find them.

You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-for-ever prewar days. They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to freedom from tension and a vacation or retirement you can really afford. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only \$2.

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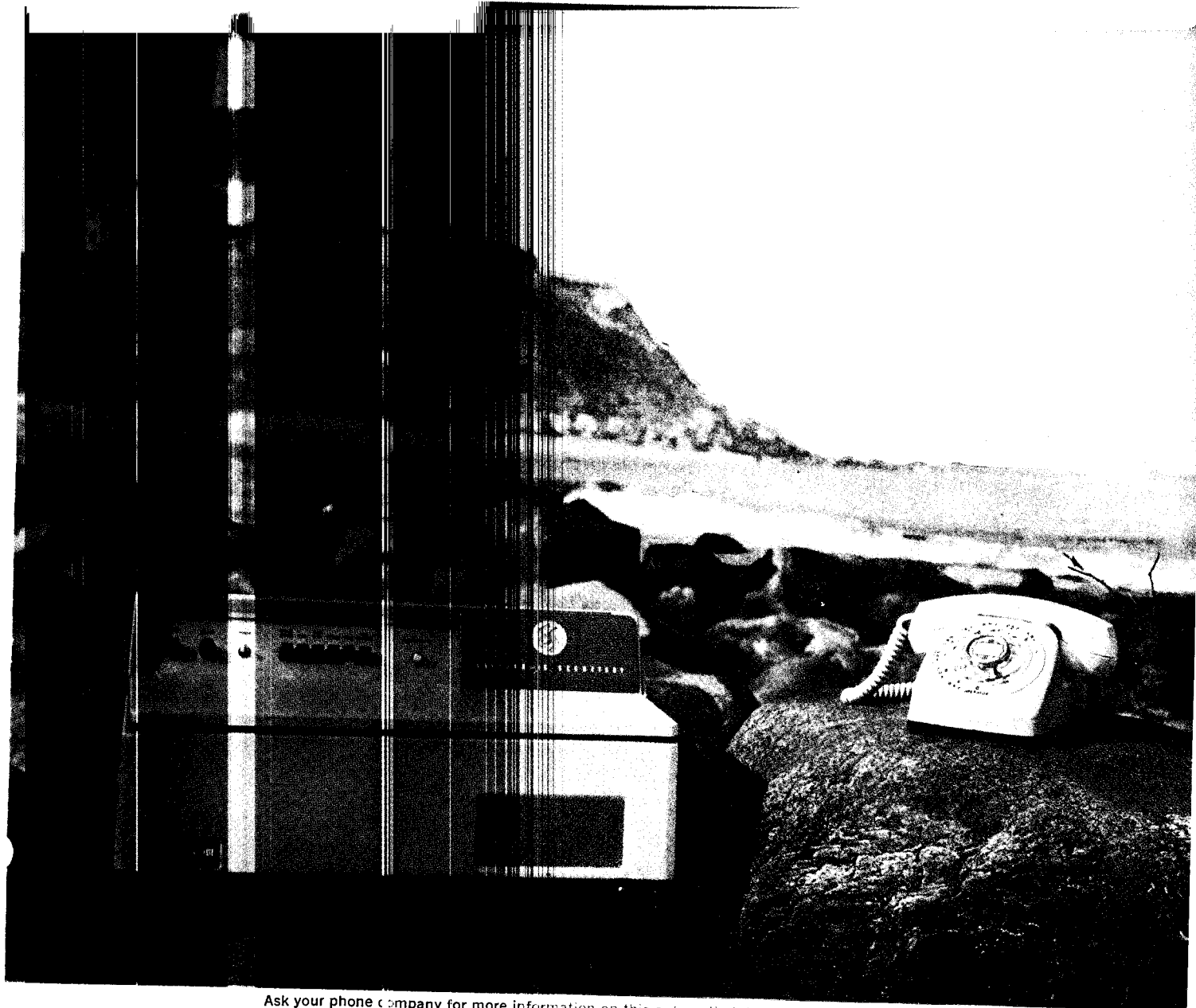
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